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The Toiler in Europe

A POPULAR PSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHT INTO
EUROPEAN LABOR CONDITIONS

BY

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PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
INTERNATIONAL MOLDERS' UNION OF NORTH AMERICA



CINCINNATI, O.
S. ROSENTHAL & Co., PRINTERS, 15-27 WEST SIXTH STREET.
1916.

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OF NORTH AMERICA

¶ PROVERBS, CHAPTER XXXI, DEPICTS
THE IDEAL WIFE. ¶ SUCH WAS MY
GOOD FORTUNE TO POSSESS, AND MY GREAT
TRAGEDY TO LOSE ON APRIL 12, 1915.
¶ TO THE FONDEST MEMORY OF HER,

SONIA M. RUBIN,

DO I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FOREWORD,	7
INTRODUCTION,	9
PREFACE,	11
CHAPTER I. The Toiler Aboard o' Ship, . . .	17
CHAPTER II. Labor Day. (A Vision from Abroad),	25
CHAPTER III. Address to Convention of The German Metal Workers' Union,	27
CHAPTER IV. The Toiler in Germany,	39
CHAPTER V. The Toiler in Germany,	48
CHAPTER VI. The Toiler in Germany,	58
CHAPTER VII. The Toiler in Austria,	69
CHAPTER VIII. The Toiler in Hungary,	86
CHAPTER IX. The Toiler in Italy,	101
CHAPTER X. The Toiler in Switzerland,	120
CHAPTER XI. The Toiler in Holland,	134
CHAPTER XII. The Toiler in Belgium,	149
CHAPTER XIII. The Toiler in France,	162
CHAPTER XIV. The Toiler in England,	187
CHAPTER XV. The Toiler in England,	213
CHAPTER XVI. The Toiler in England,	232
CHAPTER XVII. The Toiler in England,	251
CHAPTER XVIII. The Toiler in Scotland,	272
CHAPTER XIX. The Toiler in Ireland,	293
CHAPTER XX. Finale,	314
CHAPTER XXI. Epilogue,	315
CHAPTER XXII. Women Who Do not Toil in Europe,	317
CHAPTER XXIII. The European Toiler in War, . . .	343

FOREWORD.

THE motive which prompted the presentation of the thoughts incorporated in this book did not arise from Mr. W. B. Rubin's personal contact with labor problems in European countries. The motive had germinated years before while the author was studying law, and had assumed definite form as he witnessed the frequent failure of legal and judicial bodies to maintain justice and equality of rights in the industrial world. The motive had existed for a number of years, and the tour through Europe presented the opportunity to give it expression, for the interviews which were held with a large number of the leaders of organized labor in several of these countries supplied a most suitable background for a consideration of labor problems, American and foreign.

Originally there was no intention of preparing a book, instead the prime thought was to write a short series of articles for the readers of the *International Molders' Journal*. The articles written while on European soil, however, were found insufficient to adequately cover the ground, and besides they had only served to whet the reader's appetite, and the author was urged to extend his observations.

Upon his return to the United States, Mr. Rubin consented to go more extensively into a consideration of the forms of organization, types of policy and the psychology of European workmen, the result being a series of articles which aroused a widespread interest among trade-unionists in general. There arose an insistent demand that these striking and powerful articles should be preserved in more permanent form. This book has therefore developed from what had originally been contemplated as separate communications for the benefit of the readers of the *International Molders' Journal* into a volume for a wider audience.

Foreword.

Exceptional experiences had equipped Mr. Rubin to write upon the subject. An attorney by profession, instinctively the champion of the oppressed, conscious of the tremendous odds against labor in its struggles to elevate its standard of living and secure that measure of industrial liberty which is essential if the wage earners are to work out their own salvation, he had made a deep study of the legal, judicial and humanitarian aspects of our industrial problems and the part being played by the Trade-Union Movement.

Mr. Rubin's primary success came to him as an attorney in civil and criminal cases. Later on he won a national reputation as a successful attorney in labor cases, some of his victories in this field having established new definitions of labor's rights by the courts. He has also met with no small degree of success as a banker, having established in the city of Milwaukee a bank unique in its conception and the only one in the United States which is controlled by labor unions and devoted to the interests of organized labor, and now he submits a work which will place him among the leaders of those who write upon economic and industrial problems for the benefit of their fellow-men.

In the pages which follow, the reader will find much which is interesting and educational, and he will also be given a deep insight into that great movement which in Europe, as in America, is doing so much to determine what the workers' standard of living shall be, and therefore their standards as citizens.

JOHN P. FREY.

May 1, 1916.

INTRODUCTION.

MY friend Rubin, Attorney, has often shown himself to be an astute and forceful pleader, but never more so than in the present book, where he argues the case of DISCIPLINE, EDUCATION, and ORGANIZATION before the jury of American workmen. He knows his jury; knows that if he is to hold its attention to the end and to gain its sympathetic interest, down to and including the twelfth man, he must vary his theme and his art. He must, by turns, be humorous and serious; descriptive and analytical; emotional and logical; pleading and commandingly urgent; anecdotal and terse; reserved and hortatory. And he must, too, appeal to the dignity and taste of those in the box through historical and literary allusions, the use of some learned language and artistic description. All this he does with great skill against the background of the European labor movement. But through it all runs the red thread of the problems of American Unionism and their solution. This is his real theme.

But my friend Rubin is too astute a lawyer to be caught dealing merely with the jury. He knows the value of a sympathetic court, and that, to win this case, he must have favorable rulings by American public opinion. So, into his argument to the jury, he injects vivid presentations of the psychology of the unionist and philosophy of the American labor movement. He does not talk *about* these things, he reveals directly the heart and the mind of the worker.

The total result is a book of varied instruction and intense propagandist appeal to the working-group; of sus-

Introduction.

tained interest to the general reader ; and of great suggestiveness to the student of Unionism. As a cold-blooded scientist, I cannot, of course, be expected to endorse my friend Rubin's propagandist attitude or to subscribe to all that he has said, but I venture to predict that his argument will weigh powerfully with both the jury and the court.

ROBERT FRANKLIN HOXIE,
University of Chicago.

Chicago, April 10, 1916.

PREFACE.

THIS, like all other prefaces, was written long after the main work was done. Why it should be called "preface" is due to a tradition so old that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Personally, I always consider the preface, the better part of the book. Now, the word "better" implies that the book is good. Modesty, however, forbids me to speak of this preface or book. I know that I never think of reading a book without first having carefully perused its preface. I might occasionally be guilty of skipping a line here and there in the book proper, but never in the preface.

The first time I ever became interested in a preface was when, as a lad, I took up Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. The book looked large and uninviting to me until I happened to turn to the first page. I read the preface, and it impressed me so much that I perused the whole book without even a stop. I have never since re-read the book, but I dare say that I have re-read the preface several times. The preface has its true place in every book; and now I shall tell you why I write this, my preface.

The chapters of this book appeared as monthly contributions to the *International Molders' Journal*. I tell you this that you may realize that I feel that you are justified in the many criticisms which you may have to offer. The chapters—or rather articles—were usually dictated to a stenographer, a day or two before they were due, and not always to the same stenographer. I mention this, for each stenographer has her own peculiar way of making mistakes, and her own patented wish-bone for distorting the spoken word in her shorthand hieroglyphics. It is not the sentence that you utter, but the one that the stenographer turns out, that appears.

Preface.

Many a time the editor's heart thumped for fear that my monthly article would not be forthcoming, and often he telegraphed me to hurry it up, as he had space to fill. His principal concern was to fill the space which was left for me, and I certainly did help fill space. Then, when each article was dictated, it was done without a stop, notwithstanding interruptions by telephone calls and by clients who made their way into my office. Then again, often these articles were dictated at the end of a heavy day's trial in court, or a vexatious day with clients in the office. A vexatious day with clients in an office is when they come in without retainers, but with a lot of dyspeptic knocks about the way things are being handled for them. And, with my mind full of numerous troubles and running in different directions, how I managed in spite of all that, to carry out my thoughts with any degree of coherence, I myself wonder. If I were superstitious, I might lay it to luck. But my critics say that I need not wonder—as there is no coherence whatever in them.

I always bore the facts in mind, and dictated them as I would talk to a jury; and you will notice, and I call it now to your special attention, that not all the articles are in the same tone or style. I started out (and to appreciate my preface, wait until you read my first article on Germany—a good way to get you to read it) as I would to please a jury, that is to say, by making myself liked—getting in with them and interesting them by injecting a little humor (I laughed at it myself even if you won't) here and there, which they say is relished by the most sober of men. Then, in later articles, I thrust forth some facts, somewhat sugar-coated, and further followed them up with bare, naked, and sometimes unpleasant truth.

And as I dictated on, at least in my later articles, I felt that I was getting the jury, grew bolder, and ventured out a little; then, for fear that my talk might be common-

Preface.

place—that I might be just like any other ordinary individual—and to show them that I possessed a bigger vocabulary than I had previously indulged in, and for the sake of making an impression upon those who judge a man's ability by words rather than thoughts and simplicity of expression, as also in an attempt to win the respect of just such persons whose admiration is aroused when they least understand, I attempted the use of some words out of the ordinary. Sometimes, to emphasize, I grew full of passion; sometimes I was fired with indignation; and, when I thought I had the jury solid, I hurried through with a lot of dry facts, such as you will find in my articles on England, which may prove tiresome reading. Then, when I had the jury all for me—the main evidence all in—I turned again to a pleasant way of dealing with further facts, as you will observe in my talk on Scotland, and wound up with an appeal when I talked of Ireland. Ireland is certainly deserving of all men's appeal. But, while I invoked the lawyer's stunts, believe me, I was ever sincere.

You see, I am endeavoring to be honest and conscientious—like a lawyer—and to give you some inside legal dope. A lawyer is sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, but principally he supports his own constitution. He is supposed to be a servant of Justice, regardless of who wins the law suit. But it is human nature for a lawyer to endeavor to win the verdict; and so I have talked to you—though it is written in this book—for a verdict. Literary style, exact logic, and technically accurate reasoning did not bother me. I was after the jury and their verdict. I have talked as man to man. I have tried to be human and to humanize, for I want your verdict. That is my concern. If you, as a union man, can give me the verdict which reads:

Preface.

"We, the jury, find that hereafter we shall be better Union men,"
or, as non-worker :

"We, the jury, find that hereafter we shall have a better appreciation of Unions,"
I am content.

There is also another reason for writing as I did. Readers, like juries, are composed of different kinds of men, with different inclinations, environments, dispositions, and psychological convolutions; and a trial lawyer of experience will talk to one jury, and yet make half a dozen speeches in the same argument, that the different types of men on the jury may be reached. I have endeavored to treat the European labor problem from a new standpoint—to get at the psychology of the movement in each country I visited. To get a proper psychological view and to convey it correctly, it is necessary not only to see a thing humanly, but to convey it likewise, not as some of our involved philosophers do who become lost in a labyrinth of complex metaphysics from which they never get out.

Acknowledgments—and they are quite essential. First and foremost, let me thank my good friend, John P. Frey, the very able Editor of the *International Molders' Journal*—one of the foremost labor editors. I thank him for the untiring efforts he made in having things arranged for me while I was abroad which helped place facts and opportunities for obtaining facts within my easy reach. I thank him for the opportunity he gave me to write for his publication; and I thank him also for the way in which he received the criticism directed against him for permitting some of my articles to appear in his magazine.

I am indebted to the publisher for the interest he manifested in my articles, and for the flattery which he heaped upon me until I could no longer resist the suggestion of publishing my articles in book form. Whether it was good

Preface.

business on his part and human weakness on mine to yield remains to be seen.

I am obligated to Victor Rubin, M. A., the University of Wisconsin, and to Miss Leola M. Hirschman for the proof reading of this book.

Let me give thanks to all the labor leaders whom I met in Europe, who so generously assisted me in my efforts, and whose unlimited hospitality made my sojourn there most pleasant and ever full of happy recollections. Thanks also, to Samuel Gompers and to Secretary of Labor Wilson for their kind letters of credit.

To save this preface from expanding beyond usual bounds, let me in a general way say "Thanks" to all the officers of the International Molders' Union, and to all my former readers who, out of duty, as they thought, to their organization, or out of a sense of consideration for me, or out of real interest, read my various articles.

Now I have spoken my last word. I am in the court room; I watch the jury retire for its deliberations; anxiously I await its return with the verdict. What will yours be?

Milwaukee, August 25, 1915.

W. B. RUBIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOILER ABOARD O' SHIP.*

I SAILED from New York May 29, 1913, on the great German steamer, *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*.

I traveled first class. I mention this merely that you may get my view point of what follows.

If you want to know more about the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, write to any one of the steamship company's many offices for a pamphlet, and you will get a word painting. But you are not interested in the many things, the comforts, the service, the eclat, etc., etc., that are made for the spending rich, and I will not burden you with a talk on that subject. If at any time you grow disappointed in my treatise, *Jetez vos yeux*—the French for *making goo-goo-eyes*—at the title of my story, and you will know why I write as I do.

For some reason or other, on the morning after I had boarded the steamer, I woke up at four o'clock A. M. What an unusual hour for a bloated non-producer! I promenaded the several decks allotted to the first cabin alone, for I was the earliest up of the first-class passengers. The stillness was like that of the proverbial "Night before Christmas." But as I directed myself to the bow of the boat, I was surprised to find hundreds up and about. For two-and-one-half hours I was a lonely passenger. As the morning grew older, however, a few third-class passengers and a few second-class passengers appeared, but by that time almost every steerage passenger was up and about.

I immediately reasoned why. I advanced two theories: First, the beds must be uncomfortable and the sleeping apartments uninviting. Second, the people were of the

* Written on board of ship, June 3, 1913.

Chapter I.

element that must rise with the crow of the cock to work that others might sleep, and, by force of habit, they got up early, though there was no work for them. My conclusions proved later to be correct.

The steerage passengers interested me most, though I viewed them from a distance and locked in from contaminating them, at a point where the well groomed women day by day, afterward, would look down upon them, heave a sigh of sorrow, and then leave. Probably they did this for two reasons. First, because while the ugly sight appealed to their more charitable natures, they feared that if they gave it further thought it might make them vulgarly "humanitarian," and that would not be according to social Hoyle; and second, because for interior reasons they were called to reckon with the ocean, for, pirating on a famous poet, "Water thou art, to water returnest."

I looked in the direction of the steerage, and found that the steerage passengers were looking towards the EAST, save one strong-looking workman, clad in mackintosh, who kept looking towards the WEST, and, as I thought, at me.

By special leave of the Captain, with the aid of an officer, I was permitted to make the rounds of the ship and interview all the employees. I learned that six years before there had been a general strike on the steamers.¹ Of course it was for higher wages and better conditions. The strike was lost, and immediately the steamship company resorted to the usual scheme of organizing a sick and death benefit society of its own, with which many of the employees are content. The company has since then made several concessions to its men, and I did not find a really discontented employee.² At least they would not admit that they

¹ The much heralded steamer "Imperator" has been delayed in making her initial trip because of strikes, it being claimed that "Sabotage" or "direct action" was practiced upon that steamer, damaging it to a great extent.

² The crew are old and experienced employees. The only important changes at the end of each trip are among the stokers and coal passers. The

The Toiler Aboard o' Ship.

were, although I drove the subject home. The officer accompanying me was sympathetic to my inquiries, and encouraged the men to speak, and to speak frankly.

I found a fair sprinkling of union men, members of various German labor organizations, and the vast majority of them were Socialists.

An employers' organization of employees is not only undesirable, but pernicious. It is but in accord with human nature that after a man has paid dues for several years, he will hesitate to strike for fear of losing his standing in that association.

A labor organization can never attain success so long as its members depend for their earnings, not upon pay for services rendered, but upon tips, the accursed graft that makes the man who tips a condescending patron, and the recipient an humble, humiliated beggar. This tipping had more to do with destroying the seamen's organization which entered upon that fatal strike, than anything else.³

It was difficult for me to convince the waiters and stewards that I was a real democrat, although I tipped them liberally. Really, I did it because of custom, and also a desire that they should not lose their earnings, but I did not want their servile bowing. I hated it!

One morning my wife was late for her bath, and she apologized to the stewardess. The bath steward overheard

change runs as high as 50%—seldom less than 20%. The total number of men necessary for that work is 100. Some serve as stokers to gain their way across, but in returning receive pay; and some immigrants avoid the Government inspectors at Ellis Island by passing for employees. (A scheme for the importation of labor in violation of law.) Stokers hiring out at Hamburg receive 83 marks, or a little over \$20.00 a month, while those hiring out at New York get \$35.00 a month. A work of hell at such a pittance!

³ The waiters, or table stewards, as they are called, receive much more pay in the steerage than those in the first cabin, because steerage passengers do not tip, while first cabin passengers are expected practically to pay the salaries. The wages are remarkably low. The usual explanation is that they have board and lodging included. The married man, however, gains little by such arrangement, with his family required to be ashore.

Chapter I.

it, and scolded the stewardess until she burst into tears. The next day a line of servants came up to me to offer their apologies for the stewardess having dared to receive a passenger's excuses. I promptly told them that I would hear no more of it; that to me it was unpleasant; that I believed the stewardess was as human as my wife; that my wife was accustomed to treating all people civilly, and that it had been proper for her to excuse herself; and that they must not act like fools and slaves just because they were servants. But notwithstanding my little sermon, they went out of the room bowing and gesticulating.

Workmen who are servile, and I do not refer to those who are courteous, are not free. As long as a SINGLE WORKMAN REMAINS A SLAVE, he is the concern of the entire organized labor world. But let us proceed to the steerage!

There were six hundred first-cabin passengers aboard, most of them parvenues and sons and daughters of the rich.

⁴The *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* has been called a floating palace, and this description certainly applies to the first cabin. Every device for pampering and coddling the passengers has been adopted. The average man who has raised himself by his boot straps and become a SELF-MADE aristocrat looks askance at the "base degrees by which he did ascend." It is due to his selfishness,—and human nature is easily made selfish,—that he looks down upon the masses. For to LIFT UP the masses means to LOWER HIMSELF; and that he does not want to do. THE FOOL! Yes, the fool, that he does not understand that LEVELING is the only law of human progress toward justice and equality. And by leveling alone can he MAINTAIN HIS

⁴Among the first-cabin passengers were several good-looking young women between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-five, who were going to Europe as buyers for mercantile houses. While I am a great admirer of women, and not opposed to equal suffrage, I do not believe this to be a fitting occupation for women. Their big salaries are sufficient for men. A woman with a big salary seldom becomes a home woman, and I do not want emancipation to work out that way.

The Toiler Aboard o' Ship.

POSITION. That is true in all things. The skilled mechanic, perfectly satisfied with conditions, strikes sympathetically with the man beneath, because he knows that the only way he can stay up is to pull the man below him up to his level.

The second cabin holds its full capacity of three hundred and fifty passengers—mostly well-to-do middle class tourists.

The third cabin holds two hundred and eighty-five passengers—young mechanics and American or Americanized workmen who are crossing for a visit to the old folks or friends. The difference in cost between third class and steerage is but \$10.00 per passenger. One can hardly believe that only \$10.00 separates a man from accommodations where things are clean, neat, and wholesome, fairly private and respectable, and puts him into a class where men and women, although in separate compartments because of sex, are herded like cattle.

By the way, in the third class I found several card men, and you could tell them almost at a glance. A union card is always an insignia of assertive, independent manhood.

There comes over one a feeling of resentment, as well as of pity, when one beholds the steerage passengers in their hole in the bow of the ship. One is tempted to look upon them as scarcely human, if in the folly of his self-made aristocracy, he has forgotten that the seed of American manhood, the flower of our civil, industrial, and political life, including many of our policemen, and, perhaps, the parents of most of us, came over in that way.

Really, one feels ashamed, both of the steamship company and of the human race, that there should be, in this age of modern conveyances and conveniences, whatever reason there might have been for travel by steerage in earlier years by our best American citizens, a desire on the part of any steamboat company to retain such a system, and a consent on the part of so many people, to travel in such a manner.

Chapter I.

One feels at first as though steerage is the dividing line between the civilized and the uncivilized. It is only by a study of conditions, by reasoning with one's self, that the conclusion is reached that back of it all is POVERTY. And poverty is seldom of one's own creation. It is a by-product of conditions that make first-cabin travel possible.

It is not my purpose to confine myself to the labor side of the steerage passengers. The capacity for steerage is sixteen hundred passengers, and the boat carried only three hundred and fifty, including twenty-nine children and seventeen babies at the breast. The number was small, for they were not America bound. On that trip, I am told, the steerage is always taxed to its capacity. All nationalities were represented, all religions, all creeds.

These were the questions I asked about two-thirds of the steerage passengers:

- (A) Why did you leave America?
- (B) Do you expect to return to America?
- (C) What was your occupation in Europe?
- (D) What occupation did you follow in America?
- (E) Were you a member of any labor organization?

The answers were that most of them (with the exception of forty passengers, principally Armenians who had been deported for physical defects)⁵ were going to Europe for a rest, as they had saved up a little money. Their dress, their unwashed persons, at once told me that they had been

⁵ This is one of the greatest crimes of modern commercialism: to inveigle a poor, ignorant human being into selling and disposing of his belongings to enable him to buy steamer tickets, only to find out after an ocean journey that he must return to where he came from. A law should be enacted that would make a steamship company criminally and civilly liable for taking on an immigrant without satisfactory examination and assurance that he will stand the physical test at the landing port. How long, how long shall sorrow fall upon the unfortunate, and he who for profit resorts to these things, go unmolested?

Seven-twelfths of the boat are given up to first-class passengers, three-twelfths to second-class, one-twelfth to third-class, and one-twelfth to steerage. That accounts for more lives saved among first-class passengers than among other classes—more life boats, more room, more help. The yeomenry were always first in the march of death in war and on land and sea.

The Toiler Aboard o' Ship.

overworked and underpaid in America, and that they, in turn, had purchased scarcely anything in America. They still wore their European clothes, although they had lived in America for several years, and by huddling together and sharing their household expenses they had reduced their cost of living to a minimum. About thirty per cent of their earnings had been expended for living expenses. The rest they had saved, and were taking back to Europe to retire upon as a suitable competence.

There was among them not a single mechanic, nor any one who had been taught in America to be a machine hand.

Men and women were returning, because, in the mad rush of being worked and crowded in American industrial institutions, they had been broken down in health. Now they were returning home in hope of recovery, but, alas, perhaps to die.

Among them were victims of mines and sweat shops. One man, a Slavonian, in broken English, said: "America no good, me work too hard. Me save money, but me no good no more."

I found three passengers who were returning, at the request of aged parents, to take charge of their little farms. Thirty per cent of those I interviewed were farmers in Europe. Not one of them had worked on farms in America. America, to them, was not only the land of good wages, but the land of hard work. Most of them expected to return to America sometime. Shall we let them? Shall they be permitted to come back and work for what they believe to be good wages, and subsist under conditions far below the American standard? If you do not let them return because they are exploited in America, why permit the return of the six hundred first cabin passengers? The greater number of them are exploiters of the steerage class.

Exclusion is no remedy. Education is slow and often discouraging to the man who cannot peaceably persuade his

Chapter I.

fellow workman to think correctly on labor matters. But what is there left to do?

The man in the mackintosh who always looked west, apparently a healthy Pole, said to me, "Some day I, too, rich, and I go better class."

If we could by some means get out of the souls of men the desire that was burning in the dancing eyes of that Pole, to get rich, to better themselves and leave all the rest behind, and rather inculcate this spirit in all the working people: "Some day we workmen shall be masters, and we will then have no exploiting. There shall be no first-class, second-class, third-class, or steerage. There shall be only one class, the first-class, for all. We who have worked shall travel and enjoy, and they who have not worked shall not enjoy."

What a ready solution to our difficulties! As Portia has so well said:

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

The worker, the producer, would rule and reign supreme!

CHAPTER II.

LABOR DAY. (A VISION FROM ABROAD.)*

LABOR DAY.

GLORY BE UNTO THEE, O LABOR DAY!

* * *

The world beholds thee as the holiday upon which Labor's Assumption unto its INALIENABLE rights shall be GLORIFIED unto TRIUMPH.

The slave turns unto thee with a prayer OF HOPE.

Thou bendest the strike breaker unto REPENTANCE.

The drone worker gluttons at thy shrine.

Thou electrifiest the ambition of every union man for the coming of another LABOR DAY in his inevitable MARCH OF PROGRESS.

* * *

But know thou, slave, that the EFFICACY OF PRAYER lies only in eternal, vigilant, active STRIVING FOR FREEDOM, and not in its mere negative DESIRE.

Thou, strike breaker, that REPENTANCE is but prodigal unless thou shoulderest the MUSKET OF SELF-MANHOOD to fight back the temptation of another sinning.

Know thou, drone worker, that he, even if he be toiler, who PROFITS industrial gain by the sweat of another, without himself giving FULL AID, is like the unscrupulous money lender, an USURER.

UNION MAN, the spirit that fires thy soul today must keep thee a constant ZEALOT in thy cause lest thou lose vantage already obtained at priceless cost of centuries past,

LABOR, in the SWEAT OF TOIL, produced all the things the world has possessed and possesses.

* Written at Paris on Ascension Day, August 14, 1913.

Chapter II.

LABOR, slumbering, has been dispossessed of all its gain.
Vigilance is the only BEACON LIGHT to LIBERTY in all things.

* * *

Let this, then, be the commandment born of the spirit
of the NEW GOLDEN RULE :

“Give unto LABOR the FULLNESS of its GAIN.”

* * *

It shall be DONE,
Not by destruction, but by CONSTRUCTION ;
Not in the blood of revolution, but in the PEACE OF
EVOLUTION.

* * *

Thou, worthy toiler, who TODAY hast paused from thy
LABORS,

Thou, whose back TODAY is not bent to thy TASK,
Thou, whose brow TODAY is spared the TEARS OF LABOR'S
SWEAT,

In the glory of thy CELEBRATION,
Give HEED to thy CONCERN ;
Carry with thee FORWARD the MESSAGE of the DAY ;
TAKE and KEEP full ACCOUNT.
ALONE, thou art WEAK ; MANY, thou art STRONG.
DIVIDED, thou FAILEST ; UNITED, thou wilt WIN.

* * *

ONWARD ! Not ALONE, but TOGETHER is the SLOGAN OF
THE DAY.

LABOR DAY.

GLORY BE UNTO THEE, O LABOR DAY !

CHAPTER III.

ADDRESS TO THE CONVENTION OF THE GERMAN METAL WORKERS' UNION.

Breslau, Germany, June 18, 1913.

My Dear People,

I am Happy to Meet You!

THERE is always a feeling of curiosity when one meets another of different tongue, nation, and habits. One imagines that his language and his nation are the only natural ones, and that others are permitted to exist and practice their national traits merely by toleration. But that sense of curiosity ripens into a sincere amicability, when he feels that—though he does meet persons with whom he cannot converse, or with whom it is difficult to do so, because he does not fully understand their language—there is nevertheless an interest which they both hold in common, an interest which lies nearest to their hearts. Interest is a wonderful thing. It holds the ties of families; it makes friendship; it brings us together on occasions of joy and sorrow; it makes comrades; it makes patriots; but it also makes much misery and suffering.

We have a little story in our country, which sounds very well in its native idiom, and excites laughter. One day, a Frenchman and a German were heard discussing who was the greatest man. The Frenchman insisted it was Pasteur, because he had discovered the great method of pasteurizing and making harmless, germs. The German insisted it was Roentgen, because he had discovered the X-ray. They argued back and forth—rather good-naturedly, for a German and a Frenchman,—but they could arrive at no conclusion. Just then they happened to see

Chapter III.

their friend Abraham, and they thought they would leave it to him, and so asked Abraham, "Who is the greater discoverer, he, who discovered the method of pasteurizing milk, or he, who discovered the X-ray?" Abraham thought a while and then said: "The man who discovered INTEREST was no fool either."

I do not intend to take up your time with a description of the physical wonders of America, or to tell you how big we are, or that we are the richest nation under the sun: first, because descriptions of beauty you can read in your papers, more eloquently told than I could tell you; and second, because it would not interest you to have me tell you that we are the richest country in the world, for while it is a fact, the wealth lies in the hands of but a few, and, taking out of consideration the few who possess the wealth, the rest of us are as poor and as foolish as the people of other countries.

I will not stop to tell you of the wonders of Europe, for those you know better than I, and, besides, if a man cannot see them with his own eyes, for five cents he can attend a moving-picture show and get them second-hand, with a much clearer perception than he would be able to obtain were I to describe them in my broken tongue.

But I will talk to you of something that is of interest to me and that may be to you. We always hear travelers talk of the wonders they have beheld on their voyages, of the beautiful buildings, of the clean streets, of the seeming prosperity, of the hospitality, and of the joys all these afforded them. Seldom do we find a traveler who takes interest enough to look beneath the surface and describe—not the underworld—but the working world, that part of the community through whose brawn is produced all the beauty that they see.

I find that there are poor everywhere, that the poor are obliged to work everywhere, that the workmen have

Address to the German Metal Workers' Union.

practically the same conditions everywhere, and that there is a sort of Internationalism in work, which neither oceans nor mountains can obviate. Workmen may speak different tongues, but they must all labor in the same way and for the same thing—SUBSISTENCE. A workman of one county may perhaps work a little more rapidly than a workman of another country. You, here in Europe, make a lot of cripples by war; we, in America, have you beaten at that game, in that we make more cripples than you ever dreamt of, but we do it by means of defective machinery and appliances in the great rush of industry and business.

I often pity the European peasant, who perhaps lived in his hovel, shivered through the cold of winter, and sweated through the heat of summer, whose clothes were scanty and his food but meager, when he comes to the great America, where he finds himself immediately at work, earning a dollar, a dollar-and-a-half, or two dollars a day—depending upon the condition of the labor market. In storing away money in the bank, he imagines himself rich and independent, forgetting that, while he lived in Europe and while he might have been a little hard-pressed for the better things of physical life, yet he had plenty of space and fresh air, and his cheeks bore the crimson of nature's bounty handed down to him.

In America, with every dollar that he saves, he loses ten times as much in vitality. Instead of living in a little hut with his wife, we find him huddled and crowded in tenements of insanitary and unhealthful character. We find him away from his family, which is usually left behind in Europe; and he soon becomes lost to his high sense of morality, as well as weakened in physical condition, and therefore it is not at all remarkable if that European peasant, who has no trade and is but a common laborer, finds himself, after a few years of hard work in the sweatshops of America, prematurely aged; and fortun-

Chapter III.

ate is he who escapes through several years of work without some fatal injury.

So you see, to my way of thinking, the European peasant in America, who does not think of the future, who does not understand labor conditions, and who does not want to know anything about unions, who merely looks forward to a place of work for himself, his wife, and his children (for they all work, regardless of the seriousness of consequences to themselves or to their fellow workmen) is not only a detriment to the cause of labor in the United States, but is harmful to himself and a great detriment to his race and the workers of the world. About all that the dollars can buy for him is a nice funeral, and out of that he gets very little satisfaction, because he himself does not see anything of it.

I am not telling you this to discourage emigration—or immigration—because I feel that it is essential on the part of every workman who has learned to think, to know that through organization—industrial and political—lies his only salvation. He must not feel that because he has organized his peculiar craft he has thereby made himself secure.

I contend, and always have contended, that so long as there are people—and at present there are a large number of them—who only work and subsist, and, excepting for the power of speech, rise very little above animal instincts, without any thought of the morrow, or any concern for the betterment of the human race, so long will the rest of the working people be insecure in their position and weak in their demands.

The workman must be a unit not only in the idea of work, but in the idea of enforcing his demands.

The workman who works not only with his hands, but also with his brain for the advancement of the human race, turns the wheels of progress forward, and is a benefactor of the human race; but the workman who merely

Address to the German Metal Workers' Union.

works, who does just so much, who expends only a certain amount of horsepower a day, is but a cheap substitute for a machine, and makes slavery still possible upon this earth. The slavery of olden times lay in the bondage expressed by contract, or the right of inheritance enforced by law, between master and slave. Industrial slavery consists in the bondage that is created by the power of the master's mind over that of the workman. Just as soon as a workman thinks, he is a free man, and for him there is hope.

But I want to talk to you, my dear acquaintances, in a few words, about how things are done in America, so far as labor is concerned. Perhaps, I shall talk to you from the standpoint of a lawyer, having been introduced to you as one who has taken some interest along legal lines for organized labor. The lawyer in America is an indispensable middleman, although I commence to see the beginning of the end of his class. We have a great many courts in America, we have a great deal of litigation, and we have innumerable lawyers. We have more courts and lawyers in the city of Chicago than you have in your entire country. If we want to beat a man in America, we do not fight a duel, but we go to a lawyer and sue him. The lawyer is the chief aid to capital. I do not know how you do it here. It may be that, when labor gets to be insurrectionary, you run to the militia first, but in America we run to the lawyer, and then he, the lawyer, gets the militia. We have many strikes in America, and we have many lockouts. The dispute is always about the wages and the hours. Capital seeks to pay big dividends and little wages, while labor wants more wages and cares not for dividends. Until lately, labor has taken practically no interest in politics. In fact, upon the political field, labor is sadly divided.

See two workmen side by side in the same shop, doing the same work in the same way, getting the same pay, having the same troubles, thinking over the same things, and

Chapter III.

endeavoring to get the same increase in pay; when election time comes around, we find one workman hurraing for one politician on one ticket, thinking that if he elects that politician he will gain an advantage for himself, and another workman hurraing for another politician on the opposite ticket, thinking that if he elects that politician, he will gain an advantage for himself—each forgetting during the heat of politics, that if they work against each other, just as soon as one side gains an advantage over the other, they will have created a chasm into which labor must fall in the end. And, as it usually happens after election, they both return to the shop, and both look at each other, and both know that they have been fooled, but they are compelled to go on with their work under the same conditions, and you would think that they had learned their lesson; but no, at the next election they do the same fool thing over again.

We have many unions in America. Every craft seems to be divided and subdivided; trade autonomy is as high as the Chinese wall, and our unions often fight with each other like some of your neighbors in the Balkan provinces. The reason for so many unions is that in America they say everybody has a chance to be president, and since some know that they cannot be president of the United States, they try at least to be president of a union.

When a strike takes place in our country, this is about the usual way it begins and the way it ends. The workmen get up a delegation and so do the employers. The workmen have a schedule of demands, and the employers a schedule of denials. They meet in conference. In the meantime the press gets busy, seeks interviews, and commences to prognosticate as to the outcome, and "extras" are sold upon the streets—because the newspaper likes that kind of business. The more trouble, the more reading matter there is, and the more papers they can sell; and the object of all of this in our country is that the more papers

Address to the German Metal Workers' Union.

they sell, the higher rate they can get from their advertisers. The conference usually results in a failure to arrive at an agreement. Then upon a certain day, at a certain hour, the men quit work, and there is a strike. The men who strike gather at their union quarters, and begin immediately to select a certain number of men who are to act as pickets; that is, to cause espionage upon the shop to ascertain who come in to take their places. The employers immediately hire private detectives—and we have a great number who do this kind of work. Their specialty consists in two things: first, producing strike breakers, who take the place of striking workmen; and, second, manufacturing false evidence against union workmen.

The Bible tells us that ten plagues were inflicted upon the Egyptians prior to the emancipation of the Jews, but God Almighty forgot what I deem the most scurvy plague of all, and that is the private detective agency business.

Those private detectives are brought to the shop, and they begin to patrol the shops and the streets like so many soldiers. Then the employer advertises for men wanted. The men come, because very often the advertisement is alluring, and conceals the fact of a strike. When a man escapes the picket line and gets into the shop, he is almost swallowed up, like Jonah by the whale, because they keep him there; they house him and feed him and work him there until the strike is over, and then vomit him out as the whale did Jonah. We have what we call a class of professional strike breakers, who make it a point to go from city to city to work upon just such occasions, because they get pretty good pay and ordinarily get free lodging and board. Usually in the beginning, the strike is peaceful and quiet. The union men gather at their halls, and every day some speaker gets up and cautions the men to be sober, to be peaceful. The employer, in the meantime, imports a lot of strike breakers, and has an idea that the

Chapter III.

strike is about broken. Then, thinking all is well, and fearing the burden of a big bill, he makes up his mind to get rid of these detectives. The detectives, in the meantime, get busy and destroy some of the property which they are supposed to protect, beat up a few of the strike breakers whom they are supposed to defend, and sometimes even kill them. They also engage in altercations with the union men, and the next day, the newsboys upon the streets shout "extras" of great, big riots at the shop where the strike is taking place. Of course, the employer becomes frightened and hires more private detectives, and the strike breakers stay closer to their shop.

Then the employer hastens to his lawyer, and the lawyer gets the detectives to make affidavits, telling the way these union men did the horrible things about which the newspapers have been shouting "extras." The lawyer then runs to the judge, and he gets what we call an injunction. No gun has yet been invented, no cannon has yet been manufactured, no shell or shot has yet been made that can break up the ranks of workmen as rapidly and as successfully as the injunction. It is more deadly than tuberculosis; it sweeps over a labor body like Asiatic cholera over a country. The injunction usually is so broad that it denies the workmen the right to do almost anything. I have seen injunctions, where men were prohibited even from talking to other workmen, from boarding strikers, from visiting them, from giving them any aid, from seeking advice; it isolates you like a pest; it quarantines you like contagion, and imprisons you like a dungeon.

Following the injunction, the detectives usually stir up more strife. Then they make more affidavits, and the lawyer runs to the judge, and an order for contempt is issued; that is, the court's order has been disregarded, contempt has been shown to the judge in not obeying his ukase, and workmen are jerked before the court. The

Address to the German Metal Workers' Union.

detectives are there to swear against these workmen, and, although the injunctional order may not have been served upon these strikers, yet they are supposed to know all about it. In the end, the strikers are sent to jail for all the way from thirty days to two years.

And so you see a strike in America resolves itself into a great fight with the lawyers on the side of the corporations trying to get the injunctions as narrow and as exclusive as possible.

Injunctions are granted as a rule, and the lawyer for the workmen is always trying to modify the injunction; that is, to make it less drastic. Then there is a fight—one side trying to get the striking workmen into jail, and the other side trying to keep them out of jail. It is a legal battle, and usually the employer gets the best talent, because he can pay the most money, while the workmen look to some young neophyte in the law, who is trying to gain a reputation, or some politician who thinks that upon his labor record he can get into office and then become a labor skinner.

The workmen of our country—some of them—and some of the crafts are united, but except that they are united for higher wages or for shorter hours—and that only occasionally—in a large measure they are disunited. There is no real solidarity. The reason for this is: first, because the politician finds it to his interest to keep them apart; and, second, because we have to deal with so many nationalities.

It is not at all unusual in a strike to be obliged to speak to the strikers in eight or nine languages through various interpreters, to get them to understand, and it often looks like a Babel of confusion. It is marvelous that under those conditions they succeed as often as they do.

But of late the American workman is waking up to the fact that, while he has a free country and the right to vote on election day for any politician whom he thinks he likes, yet unless he unites with his fellow workmen in all matters

Chapter III.

for all times, he is not as free as the politician makes him believe he is before election. The workmen of our country are fast studying conditions, and we are gaining among the ranks a great number of men who have made themselves intellectual and strong, and are realizing the necessity that the workmen should not only be united upon the industrial field, but upon the political field as well; that the only way for the workman to capture the seat of industry is to take possession of the seat of government; that through political action they can accomplish much more for their industry than through industrial action alone; that while strikes serve the purpose, they are but weak weapons; that the greatest strike that they can invoke, and the greatest strike that they can win, is to put into office fellow workmen, who understand conditions, whose hearts pulsate with them for their sufferings, who are ready to recognize the needs of the workmen, who have no children to exploit but to protect, no women's virtue to sell but to save, no money dividends to create, but human dividends to conserve, no workmen to enslave but to free, no Mammon to feed, but the God of Justice to worship, whose mission in life, whose purpose in office, whose aim in performance is to make the world free and happy.

And, while the untutored eye may see things in America as they were ten years ago, yet there is a great change going on. Wealth no longer has the same standing that it had ten years ago. While the oppressive muscle of capital is no weaker than it was ten years ago, the muscle of labor is growing bigger and stronger, so that labor is being made able to combat with capital. We see workmen elected to office, we see capital shorn of some of the powers which it has so oppressively exercised, and we see legislation which seeks the protection of the workman and his cause, passed with regularity. We see a new era. The shrine of the dollar is no longer worshipped as much

Address to the German Metal Workers' Union.

as of yore. The ideals of God and man, the equities of life, are bringing to it new converts in multitudes daily.

A great man once said: "Workmen of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains." And the workmen of America are now uniting, and the chains of industry will some day fall. The fetters of work have been forged for all countries, so that the workmen of one country cannot actually win until the workmen of all countries win.

We Americans are a great people; we have a great country. It is developing rapidly, but we will be a still greater country and a greater people when the working conditions of those who must toil in our country, will be such that the workers will remain securely healthful and securely certain of an honest distribution of the products of their toil.

Profit may be essential to business, but it is not always healthful to a people. The greatest country is the country that has the greatest number of workmen free from want. That can be achieved only by the workmen uniting.

This is the aim of organized labor, though it does not always know how to carry it out. Education is showing labor the way, and, while it may appear to be a long journey, yet I think the workman can already see the light at the window, that points out the way home.

It, indeed, has been a great pleasure for me to have been afforded this opportunity to talk to you, and what I have said to you concerning conditions in America must not be misunderstood. I have said these things to bring home to you the fact that "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," from the time of Adam has been the lot of all workers. And, whether it be in this country or in America, we are all obliged to work, and the only thing we can do, as workers, is to learn how to get a little more of the bread with a little less sweat, or, perhaps in the more equitable sense, bring it about that no man shall have the right or

Chapter III.

opportunity in this world to eat bread earned by the sweat of another.

When that time comes, when the workman shall have learned the real worth of his labor, he shall cross the River Jordan to the other shore of Real Life upon this earth. Can't you hear the bugle call to duty? See the strong army, well drilled, and marking time with precision and rhythm. The recruiting stations are overflowing with strong and sturdy men, anxious to join and serve the cause. "Onward, onward," is the new song of labor. How mightily they sing. Freedom sounds in every note. No saber is at the hilt, no bayonet glittering above the head. It is the Army of Peace. They bring the message of love. They are all brothers. See how warmly they greet one another! How affectionately they grasp each other by the hand! They march beneath the flag of justice, woven in the warp and woof of unsullied white, glowing crimson before the rising sun, reaching out proudly to the azure sky, the flag that shall never come down, that shall flaunt high by day beneath the warm sun, and by night when the eyes of myriad stars shall watch over it with a mother's care, and the soft, silvery rays of the laughing moon shall embrace and kiss it, whilst the lullaby of the serenader's tinkling lute shall fill night's slumber with dreams of happiness and joy. That is the Brotherhood of Man, conceived in Heaven—a Brotherhood of Man that shall come down from Heaven to earth. Workmen, it is yours! Join the army!

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOILER IN GERMANY.*

PART I.

PROLOGUE.

This is the first of a series of articles touching The Toiler in various countries in Europe. It is intended that they shall be but a cursory survey of personal observations. Two reasons bottom such attitude: first, the observations were made rapidly; second, by keeping the thoughts in rapid motion, your interest therein may not abate. It shall also be my endeavor to popularize certain ideas after the fashion of Huxley; so that the things that are said may not go over your hat, but into your head.

I take it that you have at least some knowledge of the primary principles controlling the philosophy and expediency of unions and labor organizations.

Whatever may be the case, I shall assume such knowledge on your part. One who rides in an automobile does not concern himself much with the pedestrian. And when one is absorbed in the onward progress of the common people, he does not worry much over the pecuniary loss to individual obstructionists. When one speeds on to a goal, those who walk about leisurely and aimlessly must get out of the way.

I shall be tempted here and there to grow demonstrative and rhetorical,—even if I am incapable of becoming poetical,—about the beauties of nature. Perhaps I shall here and there forget myself so far as to enter into philosophic, or rather semi-philosophic, discourses upon things as they were found and, as I think, should not be—or rather upon things as they did not exist—and as they ought to be.

* October, 1913. This and all other articles were dictated at Milwaukee.

Chapter IV.

But I promise that, whatever I do, I shall lay facts before you. Facts are found, not made, and I am not responsible for them. At no time forget, whether I praise or criticize a people or country, that I am a great believer in the proclamation of Thomas Paine: "The world is my country," etc.; that I consider every human being, yes, even the "scab," my brother (only the "scab" may be my brother in disgrace); and above all, whatever conclusions you draw, DON'T FORGET that I am an intensely patriotic American citizen, and that America is proudly in advance of our neighbors across the Atlantic in material prosperity.

CURTAIN.

YEARS back, a cartoon advertisement by the manufacturers of a certain soap made a lasting impression upon my mental eye. It depicted "Spotless Town"; streets, houses, men, women, children, maids, policemen, animals—all were "spotless" clean. Germany is a "spotless" clean country, and her people most industrious. Every inch of space is utilized; there is nothing barren, no waste, no loss; and the wonder of it all is that the greater part of Germany was once a desert. In one sense of the word, Germany has no slums, because the poorest house has its flower garden. Where ground space is not available, a box filled with earth and suspended from the window supplies the deficiency.

Of course, Germany, like every other country, has its unemployed and its poor, but their regulation and control is so systematized, either by the government or by labor organizations, that to the untrained eye, all Germany is a panorama of pleasing sights, and the Germans an easy going, or rather say, easy-sitting people, who indulge in repasts—liquid, solid, and then liquid again. The nation is

The Toiler in Germany.

particularly homogeneous—in dress, appearance, habits—all emphasize that conclusion beyond contradiction. To see the Kaiser with his Kaiser Wilhelm mustache is to see almost every German, because practically every German wears a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. Some cynics, however, refuse to wear such mustaches because they believe it proclaims adherence to imperialism. To those who believe in imperialism, the reproachful term of “patriots” has been given by the large portion of Germans who are not imperialists.

All Germans behave like well drilled soldiers—and the Lord only knows that there are so many of them about that one cannot blow the foam off his stein of beer without being in danger of blowing it into the face of a stern-looking officer. Not that drinking beer is a crime in Germany. On the contrary, it is an acquirement without which you are nobody. This is merely to indicate that (as Goethe said, through his famous “Mephistopheles,” that at the back of every devil there is a lawyer), in Germany, at the back of every worker is a soldier.

Germany is the nation that produced both Frederick the Great, the man who by cunning diplomacy won the Seven Years' War over a sandy piece of land, and Bismarck, the man of iron who, like the center of a football team, made holes in the ranks of the enemy, and closed up the holes in his own ranks.

Every German is either a Frederick the Great or a Bismarck. He is either a diplomat or a fighter, and he is usually a fighter. As for patience, the German is certainly the personification of the proverbial “*sitzfleisch*.” If patience, God's patience, under the most trying conditions, ever brought anything to a nation, it certainly has to Germany. A glance at its physical location proves that. The German does not strike many blows. He can take punishment without end. He bides his time, but when he strikes

Chapter IV.

back, you may count on it that it's going to be a knock-out punch. As for pain, he does not mind it. Victory is not won so much by the man who strikes the greatest number of blows, as by him who has the most courage of the kind the German displays and is capable of displaying.

When two students duel (and that is as common an occurrence in Germany as two street newsboys fighting in our country), the one who has received the greatest number of sword slashes is not always the loser. The thing to be considered, is whether during the gruesome battle he has given any indication of fear or pain. That is what counts for or against him.

The average American tourist in Europe looks at things with mouth wide open and eyes expressing silly amazement, and gives vent to the usual monotonous "ah," his mouth remaining open until it is closed again by a desire to re-open it for another "ah." Sometimes, of course, he is obliged to talk to some flunkey who is reminding him of his tip. But one whose mind is occupied with problems and the stamping of each with its Q. E. D.,—even though all traveling is on the basis of C. O. D.,—looks for a cause, a cause for Germany's character, her habits, her patience—a cause as big as her success—and that is GERMAN DISCIPLINE.

Discipline is a word. With some, it is a desire; with others, it is a practice; and with still others, it is a business; but with the German, it is a religion—a religion that is as deeply rooted in his soul as is that in the mother to care for her young. Discipline is the constitution, by-laws, motto, and the watchword of every labor union in Germany. One really must marvel at it, because there is no such discipline anywhere else on the face of this green earth.

The German union man, with rare exception, has a single program—solidarity—solidarity industrially, solidarity politically. The exception is small, and is confined to a class of workmen who throw their solidarity politically to the

The Toiler in Germany.

side of the clerical forces. To be a union man in Germany is to be a socialist politically. To be a socialist is to be a union man. To be the one and not the other is a rarity. All the union leaders are labor's political leaders, and all the political labor leaders are union labor leaders. Hence, labor is in office—recognized and represented, at the same time, industrially and politically. Here is where this discipline of which I speak does wonders for the German worker. It is an ordinary occurrence in a given union for every member to be a dues-paying member at the same time, of the Socialist Party, of a co-operative association for the purchase and sale of commodities, of a Volk's Theater Association, and of two or three other institutions, each in its way striving for the advancement of the laboring man in Germany. Every member knows that all are members of the same organization. Often a problem presents itself that requires the concerted action of the union, representing labor, the Socialist Party, its political ally, and the co-operative associations, to act upon and solve it for the good of all. Yet it would be considered an unpardonable breach of discipline for any one in a labor union meeting to attempt even a suggestion, no matter how veiled it might be, to discuss the benefits of the problem from any standpoint other than the industrial. Unionism for the Unions! Politics for and in its political branches! Co-operativeism for and in its co-operative organizations! They may meet at the union and, after adjourning, go to another meeting with the same attendance, but it must be under different auspices. There is no occasion for the complaint that politics are injected into the union, for they are not. No one would wish to do it; no one would dare to do it. The union man discusses his unionism in his union and his politics in his political organizations. So trained is the German mind that he takes each thing in an orderly fashion

Chapter IV.

with studied calm, and solves each problem in the manner in which it should be solved.

How different from this country, where often we see a union, on the crest of its prosperity, on the eve of an important maneuver against the organized employer in the strife for better wages and labor conditions, frustrated in its efforts and torn asunder as if by a shell because some misguided, well-meaning, over-zealous member has begun a harangue on I. W. W'ism, or some book convert of Marxism has entered upon the merits of Socialism, or some church-goer has insisted that the union shall not be made a place for political discussions and a meeting house for atheistic doctrines, destructive of home and good morals! How often do the members become embittered at each other, and those discussions become war! The main point is lost, and while the army is divided for the time into a seemingly hopeless discussion, the enemy, united on one thought—the destruction of organized labor—enters and overthrows the efforts of a lifetime spent in the cause of labor.

Had the I. W. W.'s sought converts to their political doctrines at another time, had the Socialist saved his oratory for another place, had the church-going member spared his self-appointed duty for another occasion than the union meeting, then the problem of labor and wages could have been discussed on the basis of expediency, for the sole province of labor unions is to deal with those matters upon such a basis, and it might have been solved favorably to the union. With all harmony within the union, strength would have been gained and a brotherly feeling fostered; and, after the meeting, at the saloon table, in the sanctity of one's home, or at a political meeting, the same members might have met and, in debate, made converts.

That is what Germany has done, and that is what Germany is doing. To do that requires patience, and the Ger-

The Toiler in Germany.

mans, as no other people, have it. The German union man may be likened to the ascetic or the fanatical devotee who, looking upon this earthly existence as merely transcendental, is willing to make every possible sacrifice for the future. The German union leader knows, that notwithstanding his great force against the present monarchical form of government, he is still practically impotent. He does not knock his head against a stone wall. He is not of the effervescent kind. His beer may be frothy, but his mind and his actions are not. He builds and builds like the coral in the southern sea. He bides his time. He counts not days, or even decades. He looks forward to a real millennium.

It is because of these strong characteristics that I. W. W.'ism has made no advance in Germany, although it has made inroads elsewhere. Legien, the Gompers of Germany, a member of the German Reichstag, dubs the I. W. W.'s as "international wonderworkers who do not work wonders." The German does not look to a Joan of Arc to deliver him, nor does he expect any miracles to hasten his salvation. He cares not for wonders. His is a steady growth, the result of much labor, past, present, and future. It is the result of schooling and study,—hence the great solidarity of the German labor movement, which is so pronounced and so successful.

I have given you a fair introduction to the philosophy and scheme of the German workers. Think it over well, and, if it appeal to you, see what you can do towards the movement in America. Why envy the German for his conception, or for his determination to bring about continuous solidarity, or for his strict discipline? Discipline is the first essential to strength and unity in organization. All problems cannot be solved, nor all phases of all problems considered under single auspices. Without discipline, the soldier is but a member of a mob; without discipline, the

Chapter IV.

protest of a labor organization is not much more potent than the revolt of a political faction in Mexico.

The soldier may know that his officer has erred, but it is not for him, on the battlefield, to dispute it or even to discuss it. While politics are essential to the labor movement—that is, politics in their proper channel—yet the injection of politics into the labor organization, where only labor matters should be considered, is not conducive to this end.

Every union man should be a union man in politics. All union men should vote as one on election day; but, for fear that a single union man might be alienated from unionism, or for fear that a single union man might be offended because politics not to his liking are injected, politics should not be brought into the union. Politics should enter into the breast and mind of every union man, but not into the hall of the union, nor anywhere under the auspices of unionism. The German way appears to produce better results and to gain more converts.

If Germany had the American form of government, the German worker would rule Germany for the industrial and political benefit of the entire population. Industrially and politically the German union man is the largest in number. The present form of government, however, prevents him from doing what his great numerical strength could otherwise accomplish, but he bides his time and does not become sulky nor disappointed, for he knows that his day is coming. He lets no chimera nor dream of the visionary, who thinks all problems can be solved in a single effort, make him part with his good sense. How often do we see a man let go of the savings of a lifetime because some clever mining or railroad promoter or swindler takes them from him on the promise of great dividends that never come! How often do we see a man let go of his common sense for a dream made golden by a persuasive charlatan, only to find that he has lost even his own self-respect!

The Toiler in Germany.

A promise of great dividends and immediate results in commercial ventures may be likened to promises of great rewards in politics. A solid business man looks to slow and small, but sure, returns. So should a good union man look to small but sure gains for his cause. This is a lesson in unionism that we may well learn from the Germans.

CHAPTER V.

THE TOILER IN GERMANY.*

PART II.

“**S**EEK, and ye shall find” is the Biblical way of expressing an old, old thought. One always gets what he is looking for. I once attended a grand performance of Hamlet, presented by a splendid company of actors. Two girls who sat in front of me marred my enjoyment because throughout the performance they giggled and giggled; the more tragic the words spoken from the stage, the more they giggled. They went to the show to get comedy—fun—out of it, and they got it.

At another time I remember attending what seemed to me one of the funniest plays. Near me sat a typical dyspeptic. While every one else was having a hilarious time, he was enjoying a funeral of his own. While I was laughing myself sick, he was already too sick to laugh. You see, one may go to a tragedy and yet get comedy out of it, while another may go to a comedy and get funeral tears. One always gets what he wants.

I say this because, unlike Bernard Shaw, who classifies his plays as “unpleasant” and “pleasant”—though no matter what play he writes, he always has a nasty way of stinging some one with the truth,—I am endeavoring in a more diplomatic way, which is part of every lawyer’s game, to tell you that if you wish to learn something,—just a tiny bit (for it is only a tiny bit that you can learn from these writings),—you can do so provided you are looking for it; but if you have your arm raised with a hammer ready to attack every idea that I express—then there is no use talking to you.

* November, 1913.

The Toiler in Germany.

I desire to continue my talk about Germany.

IGNORANCE IS CHAOS, and CHAOS IS ANARCHY.

EDUCATION IS ORDER, and ORDER IS GOVERNMENT.

Ignorance can have no leadership, because the very term leadership implies rule, and a mob is never ruled. It is merely stirred up. A mob sometimes has direction like a storm, but its cause and effect are not always ascertainable.

Education always encourages leadership. The very etymological root of the word means that, and in order to seek education, you must follow; and to follow, you must be led.

There may be criticism—severe criticism—of some of the German schools, of what they teach and how they teach; but, nevertheless, the Germans are not an illiterate people. On the contrary, they are an educated people, and, a vast number of them, a learned people. Education is the principal theme of every German. He not only desires to be educated, but he also seeks to educate. Education and educational methods crown the efforts of every labor organization. No blind leadership in labor organizations in Germany is possible. The leader there is more than intelligent; he is intellectual and intellectually strong. He maintains his position, because those who follow him seek to educate themselves. An educated man follows more easily the leadership of another educated man. It is the ignorant man who tries to raise himself by the boot straps of his own ignorance. He imagines that he can do better, and hence spurs his ambition to override intelligent leadership so that he himself may lead. Such things have happened and do happen far too often in labor bodies elsewhere, but that is impossible in Germany. This is because in some other countries the bliss of ignorance is still enjoyed.

In Germany, it is all a gradual climb from membership to leadership, and the laurels are won by the test of education. The labor leaders of America are more brilliant than

Chapter V.

those of Germany, although they are LESS EDUCATED. (I was almost tempted to say LESS INTELLIGENT, but that would be a mistake, for while intelligence always accompanies education, intelligence may exist without education.) The reason for this is that we have a far LESS EDUCATED membership in our labor organizations. Of course, do not for a moment forget that I am not apprehensive because of this condition. We are a new country. Ours is practically a new movement. Our membership is mixed. Our political system is different, and so forth. But the fact remains that the membership of our labor unions falls far below that of Germany's in the standard of education. Every German labor union man can be counted upon to know something about the history and the elementary philosophy of labor organizations. He reads and he studies. The average German labor man has a fondness, too, for accurate statistics, which he can and does use with much effect in his debates.

The German laughs at our way of giving statistics. Call upon the German for statistics in any branch of investigation, and he knows immediately where to go for them, and finds the exact number you ask for. He laughs at our statistics, because we always say "about" so many.

It is happily surprising to see the young members sit at the table, around their steins of beer, and discuss, what might be termed deep economic problems and discuss them very intelligently, too. But, unfortunately, their education is lacking, for they know nothing of baseball scores, or the batting average of Ty Cobb, or the pitching record of Johnson, and there are no EXTRAS covering the rise and fall of the home team from hour to hour. However, do not forget that although I talk in this way, I myself am a baseball fan.

One of the principal objects of German labor unions is to educate the membership. Education is constantly preached to them. At every opportunity they are told to

The Toiler in Germany.

learn, so that they may understand the purpose for which they are organized. There are no labor headquarters without a library and a librarian; and the draft upon the books indicates the great number of readers and the kind of readers. The libraries are of ample size, and they are not endowed by Carnegie. Accurate statistics are kept, showing what members call for books and what books are in the greatest demand, and the statistics show that books on labor, economics, and politics are called for most often.

To belong to a German labor union is to be, practically, a member of a Chautauqua lecture course. Lectures are constantly arranged for the benefit of the members. These lectures are usually delivered by university men and deal with various subjects. A union man may attend them right along. In fact, the unions are the leading spirit in German education. It is said of a professor of astronomy who wanted support from the government to spread the knowledge of astronomy among the German populace that, when the government refused him because it needed the money for its army, he applied to the unions, and that they took the matter up and shamed the government into its support by threatening to raise funds themselves and maintain the lectures.

You may ask what Germany gains by that. Well might you ask what one gains by trying to give his child a better education than he himself has had. What does the child get out of it? It is expensive—a trying and tedious task. Yes, my friend, little gain now, but, in the future, that gain is spelled in capital letters, and the German looks forward to the great FUTURE.

Look about you, you men who work and work at the ramming of the sand pile, who run chances of being burned by the molten iron poured out of the ladle. Do you remember when you were fifteen or sixteen years old, got fresh to your dad and refused to go to school—when you thought

Chapter V.

you were smart and that it was great fun to quit school and to go to work, and felt yourself as big as Rockefeller because you were able to bring down a dollar or less a day for being in the shop? You were an earner, and you could loaf around corners on Sunday and exchange with your fellow loafers horse-laughs and witticisms that were smart—and smutty. You had a few cents to spend for a stick of candy, or, perhaps, a game of pool, and you laughed at the “goody” neighbor boy because he was sticking to *THEM* dry books. You remember that, don’t you? Well,—no reproach,—you are still ramming the sand pile. You are still having your shoes burned by the sparks that fly from the ladle. How much are you earning? Is it \$2.00, or \$2.50, or \$3.00, or \$4.00 a day? Is it steady work? Are the shop conditions good? Is the foreman a decent fellow? My goodness! What fine wages, and what a fine job for an old rammer! Your neighbor boy is now a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, sporting an automobile.

Of course that argument has many flaws—but the German workman is educating himself for the future. I do not mean for the benefit of the lawyer, who ought to be the last to have an automobile, nor the capitalist, who already has too much space for too few children, but for the future, the grand and noble future of the workman, when to the producer shall belong the full product of his toil. Do you understand now? Then play your game of checkers or chess or cards with your mind on the moves ahead. The wise baseball pitcher passes one man to get the other. So play the game of unionism, if it be a game, with a thought for the future. Don’t make a move until you are sure that your present position is secure and that your future is assured.

“Say,” you will ask me, “what in the world did you go to Germany for? To come back and act like a Lutheran .

The Toiler in Germany.

minister and give us dry sermons? What about Germany's beer-gardens? What about its fine places of amusement?"

They are delightful. But is that going to bring you anything? Do you suppose that I am going to take my time to tell you what you can, for a "five spot,"—of course, I mean five cents,—provided you are willing to deprive yourself of the stuff that made Milwaukee famous, go into a moving picture house and see? No, no, brother, I am here to ram it into you. I want to stir you up. I want to educate you up to working for the great cause of labor unions.

I have put the last paragraph in just to give you a needed little rest, and now to proceed further.

It is said that the reason why the Catholic clergy boasts so many brainy men is because they look about in the orphan asylums, in the seminaries, and in the homes, for promising material, and bend their energies to the clergy.

Well, the German labor union may be likened to the Catholic clergy. In Germany, the labor unions maintain scores of labor-schools. This is part of their plan: Each union, either once or twice a year, picks out some promising man and sends him for a period of about eight weeks to a labor school where he receives instruction in economics, labor problems, and social topics. The student is obliged to attend as though he were enrolled in any regular institution of learning. He listens to lectures, is quizzed, and undergoes an examination. During the period of education, he is paid full wages, and, if he be a married man, his family is cared for during that time. This system has been in existence for many years, and the number of union men who are educated to become experts on labor topics is becoming legion. In the course are included parliamentary tactics (to teach them how to proceed in public meetings, how to act as executives, etc.), oratory, and elocution (so that they may acquire a speaker's demeanor), and every-

Chapter V.

thing else that helps fit a laborer to run a meeting or a union with order and discipline.

Hence you see why the ranks there are replete with men who know what to do and can do it. Should the leader of a German union die, the union is not afraid that no one as well informed will come to take his place, for there are dozens who are just as well informed. The loud-mouthed brother is not in evidence, because he has come to know what he is talking about. Noise alone is never a convincing argument to the man who knows and will not follow blind leadership. There is no internal strife for office such as we sometimes witness here. There is no effort on the part of a few to build up a political machine to oust a business agent from office. The membership there has been taught that the leaders are to be overthrown only for cause, and that he who seeks the leadership must show that he has better stuff in him than the man he would succeed. Strife for leadership within the unions is not so frequent there as here. Every man expects rotation of office, and, of course, he does not have a chance to rotate unless he has passed the necessary educational test.

Often we hear our enemies refer to business agents as "rough necks." Certainly we have some, and many of them are very good in their way. As we get to be an older nation, as things become more perfect in their new combinations—both for capital and labor—pioneer methods, which is really a more euphonious manner of expressing "ROUGH NECK" ways of doing things, cease to be effective, and we have to get down to the basis of figures and arguments—intelligent arguments. The whole world is now striving for new business methods, and for efficiency and economy in those methods. The old-time business agents are no longer factors in the new art of carrying on business, either mercantile or labor.

A "Murphy" may run a Tammany Hall for a time with

The Toiler in Germany.

success, until he is ousted by what is called a "bonehead" or "fathead" move, but his end must come sometime. Any one with half an eye could see Murphy's end years ago; for, while he was standing pat and refusing to educate himself, the forces opposing him were educating the masses against Murphy and Tammany, until they reached the point where they put their education into votes and pitched him out.

So, while a good fellow, with his "rough neck" or pioneer methods of doing business, may make a labor leader popular, and while a lot of good-fellows may make a happy bunch—or a pleasant organization,—one must remember that the forces of capital are daily, yes, hourly, installing EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY departments. They are studying you, seeking to find out the best way, at the least expense to themselves, of destroying you or at least of minimizing your influence; and unless you have set a pace for yourselves equal to theirs, you will fall behind in the race and lose out. It is not necessary to know Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, or even the Bible, to be an intelligent union man or leader, but it is necessary for you to begin at once to familiarize yourselves with the different labor periodicals, and from them to know the names of books on different labor questions. You should know the rudiments of labor, social, and even socialistic works, and be able to defend or oppose the various theories that have been advanced. Accordingly your mind will develop, not along mere lines of prejudice, but along lines of education.

There are three things about which most people, even educated people, know very little. They are politics, religion, and labor. It is indeed disgusting to see men of intelligence put forth arguments against labor unions or union men which are really childish, and yet it requires study of labor conditions to answer them. Union men should be the last of all to be uninformed on the books and works that deal with the philosophy of labor. It is not

Chapter V.

necessary to read all the works on labor, nor to read certain books that are prominent in print, nor is it necessary even to be able to quote from them, but it is important to familiarize one's self, by a knowledge of the principal books, with the philosophy of labor, so that one may be able to see what organized labor is driving at.

The contrast between the German method of education and our own may be likened to that which exists between German and Italian music. Italian music is more appealing to the soul and often sweeter in sound, but German music is more solid, more accurate, and more lasting. Things that are popular are not always enduring. Things that are popular are often ephemeral. Fashions change. That which is popular today may become unpopular tomorrow. So it is with men, and so it is with things.

To educate one's self requires hard, constant work, and often, withdrawal from the limelight of popularity, because, while one is engaged in winning popularity, he is obliged to consume so much time in receiving attention, that he has no time for education.

It is not necessary for the business agent, or the union member, or the union to be in the limelight. That should be avoided. A healthy union and a clever business agent stay out of the limelight, but they get results. Ignorance prefers darkness, but the ignorant seek the glare, just as the small bug is drawn to the electric light on the street crossing. Both like to play with it. It is inviting, but it is killing. While the man with his "rough neck" or pioneer methods may attain results which appear successful, yet, in the long run, the man who has educated himself to understand labor conditions from every angle will accomplish works of greater endurance.

Education will bring a labor man more happiness. He will find friends more lasting than those he has ever known. A friend in a book is worth a thousand in a whiskey bottle.

The Toiler in Germany.

Education keeps you in your home, nearer to wife and child, and nearer to yourself. MAN, "know THYSELF"—after all, that is the best education in the world. "Know thyself." Appreciate thyself,—not in the sense of overestimating your value,—but know thyself in the real sense of the word, so that you may be of greater assistance to those about you. Then you, who are a cog in the great wheel of industry, may be of some help in making that wheel a wheel of fortune that shall turn, as it must inevitably, in the direction of him who produces.

I am not yet through with Germany. I shall continue in the next chapter. You know the Germans do not go into a saloon as Americans do, and stand up at the bar and pour liquor into themselves as fast as they can buy it. The German deliberately sits at the table for hours at a time over a stein of beer, either alone or in company, for he does not treat or expect treats. And so in talking about Germany, I am obliged to do as the Germans do, take each subject referring to Germany, separately and with much deliberation.

Now I wonder how many pupils I have enrolled in the school of education which each one can found for himself and which some day may prove the nucleus for a school to be founded by the International Molders' and other unions. This is not a Methodist or Salvation Army meeting; but, on the square, how many have I enrolled?

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOILER IN GERMANY.*

PART III.

YOU will have no trouble in guessing the nationality of the Irishman (isn't that just like an Irish bull) who accosted me a day or two after he had read my first article on the European toiler, that is, "The Toiler in Germany," Part I. He began thus: "Say, Bill, glad you are back from across the waters, God bless you. [A little blarney.] Say, I read your dope on Dutchland in the *MOLDERS' JOURNAL*. Pretty good stuff, and you're promisin' more; but say, Bill, hurry up and git to old Ireland."

Thus, while I would like to sojourn longer with you in Germany, to keep the Irishman as my friend, I shall have to fly through Germany with this reading.

You will remember that I spoke of the discipline in Germany's labor unions, and you will also remember that I spoke of the education in her labor unions. Now, we have learned that both discipline and education do not admit of disintegration, but, on the contrary, lead to a close and secure unity of efforts. In other words, wherever you see true discipline and real education, you behold a perfect organization, whether it be in business, military, social, or religious affairs.

Wherever you find education, you note an intelligent movement towards the maintenance of organization. In the term "education," you must also include the spirit with which one seeks to unite himself with others. For example, the Russian army was ruled with iron discipline, but the discipline of the Russian army was maintained by inciting

* December, 1913.

The Toiler in Germany.

fear. There was an utter absence of education, and certainly a lack of that spirit that actuates one when he feels that he represents and fights for a righteous cause.

On the other hand, in the Japanese army where all was discipline, every soldier was educated not only to give absolute obedience, for that implies only the lowest form of discipline, but also to have implicit faith in his superiors, which implies education that Nippon's cause was right—an inspiration which can come only through education. Education does not necessarily mean ability to read and write; it may mean that every man understands and believes in the cause which he represents. It is because of this kind of an education that the Japanese triumphed as the yellow race had never done before.

And so we see that the climax that caps discipline and education is that consummate success which every one seeks to attain in the end, and that is ORGANIZATION. Without organization there can be no discipline, while education without organization is wasteful. With organization once established, discipline follows as a matter of logic, and education travels along the lines of least wasteful resistance.

I am going to cite a few examples of German organization, and then let you tell me if what I have said so far is correct or not.

"Our mutual friend," Frey, the editor—who, like the advertised Pinkerton detective, always sleeps with one eye open—as soon as he discovered that I was sailing for the other side, commissioned me to attend the Metal Workers' Convention which was held last June at Breslau, Germany, and represented a membership of over 500,000. I will not tell you of my trials and tribulations in getting to that blessed spot, nor of my reception, nor of the speech which was read for me in German and which, in the original, was published in this magazine some time back, but I shall try to get right to the point. When I arrived at the

Chapter VI.

appointed place, about 10 A. M., a hall in a beautiful building, owned by the laboring body of that city, was pointed out to me. I found the door closed. I knocked, and some one opened it. In the room I saw tables covered with snowy linen at which men were seated. Waiters were hurrying about and serving the men at the tables. It had all the appearance of a banquet hall. Thinking that I had made a mistake, I quickly closed the door and went in search of the porter, or *concierge*, as they call him in European cities—and, by the way, he seems to be the official directory for the city over which he rules—and asked him to direct me to the convention. He promptly replied, twisting his Kaiser Wilhelm mustache heavenward, that I had just stepped out of it. I turned, and found that I had been in the right place. This time I made my presence known and was ushered to the front.

Well, if you have ever attended a labor convention, or, for that matter, any convention, the first thing that you must have noticed was the tumult, the disturbance of running in and out. The curse of it all is the running out to the bar to gulp down a drink—and perhaps another—with a friend, and then the return to the hall for business. No necessity for that exists in Germany. You sit at your table; you are served your stein of beer, or your bottle of water (and by the way, a surprisingly large number of bottles of water—mineral—was served, considering that it was a German convention).; and there is your lunch, too. In fact, the secretary was sitting on the stage eating his lunch,—a fine slice of ham—and don't forget that the man who was eating that ham on the stage was named Cohen. There was the convention in full blast.

When a subject was announced for debate, those who desired to speak (and as a rule they had been selected in advance) rose for recognition, and, as recognition was received, went on to the stage. There we saw the labor orator

The Toiler in Germany.

fresh from his labor school, standing in proper position, speaking with correct gestures, and well trained and modulated voice, either with or without notes. I noticed in all the speakers a similarity of mannerisms, indicating without doubt that all had been instructed in the same school, perhaps under the same masters. It reminded me of my school days, when we were all trained in advance to deliver our little pieces on the last day of school. Occasionally one of us forgot his speech, and marred the performance. But this convention showed that each had rehearsed his speech and his gestures, and all went smoothly. At first it seemed amusing, but later it proved instructive, for I saw through this that the convention was the place where the members were putting into practice what they had learned in their labor schools, of which I have already spoken.

There were no personalities, and no disorder. Only once was the president obliged to ring the bell for order. They use the bell instead of the gavel as the symbol of order, and, between you and me, I would rather hear the musical sound of a bell than the noise of a gavel. Whenever a speaker would march up to the platform too slowly, the chairman would tell him openly to hurry. The only speaker of the day who spoke at all extemporaneously was Secretary Cohen, and he was like a quick-firing gun replying to each speech—a witty chap who provoked laughter throughout. During the whole time, however, there was no applause at the end of any speech. The only one who received applause was I, and I learned later that it was not a compliment to my address. The applause was due to a desire on the part of my hearers to express the American way of approval in my honor.

Now, why was this convention so orderly, so impersonal? Only years of discipline and years of education have perfected this mighty organization.

The labor papers of Germany are numerous. Occasion-

Chapter VI.

ally a paper publishes news which is displeasing to the government. It is immediately ordered out of existence, but at once there springs up the same paper, under a new head and name. The men seem to understand it. The leaders seem to appreciate it. It is not at all unusual for publications to change their titles weekly. This can be accomplished only when ORGANIZATION IS PERFECT. The secret back of it all is that, while labor organizations in America seek to control the job, in Germany they spend all of their efforts in trying to control the men in the organization. Their policy is that when once they have the men, they have them for all time.

You no doubt have read of the Kaiser's discouragement of drink and his encouragement of temperance, and the papers broadcast have been giving the Kaiser credit. Now, that is a plainly capitalistic way of giving praise to the wrong party. As a matter of fact, in 1910, the labor-bodies of Germany began a boycott on all intoxicating drinks for political reasons—beer being excluded from their boycott, because beer is not considered intoxicating in Germany. (How would you like to live in Germany?) And, so great and effective was the boycott, that the sale of intoxicants fell off tremendously, and the government revenue diminished considerably. Any one who knows anything about Germany, realizes that the Kaiser is revenue hungry, for he is continually seeking military reinforcements, and that he would be the last to cut off his revenue.

As a result of this boycott, some of the strong adherents of labor even gave up drinking beer. You cannot find a German union man drinking German home-made whiskey or wine. I watched them; and almost always they called for the foreign label on intoxicants. The sales fell off so much that proprietors of halls, who theretofore had always given halls to the unions rent free for the privilege of assembly, because it meant the purchase of drinks during

The Toiler in Germany.

and after the meetings, had to abandon the scheme for lack of patronage. Now, when you can get a German to give up drinking because it will inure to the benefit of his labor organization, you have found in him the highest loyalty to the cause of unionism. You must take off your hat to PERFECT ORGANIZATION.

The laboring body in Germany knows its voting strength. It counts its votes. It goes after the little middleman and makes him vote, and it knows how he votes—for he must vote in the open,—and he must vote its way, on pain of boycott. While the laboring body will boycott a business man who will vote in the open against it, it will permit a union man who would otherwise be in danger of losing his job, to vote against his own political convictions. That, too, is ORGANIZATION.

For a long time Germany had difficulty with Austrian and Italian laborers who migrated into Germany to underbid the German worker. The Germans did not open war upon the Italian or the Austrian laborer, but instead sent several of their best men to Italy to learn Italian. After they had become proficient in Italian, they returned and began to proselyte the Italian workmen into union men. Now Germany has no Italian labor problem. They have on hand enough of those who speak Italian to convert Italians into union men as fast as they come over the border, and German and Italian union cards are interchangeable. This, too, is ORGANIZATION.

The building trades of Germany are unusually strong, and, through their efforts, laws have been made which afford almost absolute safety to employees. I happened to be in Berlin during the week preparatory to the Kaiser's silver jubilee. Preparations for the festivities were in progress. With what pride did I watch the union men put up the false-work and temporary scaffolding! Why, it was all built so solidly that in New York they would have erected a fifty-

Chapter VI.

story skyscraper on top of it. The progress was slow, but the false work was secure.

The German government is really jealous of the labor unions. It is the purpose of these unions to get the men under their wing and keep them there. It is their ambition that no union man shall be in want of anything that he cannot get from the unions. The German unions have so systematized the matter of providing the unemployed with shelter, food, and work, that the German government, in an effort to show itself friendly, has opened offices for a like purpose. This is what may be called ORGANIZATION.

The unions give careful medical inspection and attendance to all members, and, although wages in Germany are low, sanitary conditions are better than they are here. Of course you cannot speed up a German to that point of SCIENTIFIC efficiency which is attained here, and which is neither more nor less than the destruction of the limited HUMAN efficiency of the worker.

The unions there are constantly bending their efforts by all sorts of schemes to attract members to their entertainments. They have their own theaters, their own concerts, their own lecture-bureaus. When I asked, "Why all this effort?" here was the German way of putting it:

- (a) To have them BETTER informed.
- (b) To keep them from GOVERNMENT influence.
- (c) To keep them from EVIL associations.
- (d) To PREPARE them so that in the event of the labor unions capturing the German government, there would be PLENTY of competent men to run things.

"Splendid, splendid," I declared, "that is ORGANIZATION."

The German trades have no labels such as we have. I took off my hat and my coat, to show that they were all union labeled. I even wanted to take off my shoes (an old Methuselah joke, but, in this instance, proof of two things, cleanliness and sincerity), but was prevented

The Toiler in Germany.

from doing so out of consideration for the pleasant company. I asked them how they patronized union labor, and the chorus was, "We have co-operative stores which handle only such merchandise as is made in union shops, and we patronize these exclusively."

Co-operative stores, even co-operative banks, are making such rapid strides to success that merchants are becoming alarmed. Some have petitioned the government to discourage the multiplication of these co-operative stores. ORGANIZATION again!

All strikes in Germany must be authorized. No strike is countenanced unless there is a strong belief on the part of the authorizing body that it will be finally successful. No union can apply to kindred labor organizations for monetary relief until it has first gained the approval of a majority of the unions in Germany. In the last ten years, not a single strike was lost on account of lack of funds.

The first thing the German union does when it declares a strike, is to export all its unmarried members. The lawyer there, in contrast with the lawyer in the United States, plays little part in strikes. Labor injunctions do not exist; hence there is no need of an army of viperous lawyers. Every union has its secretariat, and every union card entitles the bearer to free legal assistance:

- (a) On all matters affecting labor conditions;
- (b) On all matters affecting wages;
- (c) On all matters affecting the recovery of damages for personal injuries;
- (d) On all matters affecting the recovery of insurance, either as a result of accident, labor, or compensation.

In addition to this, the secretariat gives free advice on practically all affairs. In Berlin, four such offices are kept busy all day. I was present when one man was seeking advice on some domestic matter.

Chapter VI.

Thus, by this splendid system of ORGANIZATION, the worker is continually under control, and free from those extraneous influences which are opposed to organized labor.

The German lawyer does not receive much from labor unions. In 1912, lawyers got from the metal trades only 21,000 marks—a little less than \$5,000. Now, how much do you think that lawyers cost the metal trades in America during the same period? The sum that the lawyers received would have gone towards the maintenance of many benefits for labor. That, to me, is one of the best evidences of ORGANIZATION.

I asked them "Do you have riots?"

And they answered, "Yes, but they occur mostly in unorganized districts. Where we are organized, we do not riot. Riots are the products of immediate-actionists."

"What is the use?" said one man. "You cannot force time. We take our time, and we win. Ja!"

I wish that I could take you to the sleeping barracks provided for itinerant union men. The finest Y. M. C. A. or other endowed institution in this country, whether it be with Rockefeller's or Carnegie's money, cannot equal these in appearance or in spirit.

The first thing that is shown, when one is taken through, is the reading-room; the second, the sleeping apartments. An itinerant union man on registering is given a meal and assigned a bed, but, before he may retire, he is obliged to take a bath and have his clothes fumigated. The next day, in consequence of this good treatment, he is refreshed, and he looks and feels respectable. No union man need beg in any city in Germany for food or shelter. His card entitles him to a bed and a meal; and he is taught that what he gets, he gets as a matter of right. He is taught that what he gets is not beggary, for he hates charity. A bed in the union barracks is sure to keep him away from evil influences

The Toiler in Germany.

and crime. Work is not neglected, and books for his entertainment are always in evidence.

The theaters and entertainments of the labor organizations are of the highest order. Nothing is too good for German union men. They have the finest Beethoven and Wagner concerts. They discourage "ragtime" and cheap entertainments. They want the union man lifted to the highest plane, and if you ask why, the answer is, "We want the union man's religion to be Unionism." Then, too, they have hundreds of other societies. They have gymnasium societies and singing societies endless in number. They have a bicycle brigade of over 200,000, all supplied with bicycles to be used at political elections. Now, this bicycle brigade is a wonderful institution. When an election takes place, two-hundred-thousand men are sent out on their bicycles, each man assigned to a district, charged with the duty of getting out a certain number of votes. And he does it, for he is held to strict account. The brigade has its own factory and thirty retail stores for the manufacture and sale of bicycles to union men.

I might go on and tell you of the many establishments where they do their own printing; and I could go on, and on, and on, to tell you of the many other valuable things that I have seen, each denoting ORGANIZATION, but what is the use? A dozen examples are as good as a hundred.

I must go on to other countries, but in leaving Germany, I want to leave with you this thought: That the A, B, C of the German labor movement is DISCIPLINE, EDUCATION, ORGANIZATION. Indeed, one might call these three an indestructible triumvirate, which, if followed and obeyed, must lead to success. I am reluctant to leave the country where I have been entertained and instructed so well, but I must go. I do not wish to say goodbye, and so I shall say, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

Chapter VI.

I must here refute the slander that Shakespeare heaped upon the German, when he said through Portia:

"Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. . . .

"Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge."

When Shakespeare said that, he said it in his play, "The Merchant of Venice," at a time when there was no Jew in England. Shakespeare never saw a Jew, nor was he ever in Germany.

I cast a lingering glance towards German shores. I hear the little German band playing "Vaterland." As we sail up the Rhine, I hear the same band start up "Die Wacht am Rhein." We pass the Lorelei with all its poetic tradition. I am taken back to the Black Forest, and think of Schiller's "Die Räuber." All in all, Germany impresses me as a house well-built and well-kept.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOILER IN AUSTRIA.*

WHETHER we like it or not, whether we are pro or anti-German, whether or not we are opposed to the political activities of her organized labor, the trade-union movement of Germany is the standard by which we are obliged to consider like movements in other countries. It is the yard-stick by which we are forced to measure the growth and relative strength of organized labor in every country. It is the scale in which we must weigh the solidarity of labor elsewhere.

German labor methods are followed either wholly or in modified form, or rejected by other European lands; and as we deal with other lands, we shall see how labor fares with the methods it pursues, by comparison with Germany.

Austria-Hungary is a vast empire. It has a large area. It occupies a fairly enviable position both on land and on sea. The Austria-Hungarians are people, who, if noted for nothing else, may be remembered by the fact that they out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in observing the Biblical dictum—"Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth." There certainly is enough of that there.

Politically Austria-Hungary may be a single empire with but one ruler, but for my purpose I shall separate it into its two divisions. If I were not afraid of taxing your patience too much, I might subdivide Austria-Hungary into ten or fifteen countries; for Austria-Hungary is a great deal like an Irish stew (and I had better leave that out, for the stew, as I understand it, is all cooked in the same pot). Austria-Hungary resembles one of those old-fashioned quilt arrangements, as here we meet the Hun, the Magyar, the Teuton,

* January, 1914.

Chapter VII.

the Slavonian, the Gypsy, and the Slav in all his manifold variations.

Austria was once the Germany of Europe, but it is so no more. Except for a small part, it has lost the German physiognomy. By that famous treaty at the making of which kings indulged in exercises of addition and subtraction, and nations acquired and gave up lands in exchange for other lands, Austria-Hungary became the most heterogeneous nation of all Europe. Germany, in the scheme of division, acquired most of Teutonia, so that today Germany is warp and woof Teuton, while Austria-Hungary is not even a melting pot—a dozen or more states in one empire, a dozen or more states with different peoples, different languages, different labels, different costumes, and different interests.

If the unlettered peasants and laborers of Austria-Hungary, and they are many in number, were to gather in concourse, we should have a repetition of Babel. In some parts of Austria the people speak German with an accent somewhat different from that of Germany; in other parts they speak Bohemian; in others, Polish; in Hungary, Hungarian. And then there are Croation, Slavonian, and a dozen other languages that seem entirely distinct from each other. Austria-Hungary, as I have said, is not a melting pot, but a crazy-quilt whose various patches are held together by Franz Joseph. Do you realize what that means? It at once spells *DISORGANIZATION* to an empire which is speciously well organized. It spells, also, non-organization of the many ignorant toilers, and their exploitation by a few educated feudalists. Labor must, as it does, suffer under such circumstances. It cannot help it. Human flesh under these conditions is cheap; superstition is strong.

Austria-Hungary, in the broad sense, is not an industrial country, but a few spots exist—just a few—where industry has taken foothold. Unionism is in the ascendant, and

The Toiler in Austria.

labor and its rights are striving to attain their true aristocratic position.

The peasant of Austria-Hungary,—and I speak of the peasant because labor is recruited from the ranks of the peasantry,—has but one desire, one hope, and that is to save up a few dollars, and after serving in the army, if service cannot be avoided, go to America—the land of promise which the steamship agent holds out in his alluring advertisements,—where the peasant may grow rich and fat and prosperous. As the Moslems turn to the east for prayer, so now do thousands upon thousands of Austria-Hungarian subjects turn to the west, their eyes filled with America, dreaming dreams of wealth. Those who emigrate from Austria-Hungary leave poverty behind, but they also leave behind fresh air and country life. They give up their crust of hard-earned bread for America, the “land of wealth,” the caldron of toil into which they are thrust. In the new land they work in sweatshops by day, and sleep in the tenement by night, under conditions that soon consume human vitality. Herding in their crowded district, they gain, it is true, a few more dollars a week in wages—a piece of meat every day. The flame still burns; the moths are singed.

With what I have said as a back-ground, we can now proceed to the task of considering organized labor in Austria. If you are tired for the moment, take a rest. Sniff up your snuff, or take a chew, or light a pipe—but don't give up! Read right on. I don't like those fellows who merely read the title and then quit. I don't say this, intending to crack a joke. You would not laugh anyhow, unless the dentist had accidentally plugged your face with gold. This is not a thrilling melodrama, with a man being killed in each scene of every act. It is merely a plain, unadulterated way of forcing you to understand the necessity of seeing others as they are, and of seeing yourself as you are and as you

Chapter VII.

should have seen yourself years ago. It is never too late to know about other people, or even to know about yourself. It is never too late to learn, provided you are willing to do so. You have heard of the Roman who learned Greek at the age of eighty. Why should not you learn about the trade-union movement? Hence my attempt; whence it comes; why these charges; why you get bread and not pie. Before one may answer a question or give a reason for the answer, he must look beyond his own immediate circumstances to other peoples and other conditions. The history of organized labor is like that of the entire human race. Its logic is not that of mathematics. You must keep in mind the time, the people, and the conditions.

If I were to give the underlying theme of the Austrian labor movement, I should say it was the imitation of the German movement. There is nothing original about the Austrian movement. It fails to measure up to the German movement, however, because the labor movement in Austria is still weak. Before I saw a single laboring man in Austria, and before I saw a single workshop, I felt that that would be the situation. As soon as I had crossed the boundary line between Germany and Austria and entered into Bohemia—the beautiful Bohemia—I observed that the care of fields, farmers' huts, and roads, had not the same air of precision, that look of persistent, organized disciplinary method which I saw in Germany. I found cities in Austria and in Hungary that were far more beautiful than those I had seen in Germany; but their beauty was marred by evidences of poor housekeeping. It is all right for the wife to go out occasionally in the afternoon to meet her friends at a coffee, but she should not forget to prepare supper, nor should she neglect the house. And the cause for this failure to keep things in order in Austria is the lack of strong organization in the labor field. The greater part is unorganized. Hence the failure to assert itself.

The Toiler in Austria.

In Austria one finds bare-footed women and children working, even little girls of twelve or thirteen years acting as hod carriers. I even saw women who belonged to unions—but that didn't prevent their being bare-footed,—working as bricklayers upon the Labor Temple in Vienna. The answer to my question as to the advisability of admitting women into the bricklayers' union was that, since labor is not strong enough to drive women out of this employment, it is better to take them into the organization.

The German is proud and haughty. He is polite, but his politeness carries with it an air of independence. In Austria one finds the workman bowing and bowing and bowing. To me that does not signify politeness, but slavery, for the Austrian laborer is often so shamefully underpaid that his position is little above that of a slave.

In Carlsbad I took a carriage to go sight-seeing. When I engaged in conversation with the driver I found, to my surprise, that he was president of a coachman's union in Carlsbad. Of course, we became warm pals. He gave me a vast amount of inside information; it was through his aid that I contrived to get into a large pottery factory situated at Carlsbad. I had to do a little falsifying to gain admittance. I found it rather hard to falsify, because it is foreign to my profession to do so, but I did it just the same, and the manager took me through and showed me the sights from basement to garret. I saw few men working, but many young boys and girls. It reminded me of the southern mills of our own good United States. Comparisons are odious, and I will let you do your own thinking on the subject. Of course, it is needless to say that the boys and girls did not belong to any organization. The superintendent said that there was no unionism in his shop and that he would not stand for any. The only people organized in the shop were the skilled mechanics, and they were getting too much pay, he thought, but as there were very few skilled mechanics outside of

Chapter VII.

organized labor, he would have to put up with it. Remarkable that in a shop of close to two thousand employees the only place where boys and girls were not found at work, was in that branch of the trade where labor organization was complete! Here, too, they received the best wages, for the men were men of intelligence and skill.

The Austrian government is trying to learn from America how to fight strikes with the injunction instead of the militia. Someone having suggested that it was far more effective and less expensive, there seems to be a likelihood in the future of the injunction being invoked in the Austrian trade movement.

A barn-yard psychologist once said that he could tell from the way a woman carried her basket to and from the market, whether her husband was good to her or not. It doesn't take much of a psychologist to see from the mere carriage of an Austrian soldier or workman that the Austrian hasn't got that self-confidence nor that assertive force that usually comes to a person who knows that he is being backed by something or someone. The whole country and its people impress one with the fact that they are not, at least so far as the workmen are concerned, in a position where they can demand anything as a matter of right.

You will remember that I told you that in Germany each union has its secretariat, and that the lawyer plays but little part in labor litigation, but this is not so in Austria. Except in the case of the collection of a wage claim, a man must be represented by a lawyer. The lawyers, therefore, are an expensive necessity to organized labor. Each union practically maintains its own attorney. The railroad unions maintain two lawyers by the year at an annual retainer of 60,000 kronen, which is \$12,000 in our money. There is one good thing about a lawyer's work in Austria, however, and that is, it is not confined to fighting labor causes, but embraces looking after accidents, collecting insurance and dam-

The Toiler in Austria.

ages, and so forth. Austria has a little bit the best of us, in that membership in an Austrian union includes the services of a lawyer for practically everything except domestic affairs. Some day we, too, shall wake up. Then organized labor will have its law-department and sub-departments, like those of the large railroads and other corporations of this country, and protect the legal rights of its members as it should have done years ago.

The right to boycott exists in Austria. One has the privilege of announcing verbally or by means of placards that a firm is engaged in a strike. One has the right even to request people not to patronize a place that is being boycotted.

I was in Vienna at the same time that a conference was taking place at the Labor Temple between a number of employers and a committee of employees, who were trying to reach an agreement as to wages, and so forth. The chief struggle centered about the attempt of the employees to raise their wages one heller an hour—one-fifth of a cent. Although the people of Austria are paid in hellers, the cost of living is almost as high as it is here. From this you may judge what the condition of labor in Austria is.

When I asked why there was such tremendous emigration from Austria, I was told that there was very little emigration from Vienna, and further, that where labor is organized, emigration is very small. The unions there are endeavoring to induce their men to remain at home to help fight the battles. They teach them that though emigration may help the individual, it only makes it harder for the brother who is left behind. The large yearly emigration from Austria to our shores comes from the vast body of unorganized employees who are ready to be exploited, to the injury of labor. Whenever an Austrian who was formerly a member of an Austrian labor union comes over here, he is soon found in the ranks of an American union,

Chapter VII.

a loyal member ready to fight in case of a strike. The majority of men who come from Austria come to stay, while those who come from adjacent countries, particularly Croatia, expect to return to the land of their birth.

As was the case in Germany, every union man is a socialist. The Austrian unions, however, unlike those of Germany, permit politics to be discussed at their meetings. The leaders admit that there is a great lack of discipline. They say that, although political and industrial questions are recognized as distinct problems, yet, because both are discussed under the auspices of one organization, confusion sometimes arises, and, hence, minor difficulties. They complain bitterly that the Christian socialist is a strike breaker, employed by the capitalists to break strikes. The leaders, however, point proudly to the fact that so far they have checked even a suspicion of I. W. W.'ism.

Another sad feature of the labor problem in Austria is illustrated by the following incident: During a recent railroad strike, soldiers were mustered out from the ranks of union men. These were obliged to force 20,000 railroad men to return to work. Through the interference of these enlisted union men, the strike was practically lost.

There is no compulsory service in the United States army. Are you a union man or are you a soldier? They carry on picket duty in much the same way as we do here, and the police run them in about as fast as they do here, and lawyers are employed about as often as they are here to liberate the poor fellow who is put into jail during the strike.

The leaders feel that the only possible way in which they can gain more rights for labor is to increase their representation in Parliament. At the present time, out of a membership of 520, they have but eighty-three representatives, and outside of lawyers and doctors, they are all union men. As the Christian socialists, however, fight them in

The Toiler in Austria.

and out of Parliament, they have so far been unable to get much relief through legislation.

The co-operative stores are beginning to prove financially successful, and the profits derived therefrom are used to finance their political fights. All the products, as in Germany, are unlabeled, excepting bread, which bears the co-operative label. A trade-mark is sometimes used, but this is not compulsory. The Austrians have their labor temples, their co-operative homes, their co-operative theatres, and so forth, but, as I have said before, there is something about them that makes them suffer in comparison with those of Germany.

Another instance of the lack of discipline is the fact that local organizations often go upon strikes without the consent of their superiors. If there is anything unusual about a strike, the strikers are arrested by the wholesale.

In one thing Austria stands ahead of the United States. In 1870 the law of conspiracy was abolished, so that now in case of a strike each man is responsible for none but his own acts, and by no scheme of the lawyers' ingenuity can the law of agency be so construed as to make those who have not actually broken the law themselves members of a punishable conspiracy. Therefore Austrians are not given jury trials except in cases of felony and in political offenses, but they consider the punishment meted out to strikers in disorderly cases very light. The courts do not hand down long opinions when deciding cases. The law of Austria is all positive and is contained in but a few books. No man, therefore, is at the mercy of the personnel of the court.

One of the worst things that labor has to contend with in this country is the injunction, which many judges feel obliged to issue in the most sweeping terms. In each instance labor is obliged to go to great expense to convince the judge that the injunction which he issued was not in accordance with supreme court decisions. It has often

Chapter VII.

struck me that these injunctions, which put labor to such great expense and inconvenience, are in themselves violations of laws laid down by higher courts, and that the men who perpetrate these violations are violators of our laws. One would imagine that after having fought an injunction through the highest court, and after having received a decision as to what is or is not proper, the courts would be able to guide themselves thereafter against issuing illegal injunctions, but no, they swoop down with injunctions upon the strikers as of old; and precedents in favor of labor seem to have no weight. Every time you strike it means that you must begin fighting the injunction all over again.

Therefore may we well learn from Austria—poor Austria—the lesson of enacting positive laws for the benefit of organized labor, so that we no longer shall be compelled to rely upon judicial opinions which have no perceptible effect upon those grantors of injunctions who would rather serve their former clients than administer either the law or justice.

One of the remarkable things about strikes in Austria is that the crimes with which strikers have been charged have been of so petty a nature that not a single jury case has been held in seventeen years. Not a single union man has ever been charged with the crime of murder growing out of labor troubles.

On the other hand Austria has a peculiar law which seems in its way to be as bad as the injunction. Laboring men are often arrested charged with the offense of blackmail. Now in Austria blackmail is considered worse than murder because a conviction for blackmail is followed by the loss of citizenship. Whenever there is brought a charge of blackmail against a union man, it seems that one witness is sufficient to establish the offense and, the union men complain, a strike breaker's word is taken in preference to their own. They call blackmail the crime of

The Toiler in Austria.

COERCION ; and, as named in the books, it is an ignominious offense. The socialists, however, in their Parliament, are making every effort to wipe the law off the books. The bad thing about the law is that any one convicted of its violation loses not only his citizenship, but the right to work for three months after his term of punishment has expired. The following words have been held to constitute the ignominious offense of blackmail: "If you will not come to our union, we will not work with you." But the employer has the right to say: "I will not give you work unless you quit the union."

This is based upon the old, old doctrine of the right of contract. You see that in both the land of common law and that of civil law, in arriving at decisions the principles of contract must be taken into account. This was founded upon the ancient rule of property rights, for in feudal times one man was considered the chattel of another—the property of his lord. The doctrine of human rights is a conception whose birth is comparatively recent in the history of civilization. It has but little weight in the interpretation of our constitution, though we hope it may have some day. Courts place property rights above human rights.

In my earlier years of practice in labor cases, I used to become incensed almost beyond restraint when I heard the learned or larded (as the Frenchman calls him) judge deliver himself of the PROPERTY rights of corporations, totally oblivious to and ignorant of the HUMAN rights of the thousands of strikers and the HUMAN rights of the wives and children dependent upon them. Now I figuratively stuff my ears and let the judge say what he will, for I know that the only way to win a strike is to stay cool, keep one's head above the waters of prejudice, instil confidence in the men, arouse their fighting spirit, approve their loyalty to unionism, employ proper strike methods in the industrial

Chapter VII.

field, and vote for men who will enact laws favorable to labor in the political field.

One of the heroes of the labor movement in Austria, Franz Schuhmar, who took up the cause of organized labor in Parliament in an effort to abolish the so-called coercion or blackmail offense, was shot down in cold blood by one of the Christian socialists.

Without any inquiry on my part, I was informed by labor officials that the unions are endeavoring at all times to teach the members to abstain from alcohol. Even the consumption of beer is falling off from year to year. They realize that alcohol has a bad influence upon the working people. They do not, however, preach prohibition, but moderation in the use of liquor.

The Austrian is not so temperamental as the German, nor so solid, but he is very courteous and obliging and makes pleasant company. Every Austrian is proud of his Vienna. On the whole, he is loyal to his king, although, in confidence, there is much murmuring because the Balkan war has impoverished Austria considerably, and business and labor have suffered exceedingly.

The beautiful river Danube is crossed by many bridges in the city of Vienna. One bridge in particular attracted my eye. This was the "Bridge of Sighs." Statistics show that from six to seven men and women drop off each week from that bridge into the river below, to end their earthly troubles. People stand in great numbers about the bridge, waiting for some new victim to appear, that they may behold him dropping off into the beyond; and the morbid crowd follows the fishing out of the body by the police, and the removal of it to the morgue. When I learned that the large number of suicides is due to a condition of industry that puts men and women out of work—despondency that culminates in suicide—the tragedy of the situation fell over me like a pall.

The Toiler in Austria.

It is indeed sad that a world should have been so begotten that many men and women who are willing to work should be unable to obtain any, and that their more fortunate brothers and sisters who have found work to do should not earn enough to give them the comforts of respectable living. But tears do not bring relief. Tears do not even strengthen the mind. One must be up and doing! Work for the uplift of humanity can be done only by determination—by unconquered will!

Austria some day will rise above these present conditions. That will be when organized labor has secured a firmer foothold there. Organized labor will be able to control things only when it has learned the three cardinal principles of success—EDUCATION, DISCIPLINE, and ORGANIZATION, whether in Germany, Austria, or America, whether under the auspices of one "ism" or another. These three principles are essential, not only to its growth, but to its maintenance and stability. Austrian labor organizations show a lack of the necessary education, a lack of perfect discipline, a lack of complete organization. Although in each of these three ways Austria, after all, is but little inferior to Germany, yet it is this slight failure to measure up to perfection that makes all the difference in the world.

Organization is an edifice. It takes careful planning and workmanship to BUILD it up. It takes organization to KEEP it up. Neglect it ever so little and you will soon see the cobwebs in the corners and the cracks in the walls. Then begins decay, and the end is not far off.

But let us keep in mind that Austria is an empire. Most of her people are of the peasantry; and, therefore, we must not expect too much of her. As far as she has gone she has done well—and let us give credit where credit is due. Austrian organized labor is in the ascendant.

All of us like to lead, but we cannot, because all of us are not fit to lead. It is not always the strongest or the most

Chapter VII.

educated man who is the leader. To lead, one must be endowed with certain faculties. However, there are some, whatever their motive may be, who wish to lead although they are unqualified to do so; and as a result we have MISLEADERS. This seems to be especially true in the labor movement. A MISLEADER is of more harm to an organization than an opponent. A MISLEADER is of more harm to united labor than a strike breaker. We know how to deal with the non-union man or strike breaker. We know where to meet him, what argument to use, how to oppose him; but the misleader is bound to get the very men who follow him into trouble. It is far better to follow than to mislead, and, as we cannot all be leaders, we should all be willing to follow—at least to follow until we are absolutely convinced, not only by our own reasoning, but by that of a majority of our fellows, that the leader should be deposed.

The Austrian labor movement recognizes that the German labor movement is far superior. It recognizes that syndicalism is misleading. It recognizes that its own movement is too new, too weak to blaze a trail of its own. Therefore, it has resolved to follow, to imitate the German movement, to keep its forces together. Austrian labor leaders even admit that their following is not of the strongest kind. But that is due, not to a lack of good intentions on the part of the men, but to their failure to recognize the necessity for organization. A person who is honest enough to admit his deficiencies is a valuable asset to any organization. The Austrian labor leaders by being honest enough to concede their own shortcomings and the shortcomings of their labor organizations, show that they are leading the Austrian movement in the right direction. They seek to follow the best model that they have, the German movement; for in the German movement they behold these object lessons of united labor which are gaining them much power.

The average Austrian is still filled with the superstitions

The Toiler in Austria.

of the sixteenth century. He still holds to the old ideas of master and servant. He still worships money. He still respects sovereignty. He still permits conditions approaching slavery. You cannot take a Hottentot, put him into a full dress suit, and expect him to behave at the banquet board like a Chesterfield. You cannot take an Indian away from his reservation, and expect him to wear his necktie after the fashion of Senator J. H. Lewis. All that takes training—not only physical training, but mental training; and, therefore, reading Austria in the light of history, there are reasons why she lags behind her sister country, though her official language is the same. She lags behind in spirit; she lags behind in organization. Thankful indeed must organized labor be that the few years of existence of the Austrian movement, have proved its labor leaders, not seekers after selfish aggrandizement, posers in the lime-light, lovers of newspaper notoriety, or exploiters of syndicalistic ideas to the detriment of organized labor, but patient and sure crystallizers of purpose, teachers of its members, and followers of the movement which is superior to any other in the world.

I might stop right here; but to drive the thing home let me say anent organized labor: It is better to be an unknown, forgotten, poor, suffering, disappointed follower in the ranks of organized labor, following someone, somewhere, guided by the fixed star of reason, marching to the rhythm of organization beneath the banner of hope, no matter how tattered it may be—than to be a blatant misleader, who leads without a following—who is in the center of the spot-light today and in darkness tomorrow, who leaves nothing but disorganization on his trail, who is a social dyspeptic, a cancer-spreader, a pessimist, an ephemerist, who destroys but does not build, who never seeks to satisfy,—whose sole aim is to die the death of a hero without having done any-

Chapter VII.

thing heroic, because, forsooth, a yellow newspaper may grant him a headline.

I always thought that Ingersoll was wise when he compared the poor French peasant with Napoleon the Great. He preferred the unnamed peasant—the tiller of the soil—to Napoleon, though the name of the latter fills history forever—Napoleon the destroyer.

Understand me, I do not encourage blind following. I discourage blind dissension—unnecessary and fruitless schism. I encourage labor organization, and, for that reason, I discourage leaving labor organization for its shadow. To be outspoken, syndicalism is up-to-date QUIXOTISM. To be still more specific: the American Federation of Labor is not perfect, it has shortcomings, its leaders are human beings, and the officers of the affiliated unions are not all nor always wise. I can dream of a better and more perfect organization, but things are not made to fit one's dreams. You cannot rebuild the labor organization in a day, and, therefore, I shall not leave the reality for a dream, so long as my dream will bring nothing but sorrow and disorganization to my fellowmen.

Every radical is a dreamer, but every radical who has ever benefitted mankind has been a practical dreamer. The practical dreamer knows that his whole dream cannot come true at once and, therefore, instead of revolutionizing the whole world he tries to EVOLUTIONIZE. The duty of a true-blue, sensible, thinking union man is to fight for unionism within the union, and not in the ranks of any other organization. To adopt the latter course may mean the destruction of the only recognized organization which labor now has. Be radical, be progressive, be a fighter,—but fight to conserve and to defend, not to destroy and to diminish.

Abraham Lincoln said, "Never swap horses while crossing a stream." Organized labor is still crossing the stream of social and industrial conditions, and, until it has reached

The Toiler in Austria.

the shore where it can acquire full control, there is no use in splitting its forces upon propositions that can bring immediate benefit to no one, and can only divide its ranks upon impractical theories. I saw the fruits of labor in Federation, and I saw the fruits of labor in Syndicalism. I saw them at their best and at their worst; and with all the faults and flaws that I found in Federation, I am for Federation. I say also that if I cannot lead, I shall not seek to destroy, but rather shall I follow until I deserve to lead.

If you do not see clearly what I have said, go where you can get a cup of Vienna chocolate with a piece of Vienna pastry, and in your moments of personal satisfaction, perhaps you will see the lesson that observation of the Austrian labor movement ought to teach—that a fair imitation is better than a worthless invention.

You should also see by this time that labor has been enslaved and kept centuries back of its proper place of control in history by DUAL sects in religion and DUAL parties in politics.

In the name of UNIONISM, do not betray yourself by DUAL labor organizations.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TOILER IN HUNGARY.*

ROMANCE and Industry are not hand-maids. They are not even friends, and certainly do not desire to recognize each other as relatives.

Romance lives among the green fields, concerns itself with intrigues, and profits on idleness—devotes itself to love and music. It dwells mostly in the land where the lady and the knight are the sole objects of attention, and the rest of mankind are merely the retinue who toil and work to sustain their noble principals in their lives of pleasure and triumph.

Industry flourishes amid smoke, belching furnaces, crowded cities, and exploited people.

The chief aim of Romance is love. The chief aim of Industry is money. In Romance, the knight is the gentleman or lord of his manor. He exploits his people by keeping them poor, but himself bent solely upon the quest of love, he leaves his people to Nature's provision—for them, the soil. They have their huts and their free air.

In Industry, the knight or ruler of his possessions exploits his people by putting them to work, thus enslaving Nature and, in turn, enslaving man. He cripples and maims and enslaves by taking from them their earnings in the form of profits, which he uses in making more profit. I confess that if there were a choice of exploited classes, I should choose the order of ancient times. At least, though slave I should be, I should run a pretty good chance of living my life through with a pair of good lungs and limbs. Look at the workers of the present, who sacrifice at the altar of Mammon in the mills of greed and toil, and see how you like the comparison.

* February, 1914.

The Toiler in Hungary.

Hungary, barring its most beautiful city of Budapest—and indeed it is a beautiful city—is primarily an agricultural state, and you might class it still as primitive. Budapest is practically its industrial and social center, and next to Paris, its women are the gayest and most fashionably attired in Europe. It is the industrial spot in a great agricultural district, and it is a busy place for industrial and social exploitation. In that regard, it is about as bad as any city might be conceived to be. In dealing with the labor problems of Hungary, which are few, one deals with Budapest, which may be likened to a typical Citizens' Alliance city in America.

But before getting to Budapest and our problem of this meeting, let me tell you of an incident or two that will impress you with the primitiveness of Hungary. Poor people who are born and kept poor, as a rule acquire petty habits, and thus may be considered petty. A waiter is of a petty disposition, for he lives off the petty leavings of his guests. All Europe is more or less petty. You enter a restaurant in America—water, bread, and butter are furnished you free. You pay more for your meal—you give more for a tip,—but there is something about the American restaurant that impresses you with an air of bigness and broadness in the entire manner of American life. While in continental Europe you are charged little for little things, you are obliged to pay for everything. Nothing is free.

You enter a lavatory, if you are fortunate enough to get into a coach on a train that has one; you are obliged to pay for everything in it on the cafeteria plan. In most of the train-lavatories, you drop a coin in a slot machine, and out comes a piece of soap, a towel, and the other toilet articles. It is so advertised on the machine. You get quite accustomed to it. While on a train on the way to Budapest, I got into a lavatory, and there saw the typical slot machine—this time, however, with an inscription thereon

Chapter VIII.

in the Hungarian language which, of course, I could not read. But taking it for granted that the dropping of a coin would bring forth the desired articles, I performed the necessary operation, and what do you suppose came out? A cheap, paper-bound Hungarian novel. Of course, I was embarrassed; and the worst of it was that I was where I could not call for help, or invite sympathy, or make protest. Now, a little thinking will set you on the right road. Novel reading under such circumstances indicates that the people live in an era out of tune with the bustling times of industrial activities and trust-formations-and-bustings.

Once more to place before you a primitive people in the proper setting—Columbus, with a few cheap beads, skinned the ignorant and savage Indians of their valuable skins. The more primitive a people, the less is business done on a credit basis. You enter a dining-car, and you are locked in so that you cannot escape payment. But the most ludicrous and yet the best proof that they are a primitive people is in the fact that, on the table at which you are seated, there is a neat little chocolate box, with prices stated thereon and otherwise fully and attractively advertised. You look at it, and while you wait for the waiter to bring you your meal,—especially when you have a boy with you who has a candy-tooth—your appetite is whetted. You open the box, expecting to eat its contents, and you get merely a piece of wood. On it is written that you can obtain a piece of chocolate of that size for the price thereon inscribed from the waiter. Can you beat it? And it isn't an April-fool joke, either. With such people and such customs, with Hungarian music by bands of gypsy players who pass their hats around for their pay, greeting you at every railway station, you have a modern anomaly. Unionism is as far from their minds as *Gulliver's Travels* is from *Paradise Regained*; hence you are simply forced to let them alone. And we might be glad to let them alone, if from their ranks did not

The Toiler in Hungary.

come a large number of strike breakers and scabs to Budapest and other industrial centers of Europe, and particularly to America.

And right here, let me pour out my contempt for any court that tells the union man that the right of contract, which that ignorant Hungarian or Slav has to make before getting work, is made so sacred by our Constitution that you, Mr. Intelligent Workman, can move that ignorant Hun or Slav from his job because of that Constitutional contract only by moral suasion. Moral suasion! How can you morally persuade a person of that type? The Frenchman would properly exclaim, "A bas!" You would almost think that moral suasion was the sole remedy for a cancer, or tuberculosis, or smallpox. Germs do not believe in Christian Science, and they will not move out of the human system just because the human brain happens to be saturated with Christian Science. They won't let you talk them out of your human anatomy with hot air. The rational doctor either cuts them out with his knife, or kills them off with a serum. I think that to protect by injunction the ignorant Slav who comes here and is harnessed into strike breaking—without knowing anything of conditions—is a fraud upon every decent American workman. One remedy for this evil is his exclusion from competition, for he is not in a position to compete—first, because he does not know better; second, because his demands are less. Otherwise no injunction ought to be granted; or, if injunction is to be granted, then it should be granted against strike breaking, and never unless the petitioner be of legal age and—as we lawyers say—of *sui juris* to the extent that he be qualified morally and educationally to understand and appreciate the situation. The courts are as primitive in their understanding and handling of labor strikes and labor cases as the Hungarian peasants.

Imagine one walking up and down the streets of your

Chapter VIII.

city, with a wig, knee breeches, buckled slippers, lace sleeves, and collar. You would at once say that he was masquerading in the fashion of the seventeenth century. Now, follow the reasoning of the court in a labor case, and you will have a sixteenth century sophism—both fit only for the archaeological museum.

While I am on this moral suasion business, let me describe another little incident which occurred while we were in Budapest. While on a sight-seeing expedition, we visited the ROYAL PALACE. I put Royal Palace in capital letters, because it was SOME palace. We saw bare-footed, middle-aged women carrying great, huge granite stones on their shoulders. Our boy took a snapshot of the scene. We thought no more of it and left the grounds. My wife and I preceded the boy, thinking that he was following immediately behind, when suddenly we heard an awful cry. With a mother's instinct my wife turned about, for she knew it was the voice of our boy. Sure enough, there he was some four hundred feet from us with his hands in the air, while a glittering-coated soldier pointed a gun at his breast. At first I thought it was a joke, but a second cry from the boy convinced me that the noisy outburst was in a minor strain and was uttered amid tears. We hastened back in time to see our son being led away by the soldier to the guardhouse. We ran and got there out of breath, and were told that the boy had been guilty of a grave offense in having photographed one of Hungary's tragedies—that is, bare-footed women doing the work of beasts. I used all my legal and moral suasion to clear that boy, but it was of no avail. I pleaded extenuating circumstances, not having an alibi for our fourteen-year-old lad, but all to no effect. Then my wife snatched the film, threw it down (horrors—sabotage!), grabbed the boy, and gave them a piece of her mind in English. They did not understand—but they saw her seize hold of the boy, and we took him

The Toiler in Hungary.

out of custody and off as fast as we could drive away in our automobile, before the very eyes of the slow-poky officers, and before they knew what had happened. (By the way a pretty good argument for moral suasion.)

I have since been chided for the futility of my art of persuasion. I am not teaching you to sin. I am not by this illustration attempting to teach you to sin and break a legal commandment. In the language of our former President, I might say, "God forbid;" but, reminded by President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, I will say, "Father forbid." But, believe me, I would not lose any sleep if strike breakers were kidnapped from their place of work in the fashion that Mrs. Rubin kidnapped our boy in Budapest. Shades of Kossuth!—I do hope that besides a laugh at my expense, there came to your mind a new thought, a desire to better appreciate the practical philosophy of unionism and the obtaining of its full rights.

In Germany, Unionism preceded Socialism. Industrial activities were followed by subsequent political action. In Hungary, due to the newness of industry and the limited industrial center, Socialism came first, and Unionism afterwards; that is, Socialism found that it was not gaining sufficient ground, there being so far not a single Socialist representative in the Hungarian Parliament. The thinking, struggling pilots of labor soon discovered that political action only was inadequate, and that, while industrial action alone might not be sufficient, yet political action had failed in its efforts, and therefore, gained to organized labor the industrial crafts. Political action alone is not cohesive, because it requires action upon particular occasions. Besides, in Hungary, the majority of laborers had no franchise, and industrial solidarity was the only solution. Thus we see that the beginning of Unionism in Budapest is the very reverse of that in Germany. This strongly impresses one with the fact that the worker who thinks he can better

Chapter VIII.

himself in all these things merely by voting right on election day without being a good union man the rest of the year is sadly mistaken.

While the population of Hungary is something like 20,000,000, the membership of its unions is but 116,000, of which 80 per cent are in the city of Budapest. That illustrates in figures its present crippled condition.

I have met a class of people who are strong Socialists, and yet arch union-haters, and I have had stormy sessions with them. I think that, to the extent that one opposes Unionism, he retards his political emancipation. The lesson that Hungary teaches is: "If you want to serve your fellow-worker right politically, you must also serve him right industrially by serving with him in the cause of his Unionism."

Now, I am not an Evangelist, but you will pardon me if I go after you in the fashion of Billy Sunday. If there is such a thing as the devil in religion—with brimstone and hell fire—there is also a devil in the ranks of organized labor who, by every token of falsity and scheming device, seeks to have you break away from the union of your craft. As each religion is broadening out to tolerate other religions, so must unionism broaden out to tolerate all forms of politics, until all are members of the same union.

Trade autonomies of the past can be broken down, and industrial recognition of the present can be built up, only to the extent that it is wholesome and profitable and expedient for organized labor to expel the one and assimilate the other. We grow into manhood by first passing through childhood and youth—and so must every union. Industrialism may come eventually. I cannot foretell when, nor can I now say that that is the best scheme of labor organization. You cannot paste it on a union as you would a label, any more than you can paste "Manhood" upon a baby. Any man who seeks to hasten natural change is trying to bite

The Toiler in Hungary.

off more than he can chew; else he is not genuine in his undertaking.

The Hungarian labor leaders, as far as they go, are a brave and hopeful lot. When I was visiting Hungary, every union hall was crowded with union men, for at that time there were many out of work. Among themselves they were discussing, as I was informed, ways and means for bettering their condition. At headquarters I saw a picture of the American Federation of Labor convention at Toronto. Of course, the familiar faces made me feel more at home.

Budapest has a large number of men who sell papers on the streets; and their hollering of "extra" reminded me of a typical American city. This was the first city I had struck where so much noise was tolerated.

The workmen of Hungary have neither the right to strike nor to vote, but it is expected that within two years the franchise will be extended to every man who has reached the age of thirty.

There is one thing that must be kept in mind when reading of European strikes. In Europe they have both industrial and political strikes, and the purpose of each is entirely different, and not to be confounded. Hungary has had few industrial strikes, but they have had one big political strike, for suffrage, on May 23, 1912, when five were killed and many injured.

It goes without saying that because of the weakness of organized labor, safety laws are few and very poorly enforced, and many are hurt daily in the factories. Children from ten to fourteen years of age work in almost every branch of industry with adults; but their labor is limited to eight hours per day.

They have had a form of industrial insurance, for the last four years, but somehow or other, there are plenty of law suits. In fact, one is forced to think that personal

Chapter VIII.

injury litigation in Hungary is patterned after that in America.

One of the things that prevents strikes is the law which makes it obligatory for both the employer and the employee to give fifteen days' notice before terminating their relationship. You can see how the employer gains fifteen days in which to prepare before the men go on a strike.

Because the Hungarian is subjected to many lawsuits, particularly for compensation for injuries and for the recovery of wages, lawyers are prosperous. Every union has its lawyer. A member of a union has this advantage: the union furnishes him a lawyer, who makes it his business to press litigation, while others are subjected to the usual legal delays.

Of all the unions in Hungary, I should say that the metal trades organizations are the most progressive and aggressive.

There is such strict press censorship that papers in the interest of organized labor—whether from a political or an industrial standpoint—are often fined out of existence and their editors imprisoned; but there are always people ready to raise money and start over again. No union paper can publish any comment upon political matters, by order of the police. They must confine themselves strictly to economics. Any paper in Hungary that desires to discuss politics must put up a cash bond of 20,000 kronen—which means \$5,000. Failure to put up such a deposit within the specified time will bring a two or three months' sentence.

While the tendency of the Hungarian labor movement is like that of the Austrian, in that there is a desire to blend political and industrial matters, they do it secretly, for openly and through their press they are prohibited by the positive law of the land. Here is a relic of barbarism. No labor union can be formed in Hungary, unless it be approved by the Minister of Industry. All the by-laws and statutes

The Toiler in Hungary.

of the organization must have his written sanction. How would you like to be a member of a union where the police prescribe what shall be the rules for your guidance?

Four years ago, the Minister of Industry wiped out of existence three hundred local unions—of course many of these were agrarian organizations—because they did not suit his whim. In 1912, the Bakers' Union, the largest organization in Hungary, was forced out of existence because it struck without the consent of the Minister of Industry. The members were obliged to reorganize, but for one year they stood suspended and were without organization. The solidarity and spirit of the men, nevertheless, were there, and, while they were not members of a union in name, they were members of a union in fact during that period.

Until the new law which gives every man the right of suffrage is put into effect, only those who pay a tax of 40 kronen a year can vote. That is about \$8.00 in our money; and as the average laborer does not pay so large a tax, he is deprived of the right to vote. It is intended, also, that the new law shall reduce the age of suffrage from thirty to twenty-four years. It looks as though suffrage might extend to women also. At the time that I was in Budapest, the International Women's Suffrage Convention was in session.

An educated workman is usually a union workman. You cannot expect an illiterate man to be a union man, for one who is illiterate—in this age—can hardly be expected to think of such problems as co-operation with his fellow-man. In Hungary forty-eight per cent of the population is still illiterate. School attendance is enforced only between the ages of six and twelve, and then very laxly.

Hungary, in my judgment, has the finest labor meeting halls of Europe. While Vienna and Berlin and other cities have new and good looking labor temples, Hungary has the best equipped labor halls. The reason for this is that

Chapter VIII.

under the law of the country, no union is permitted to meet in or over any saloon or coffee house. Union men, therefore, have been obliged to buy their own halls or rent them. In Germany, the halls are usually free to union men because the tavern keeper expects to gain his profits from the sale of liquor, but in Hungary unions are obliged to pay out a large sum of their dues and assessments towards rent. All told, the unions of Budapest pay an annual rental of 165,170 kronen; the Bookbinders and Metal Workers, however, have their own buildings and pay no rent. The Metal Workers, as I have said, are strongly organized and pay their lawyer an annual retainer of 14,000 kronen a year, besides his fees, which are assessed by court.

Hungary, unlike Austria, has no blackmail or coercion law which, as I explained in the article on Austria, punishes a man for threatening another for working during a strike. So effectively has that law been applied against workmen in Austria, that there is a measure before the Hungarian Parliament to adopt a similar law in Hungary to protect its strike breakers.

You will remember that I told you that no union can be formed unless it has the consent of the Minister of Industry. For that reason, large numbers of employees are unable to unite at all. Mine workers cannot organize in any form whatever. Most of the mines belong to the government. Railroad employees cannot organize. At one time they had an organization, but it was promptly wiped out. Street car men cannot organize. You see, any traffic or trade which partakes of a public or quasi-public nature is prohibited from having labor organizations within it.

One is impressed by the oppression of the police authorities, and feels that Hungary is half Russian. Like the rest of their European fellow workmen, the Hungarians have co-operative stores, but they are few, and as yet have made no rapid strides towards success.

The Toiler in Hungary.

The houses of Hungary are poor, and many of the inhabitants are afflicted with tuberculosis. In fact, tuberculosis has become so prevalent, that the city has had to build homes for workmen to rid itself of the slums.

One of the best informed men on union matters in Hungary is Carl Dessart, editor of the *Metal Workers' Organization*. He took me through the various halls and pointed out those that had no tables, where men were sitting, eating their dry crusts of bread, without any water or liquid of any kind to aid digestion.

One of the finest halls that I visited was the Wood Workers' Hall. They pay 10,000 kronen a year hall rent. Every hall that I saw was provided with billiard and pool tables and a library. It was not uncommon for me to see many young men holding a piece of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

The law that prohibits unions from meeting at or above saloons or coffee houses has made many total abstainers.

Some of the unions in Hungary have grown rich. This is particularly true of the Printers' Union. The building which they erected in the center of the city has proved a large source of income from rentals.

I forgot to tell you that not only is a union forbidden to go on a strike without the consent of the Minister of Industry, but, even if it be permitted to do so, it is not permitted to finance it. As strikes, however, must be financed, and as men who are oppressed, under circumstances like that, will usually circumvent the law, several organizations have been brought into existence for the purpose of meeting just this situation. For example, the Printers' Union—the richest in Hungary—has a SOCIETY FOR STRIKE BENEFITS, a SOCIETY FOR SICK BENEFITS, and a SOCIETY FOR OUT-OF-WORK BENEFITS; and they get around the law by selling a paper edited by the Typographical Union at an advanced price. The sum over the usual price goes

Chapter VIII.

into a fund for paying strike benefits; and, of course, it goes without saying that in many instances unions violate the law secretly and pay strike benefits. The police, in the event of a strike, seize the treasury of the unions in order to prevent them from paying strike benefits; the unions, therefore, conceal all their funds. Most of the money is kept outside the jurisdiction of Hungary, to prevent its attachment by the police.

The feeling between workmen, particularly the Socialists and the Christian Socialists, is very intense. Socialists always refer to the Christian Socialists as strike breakers. It is to be regretted that labor is divided along religious lines.

Of course, when one thinks of Hungary, he always recalls the name of Kossuth, its great orator who fought for Hungarian liberty and almost succeeded. The name of Kossuth is familiar to the American in particular, because Abraham Lincoln, before he became President, was a signer of the petition asking Kossuth to come to this country, and because, also, Kossuth was received so magnificently when he visited the United States.

Kossuth was an orator first and an organizer second. He had little patience. His manner of writing and speaking was so incisive and appealing that it gained him many admirers. But to one who reads history and follows up the names of the men who have helped to make history, the name of Count Stephen Szechenyo stands out more prominently than does that of Kossuth. He was a contemporary of Kossuth. He, too, fought for Hungarian liberty. But Szechenyo was one of those who believed in slower methods. The people grew impatient, and left him to follow Kossuth. This disappointed Szechenyo to such an extent that he was stricken with nervous prostration, and for a time confined to an institution.

Reading the history of Hungary impartially, I cannot help but feel that if Szechenyo had not had his following

The Toiler in Hungary.

dissuaded from him by the eloquence of Kossuth, Hungary today, might be an independent nation. Austria saw that it could not win its struggle against Hungary by fighting in the open; and so it connived to cause internal dissension and strife among the subjects of Hungary, and caused the Serbs and the Lawlochs and the Croats to become separated—mainly on religious issues. Hungary then became a people divided, and the inevitable happened. Hungary lost. Kossuth had to flee for his personal safety. While his name is beloved and honored, Hungary today is an Austrian dependency.

There is not much to learn from the Hungarian labor movement: first, because it is so much restricted; second, because it is so new; and, third, because there is so little opportunity for labor organization.

Yet there is a lesson to be gathered from the Hungarian movement in that, while it is still new, already we see evidence of unfriendliness and separation due to religious differences.

A man is entitled, under our Constitution and under the law of the land, to worship whatsoever and howsoever he will. Any citizen who denies another this privilege denies himself every right to liberty; and any individual who either says, or in his own heart thinks, that he will vote or will not vote for any individual for office because he happens to be with him or opposed to him on any religious issue is, in my judgment, an enemy of his country. What matters it whether one be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew? The paramount question we should ask ourselves about the man who runs for office is: "Is he a representative of labor; will he serve organized labor?"

In the struggle for dollars, in the fight between capital and labor, the church and its precepts are all forgotten. We find Catholic, Protestant, and Jew on either side. It is not a question of religion; it is a question of rights—of labor rights—and I fear any organization in or out of the labor

Chapter VIII.

movement that seeks either to disorganize or to organize labor along religious lines, by whatever names they may be known.

Hungary is not the only country that has lost its independence, and the Hungarian people are not the only people who have missed their chance to be free because a division upon some question of religion made them forget for awhile the real aim and purpose of their struggle.

May I not, then, in leaving Hungary, leave this thought with you? "Do not question your fellow-workman—nor yourselves concerning your fellow-workman—as to who he is, or what he is from a religious standpoint; but ask yourselves, 'Has he the qualities that make for a good union-worker? Will he be with us in time of strife? Will he be with us in time of action, and work for those principles for which we are contending? If you and he are both good union men, if you and he both have the same aims, if you and he are both desirous of benefiting all mankind, then you are brothers in the same cause, because the God of men, in treating with men, knows no creed and no church, for in His kingdom all are His children.'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOILER IN ITALY.*

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

ITALY looks like a high-heeled shoe—and there is so much to say about Italy that the narrow compass, the limited purpose within and to which I am directed, makes me feel somewhat like the old woman.

Italy is to history and civilization what a modern department store is to a shopper. You go there for everything. To the onlooker, it is a maze of bewilderment; to the purchaser, of abundance.

One need not be a student, or a writer, or a thinker to be able to fill volumes with discourse upon Italy. Even if your eyes be congenitally color-blind, the innumerable great paintings, by the world's famous painters, will make you see in them all the poetry and rhythm of nature's glory. They are a cure for the color-blind. They are an awakening and a revelation to the hungry eye. Those paintings grow upon you until you begin to live with them. They bring to you associations that forever dwell in the world of your imagination. You wonder and marvel at their numbers, and you begin to think that they were not the product of much labor, but rather of inspiration, because the numbers indicate the rapidity with which they were done. Then you begin to recall the names of those great, illustrious geniuses whom the world now honors and worships; and you connect with their names the great masterpieces sold at fabulous prices—prices that could keep the whole world's poor out of poverty and need and misery,—

* March, 1914.

Chapter IX.

and you turn back to see the long-haired, thin-legged, emaciated, half-starved painter who toiled at his canvas, and went to his grave unrewarded, unhonored, and perhaps, unrecognized, while all the richness of the colorings, all the wealth of the imagination, and all the records of history spread upon the canvas, in chorus seem to cry out with the ghost-like voice of Hamlet's father, "Avenge this foul murder." What a world! What gross inequality! What sufferings! How unjust that the strife for existence should have marred the joy, the beauty, and the labor of those geniuses, past and gone!

Then you see every gallery filled with thousands of modern paintings, and in these galleries you find copyists, too many to mention, peddling their wares for a livelihood, all struggling for recognition and fame. And in each there lies the hope of a future Raphael or Titian. The lesson you have gathered from looking into the past of the ancient masters is unlearned and forgotten, and again you wonder what, after all, is our boasted humanity? Is it more than mere brutality with a tongue that can speak?

You look on and on, in gallery after gallery, in Italian city after Italian city. Always when you are engaged either in observation or in meditation, a guide creeps softly upon you and commences a tedious explanation. He knows that you are an American, and he knows that if he speaks to you he will worm a tip out of you. He confines his trade to one room, for each room has its keeper. You are about to leave the room. He expects a large tip. You intended giving him a small one. There is an exchange of psychological manifestations. No matter how much you hand him, he is disappointed. The next one you tease, perhaps, for the purpose of carrying out a real American practical joke. I have even been tempted, and occasionally HAVE played the old Mark Twain joke upon my Italian guide, and have seen the Italian fly into a rage as only an Italian can. You

The Toiler in Italy.

hear them curse. It's fun, but it is also a study—for it is Italy.

Then you turn to a world of sculpture. You behold feats in marble, granite, stone, and metal that make you doubt that they were within human possibility; but you know that they were the work of men, of geniuses, of masters; and once more you go to man-worshipping, and you contrast the past with the present. You begin to think that the present is material—that the past was ideal. We, in the present time, engage in building huge machines and conveyances, while they in the past gave expression to the aesthetic—to the beautiful. You wonder why the great builders of the wonderful machinery of today that makes for the comfort of man should, because of the inadequacy of pay and industrial inequality, add to the sum total of human misery. They of the past lived in the glory of producing the grand and the beautiful, but all the splendor and all the beauty forces upon you the fact that they, too, were the products of a poverty and misery equal to that of the present.

The ancient sculor may have his place in history, and we may worship at his shrine, but in his life he was but a mechanic, a workman—and treated as workmen were treated then. We travelers, and we readers of history, we, who live in the distance, and we, who are centuries removed from their time, call them masters, but in their life-time they were only ordinary mechanics, and most of them lived in poverty and squalor. There comes a mental tear, which you shed upon the graves of those who were, of those who gave to the world sculpture and art; and then you shed a real tear when you behold about you the actual misery and beggary of the living Italian poor, for there is no country save Ireland that has as much beggary as Italy. But Italy's poor are saved by the sunshine and the warmth.

Italy is full of everything, mostly of the ancient; but

Chapter IX.

where can you go, and what can you do, unless you have dwelled in thought among the dead and in the past?

Now that you have filled your eyes and your souls with the beauty created by the painter and sculptor—after you have walked yourselves tired climbing stairs in the numberless galleries—let us proceed. Galleries have no elevators, for elevators are too modern and too convenient and too fast. Most Americans fly through a gallery, and the Europeans laugh at them. There are no elevators to the end that visitors will get tired from climbing stairs and be forced to take a rest, which will give them the opportunity for an additional look at the paintings.

A desire not to slander Cook prevents me from telling you that a Cook expedition through Europe is a Marathon race, with kicks for your meals and more kicks for your sleep.

You cannot go to Italy without paying visits to its countless churches. Italy has churches to burn, but they are watched so closely that the only burning connected with the churches is of those who do not attend them. (Of course I refer to the burning after death.) In Italy—and in Rome—was the beginning of Christianity. Rome is the European Jerusalem. Every city has more churches than it needs—churches that have weathered centuries—churches gilded and filled with treasures of art and wealth. Paintings of the rarest kind, sculpture and architecture of the highest type, have all gone to the making of the physical beauty and sanctity of the church.

Now-a-days we are busy building mammoth factories, where we thwart and dwarf the human body for material gain. In those days they built the churches where they thwarted and dwarfed the human mind for material gain.

All European cities are ancient. All American cities are modern. In America we build a factory, and then we

The Toiler in Italy.

build the town about it. In Italy they built the church first and then the town. There is enough physical wealth in all the churches of Italy, if equally distributed, to keep the Italian population, 30,000,000 and more, in luxurious idleness for over a generation. But churches have had their place in history. They have performed their peculiar function. Each church represents a phase in Christianity from its birth to the present day. It tells of its development and maintenance. The churches of Italy are world museums and galleries. American tourists throng them, and they are indeed the subject of much admiration. There is always a vestry or a rectory or a sacristy where admission is charged. It is a business, and one that has proved profitable.

You go to St. Peters in Rome and to the Vatican, and you visit the many chapels; the history that you have forgotten rushes back, and you begin again to see the many political and religious controversies between church and state. You see kings upon bended knees before the Pope seeking forgiveness; you see kings bidding defiance to the Pope. You see the Pope and the anti-Pope. You see the battle fields where millions of human lives have been lost "for the cause," in struggles between church and state, between religion of one kind and religion of another. Then you see the shrines that are worn by the kisses of the multitudes who have entertained the superstitious belief that their kissing would effect cures.

But with all that, the thing that astonishes you most is the scarcity of worshippers. You will, perhaps, see a priest in a chapel holding mass which in most instances is unattended save by one or two old and crippled folk, or by beggars who expect the priest to drop a coin as alms. Every church door, save St. Peter's, has its beggar, who, like Hajo, the beggar of Bagdad, holds the place of business handed down to him from his father. You see the beautiful

Chapter IX.

churches. You think of the history of the world, and you cannot erase from your mind the bloodshed, and the burning of early Christians by ancient pagans, and then, in turn, the cruelty practiced by Christians upon other peoples. A painting or a piece of statuary brings to you in living imagery the Saviour and the Sermon on the Mount, and you almost hear Him speak out His philosophy, the religion of "ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN," and then, as if by some magic art, you are suddenly transported to thousands of places where you behold the ruin and hatred of religious wars and human misery—all in the name of church and religion. You become perplexed. Your heart throbs quicken; you feel ashamed of humanity; for you behold no other creature on earth guilty of so much meaningless cruelty as man.

You visit the churches on Sunday, expecting to see crowds, but you find them all deserted. You inquire as to the cause, and you are informed that the Italian rich, as the rich everywhere, have become neglectful of church duty; that the Italian proletariats, as the proletariats everywhere, are deserting in multitudes—and that the Americans are the only ones who keep the Italian churches alive. Your press for reasons—if you are inquisitive—and your attention is directed to thousands of poor and beggars on the streets. Then you ask what all this means. The story is too sad to tell. Too often has it been told. I shall let you read and think, for it explains itself to all who read and think. In the city where all is filled with the treasures of ancient art and glory, you behold the poor everywhere, but you also see young, good-looking, healthy thousands in the garb of priest and monk. And then you compare all this with the German cities. In Germany, you cannot walk without kicking the heels of a soldier, while in Italy, you are unable to pass through the streets without rubbing elbows with some man-of-the-church. The priest had his

The Toiler in Italy.

place in society, and so had the church. Both once performed necessary functions in the defense of man and nation, but enough is enough. And as a surplus is over-production, and over-production means under-consumption, so over-production is a waste. There is no such thing as over-consumption, and there must, therefore, be assimilation.

You are carried on and on, for there is nothing the human mind can conceive that you can exhaust while in Italy. You are taken to the ancient city walls, and there you see the early political struggles of civilization. You are brought face to face with the government of cities. You go on and examine the ruins and see where the classic Romans lived, where Caesar held dominion, the triumphal arch, the very place where Mark Antony and Brutus swayed and dissuaded audiences with their orations, the circus, the lions, the gladiators and Nero, the Pantheon,—the evidence of labor unions in Caesar's time,—the Catacombs, where early Christians buried their dead, and the secret recesses where they worshipped Jesus with all the simplicity that He commanded. And then you are taken to a church, where you see thousands of human skulls, but the thing has lost its gruesomeness, and you feel as though you were in a haunted house in the MIDWAY PLAISANCE or DOWN THE PIKE. You really get a laugh out of it, but history is there, and all that dove-tails and reconciles itself to the logic of the evolution of civilization. You have walked about so much and seen so much that you cry out suddenly, "Quo Vadis?" Whither goest thou? What is your aim, your destination? What are you toiling for? Are you destroying, or are you building up? What and where is the goal? Salvation! Salvation! What salvation? Every thought recalls to you cities of slain and dead, countries of suffering or slavery—and everywhere you go you find that it has been the toiler, the worker who has been offered up as a human sacrifice. You become

Chapter IX.

impatient, and feel like grasping the poor, fool worker by the arm or by the neck, and shaking him until you have shaken him out of his lethargy.

Impatience is displayed by a quick TEMPERAMENT. That is the word I am after, for TEMPERAMENT characterizes the Italian worker. We have seen the benefits of discipline, education, and organization. We have seen the effect of imitation, and also the effect of religious differences upon labor and organization. In Italy, so far as organized labor is concerned, we shall learn of the effect of temperament.

Imagine yourselves seated in a gondola, a gondolier piloting you through narrow canals. Venice is a city with water thorough-fares, a city without a horse—save those in bronze,—a city where the sole means of support of the worker is either from plying the trade of a gondolier, or working at the lace industry, where thousands of the daughters of the poor make all the beautiful embroideries that decorate the feminine garb of the world—although Venetian lace is not quite the latest.

Then you are carried to the square of an Italian city,—for all have their squares,—where a real Italian band is playing—AND THE MUSIC IS CLASSIC! The multitudes hum with familiarity the sweet music. You glide along in the gondola. You go underneath the Rialto made immortal by Shakespeare's *MERCHANT OF VENICE*; and you see where Byron lived, and Browning. Gradually the thought of modern labor unions begins to slip away from you, for the temperament of the people develops individual freedom. Everybody is poor; and as long as there are no great industries to exploit them, poverty goes on—as it must go on without organization. The gondolier, perhaps, tries a little high finance on a petty scale—attempts to get a lira (twenty cents) more than he should out of you. Because the Americans have complained, the city has forced upon gondoliers a tariff with which they must comply upon

The Toiler in Italy.

pain of imprisonment. Most of the gondoliers are Italians who have been to America. There they saved up enough money to return to Italy and buy a gondola. Although the Italian can work when compelled to do so, he much prefers the easy life of a gondolier. He loves to cry out his "Gondola," "Gondola," instead of toiling in the sweatshops and factories of America. Do you blame him?

You are carried to Florence, the city of the beautiful. At night, on the Arno, you hear the old-time serenades, the melodious tenor and soprano voices. The Italians, after a day of hot toiling in the southern sun, have come out to sing, and they want a generous tip. They deserve it too, for you hear a Caruso, a Ruffo, a Tetrizzini, or a Patti everywhere. How can you preach organization? How can you awaken the thought of THE SOLIDARITY OF LABOR in a soul that is filled with music? They are happy; every note sung comes from a voice musical.

Organization of labor was cradled in necessity—necessity born of sorrow that came to the thinking mind, the mind that beheld suffering humanity. The slave never brought about his own freedom. It was done by the free men who pitied those who were in slavery. As long as music lives to bring a joyous moment to the singer, it will leave the Italian in a state of primitive individualism. One would imagine that poverty and suffering were the only things essential to make the sufferer think of humanity and of himself, but it is a fact that they who are most in need, seldom do their own thinking. It is temperament. A dollar-a-day man may have two dollars a day within his reach, but will not concern himself about it—not because he doesn't need it, for he does,—because his temperament is not suited to the task of getting it. Another who is getting ten dollars a day will risk it all in an effort to better his fellow-man, although the latter isn't looking for help, and may some day even be a strike

Chapter IX.

breaker. But it is TEMPERAMENT that drives the man in either case.

You go to Rome. You see a great city that resembles a tourists' town. Notwithstanding that its citizens may resent this description, Rome is that. You see the well-fed idling monk, and you see next to him the dirty beggar. You feel the hot sun beating down and killing the germs that an ill-smelling, poorly ventilated, poorly sewerred city brings forth; and your will grows sluggish at the thought of action—action so essential to successful organization.

You sit down and rest, for when the sun is burning hot, all Italy ceases to work, and you acquire the HISTORICAL temperament.

You go farther south, and you behold Italian agriculture and fruit, where nature is most generous. Here you will find the best farmer and gardener. Labor organizations are few and far between, though I was told that the farmer is beginning to wake up to the necessity for organization. Organization in Southern Italy is increasing.

Music is everywhere. You hear the notes of Italian operas in every throat.

You find a couple of Italians engaging in talk—"ordinary conversations" they call them—but you imagine that they are in the midst of a hot debate. They are gesticulating with so much emphasis, that you are ready to step in and end the threatened warfare. You think they are all ready for action,—but after all it is only their temperament. You see that repeated constantly, everywhere.

But he who reads only prefaces, who probes into things only skin-deep, will say: "What have you to say against the Italian proletariat? Look at his recent political victories, the increase in the Socialist representation. Do not these show strength?" That is very easy to answer. In the first place, the Italian is not a proletariat. Not every man who is poor is a proletariat. A proletariat must produce.

The Toiler in Italy.

To produce one must work. Poverty does not produce. It merely causes misery. Then the Italian is excitable. Politics excite him for the occasion. He is keen, he votes, and he votes right—but that too is his temperament. The union is a slow institution. It requires attention daily; it is slow, solid, continuous work. That is the test. Byron has tunefully sung the thought, “Italia! Italia! thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty!”

The German has “sitzfleisch.” He is methodical, and he works for his organization, to build it up, to maintain it all the time. The German is like the coral, building for centuries beneath the water. The Italian has temperament, so he sings and he plays and he votes as he feels. The election is over and forgotten, but an election that is the result of pure temperament is uncertain. The next time he may feel just the other way, and the results may be diametrically different. Now to make and keep a union a success you must continue efforts for its maintenance every minute.

In extreme Southern Italy, we have Maffias, Vendettas, and similar societies. Some speak of them as organizations; but they stand for crime, and they are not organizations in the real sense. That men can meet together for such purposes and engage in the pursuit of plunder—and mostly for revenge—displays a temperament that is unsuitable to hard struggling organizations. But not all Italy is like that.

Italy has some industrial centers where they are really engaged in making money through the medium of factories, after the fashion of America.

The average Italian is expected to be dark-eyed and dark-haired and small in stature. Northern Italy,—Turin, Milan, and Genoa, the real industrial centers—is nearer to Germany than to Southern Italy; and there you see many blond-haired, blue-eyed men and women. There, too, you see men and women going to work after the fashion of men and women in American cities.

Chapter IX.

Industry, modern industry, is the result of organized effort—organized capital. Of course, it brings with it its counterpart, organized labor. There you see the efforts of organized labor. At the head of the labor movement in Italy is one Reggola, the Gompers of the Italian federation. While for some time it seemed that the Italian labor movement was gaining members, making headway, yet the temperament of the people soon made them restless. Syndicalism imported from France, therefore, made rapid inroads upon the labor movement. Although the labor movement of Italy is not totally destroyed, and is making gallant efforts to maintain its organization and its discipline, yet, on account of the temperament of the Italian people, the French notion that comes with syndicalism and sabotage—impatience, quick temper, and so forth,—has made heavy inroads upon the ranks of organized labor, and has caused many splits in the labor movement. However, though you make an effort to ascertain the real reason for separation, no one can tell. When we read of the many strikes in Italy, we must keep in mind that it is necessary to distinguish between those political strikes—or strikes fostered by industrialism—and those brought on by and maintained under the auspices of the federation.

I happened to be in Milan when thirteen strikers, four of whom were women, were on trial. There was a PROTEST strike—a general strike,—and as a result, there was some disturbance and many arrests. An Italian courtroom resembles somewhat an old Chicago police court, except that three judges in the Italian court are gowned, and every person is surrounded by gendarmes. The lawyers were there in large numbers, each with his ancient gown. Italian lawyers were representing the strikers without pay. The Italian lawyer who represents labor is more or less of a Syndicalist himself, and fights his battles in court for

The Toiler in Italy.

political reward, the majority of Socialists in the Italian Congress being professional men.

The handling of this case was similar to the method employed in a typical police court in this country. The court-room was crowded. The spectators were not given seats, but were obliged to stand. Of course, there was a lot of noise and restlessness. Every few minutes a recess was declared, and the judges and lawyers would go out, smoke their cigarettes in haste, and then return to their task. One of the lawyers for the strikers was a humorous fellow who made them all laugh—even the judges. I was in the inner circle, being of the legal brotherhood, and so I was given a seat. Before I knew it I had sat down on somebody's straw hat. I cannot help my avoirdupois, and that hat was crushed. Its owner turned on me with blazing black Italian eyes. I was saying the Lord's Prayer, when some one told him that I was an American lawyer and a friend of labor—whereupon he forgot all about his hat—and I was saved.

Of course, industrial insurance and compensation have made their way, after a fashion, in Italy; for all European countries had compensation and industrial insurance long before they were adopted by some of the states of this country.

What seemed sad to me was the effort on the part of the labor leaders there to conceal the inroads made upon organized labor by the industrial syndicalism which had come from France, and which was denounced as French by the Italians. Have you ever sat in a barber's chair looking into the mirror, when all of a sudden the barber slapped a towel over your face so that you couldn't see; and then you felt the alum as he tried to patch up a cut? Now a barber may cover your eyes; he may turn you away from the mirror—but you feel the burn of the alum, and you know that he is trying to cover up his error. So it is with

Chapter IX.

Italy. They may take you away from the mirror; they may not want you to see their difficulties; but you feel them—for they are in the air.

It is a strange thing that from every city where labor is organized, even in a mediocre way, there is little emigration. If you take the roster of the Italian population, or of the Italian inhabitants, you will find that there are very few Italians in this country from the cities where organized labor has some power, and that the greater majority of the Italian population has come from the south and the unorganized districts.

You will find that the strike breaker—the imported strike breaker—comes from the agricultural and non-organized centers of Europe, for every immigrant from an industrial center of Europe has had experience with strikes, and even though he be a non-union man, he will hesitate to act as a strike breaker in a new country.

One thing that retarded the growth of the labor movement in Italy and brought about industrialism was the Italian-African war. It filled the Italian with love for country and king. He shook off his unionism and his labor questions, and went to the fight. The king is very liberal, but war has a deterrent effect upon organized labor.

The Italian press, also, is liberal. There is no censor. Libel is an offense, although labor papers of late have been spared trials for this offense. There are no injunctions; and it is very, very seldom that the crime of conspiracy is charged. Italy does not fight the strikers, as do some of the other European countries, with the militia—but with the courts.

The great majority of capitalists in Italy are foreigners, mostly Englishmen and Germans, and capital in the industrial centers of Italy has become organized after the fashion of capital in America. In the last two years that capital has been successfully organized, its fights against labor have

The Toiler in Italy.

been so great that labor has had difficulty in winning. The capitalists have been taking advantage of syndicalism, for they see in syndicalism the breaking up of labor organization. Capitalists are taking advantage of the division of ranks, for they know that as long as they can get labor to fight itself, they have nothing to fear. Capitalists' organizations are constantly scheming how to stir up trouble in the ranks of labor; for they know that by splitting them they will be able to weaken labor and force down wages.

Railroad employees and city workers are organized; but by recent legislative enactments railroad employees cannot strike, and the organization, therefore, is of slight practical value—for a labor organization that is not militant performs little good for the cause of labor. Railroad employees must petition Parliament through commissions for regulation of all conditions.

Until recently arbitration has been invoked in Italy with much success, although it is not compulsory. In fact nothing is compulsory in Italy. The spirit of industrialism—the hold it has upon the Italian because of his temperament—makes him disregard arbitration, for arbitration means peaceful methods, and industrialism can no more thrive on peace and peaceful methods than can the tiny germ on clean, wholesome air.

The Italian soldier is obliged to serve two years in the army. A large number of Italians that return from this country do so because they wish to serve. Many Italians long to return to Italy to spend the remaining days of their lives in the fatherland.

I have found among Italian laboring people a good many drinkers, and I have traced the cause to their bars. The Italian saloon is a hole in the wall with a bar, and the men who drink stand up. You see men rush in, take a drink in a hurry, and away, unlike the custom in Germany,

Chapter IX.

where a man sits down, and spends hours over his glass of beer. The Italian saloon is a drinking place; the German, a social center.

But notwithstanding all the inroads that have been made upon organized labor, organized labor is making progress. The unions are having university extension courses, lectures in hygiene, and on many other topics, brought to the homes of the members. The schooling that the average worker gets in Italy is very limited. Children are sent to work at the age of twelve. You see little *piccolos* running elevators. You see girls and boys of school age putting in long hours at their work. The labor unions, however, are struggling hard and with some success, and they expect to raise the age limit. There is a great amount of illiteracy among the workers in Italy, but I have found that the percentage of illiteracy among the union workers is negligible. In Southern Italy you see men and women walking the streets barefooted, but not in industrial cities. I have found, also, that syndicalism has made headway mostly among the unskilled laborers. Skilled labor is a species of discipline, which is brought about by education and organization. But the unskilled laborer is the typical Italian with his hot temper, long spaghetti, and short sight.

The Italian does not like the German, because the German is so different from him. He does not like the German because the German in Northern Italy is taking away his business. The German is accustomed to keeping things clean, which attracts business. The German tries to practice German methods—one-price business—and the Italian is just beginning to imitate him in that regard.

The church is also trying to organize labor by forming Catholic labor organizations, but so far they have proved unsuccessful. The few that are in existence are poor and weak.

There are no union labels, and no one thinks of purchas-

The Toiler in Italy.

ing only union goods, although there are several co-operative stores running under the auspices of organized labor.

After all, wherever we may live, we must go to Italy for the things that are ancient. I saw the new things that organized capital is endeavoring to bring about, and they were few. But the spirit of destruction and disturbance and the unrest due to syndicalism are more apparent. Perhaps, after all, it is for the best. The labor movement in Italy is yet in a molten state, and may be recast for its own good. A volcano throws up burning lava that destroys, but the cold lava fertilizes and makes the surrounding country rich. Perhaps we may liken the Italian labor movement to that. It is in the eruptive state at the present time, but when the Italian temperament has cooled down, when syndicalism has been brought to an end, when illiteracy has become a negligible quantity in Italian life, when capital has become so centralized and organized as to force the Italian idler and beggar and singer off the streets and rush him into the workshop, the Italian will wake up and see the necessity for the organization of labor, and when he sees it, he will be quick, as he naturally is, to arrive at the conclusion that in the long run, hard, patient organization is the salvation of labor.

Please do not misunderstand what I have said. I have a high regard and a great admiration for Italy and its people. Notwithstanding the poor condition of labor, I found the social evil less conspicuous there than elsewhere on the continent. I have tried to make you see labor conditions in Italy as they are. I have endeavored to arrive at my conclusions—and I believe that you feel I have done so—without prejudice. In order to do that, and report at the same time thoroughly all that I saw and found, I have been obliged to strike at things in a way that you might consider sacrilegious. I have, however, attempted to do it inoffensively. If you take exception to my con-

Chapter IX.

clusions, perhaps you, too, display that temperament of which I have spoken.

Before shaking off Italian dust I shall leave this thought with you: temperament—the proper kind of temperament—is as essential to successful organization as education and discipline. It takes a certain kind of temperament to adapt one's self to the influences of education and discipline. The next time you see an Italian strike breaker taking a place in a workshop, do not condemn him, but have compassion upon him because he has been brought over here ignorant of his own condition, unschooled, and unlettered. Forgive him, for he knows not what he does, and help him to get an education. Let him see the light of organization, and you will find him, as you often do today among the people of Italy, in the ranks of organized labor—valuable, strong, militant, loyal, and in the forefront of his union.

Good music must have good orchestration or it will fail. An organization must have co-ordination, or it will be unsuccessful.

Some day the words of the great labor poet, Shelley—who sleeps in a cemetery in Rome, his last resting place fenced in like an island, by order of the authorities, that his heretic body may not have communion with the other dead,—

“Rise like lions from your slumber,
In unvanquishable number.
Drop the chains like dew,
Which in sleep have fallen on you;
You are many and they are few.”

will grip the Italian worker, Italy will make progress toward industrial organization, and by and through it attain industrial emancipation.

P. S.—Italy might well have been the subject of different and more difficult consideration, but I have forbore from giving it such consideration because I did not wish to foist

The Toiler in Italy.

upon my readers an historical as well as a labor viewpoint, which is much opposed, and which is considered offensive by many.

As my writings are endeavors to bring about harmonious conditions, and also for light reading not inconsistent with the truth, I will leave more thorough philosophic, historical and economic research to those who are inclined and willing to get that in other ways.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOILER IN SWITZERLAND.*

SWITZERLAND is Nature's skyscraper. The people live on the mountains over each other, more or less after the fashion of tenants in the big tenements in any of our large cities. Switzerland is a toy nation, that is, if you determine its area in square miles; but if you multiply it by its height, it is a giant nation among giant nations. To bring home what I wish to express in another way, let us do a little figuring. The figures are O. K., but perhaps the manipulation of them may be K. O.

Switzerland is 15,964 square miles in area, or half the size of Maine—not the battleship, but the State of Maine—or one-eighteenth the size of Texas—hardly room for a Texas puncher. It is one-ninetieth of the size of the United States; but if you figure one dweller to every thirty feet in height, you will be obliged to multiply the area of Switzerland by about three hundred, and you will have an area of 4,789,200 square miles for habitation and cultivation. Thus you can readily see that Switzerland is the size of the United States.

Now that we have fixed Switzerland's geographical magnitude in its proper relation, let us take another leap forward and upward and see what we behold.

Switzerland is Nature's gallery, beautiful to the extreme of description. Glaciers, mountains, falls, lakes, and streams make it a wonderland. In Italy art is on canvas and in marble and granite. Here in Switzerland, it is all spread beneath heaven's canopy. Mountains, perennial snow and ice fill the soul with prodigious admiration.

People go to Switzerland for mountains and mountain

* April, 1914.

The Toiler in Switzerland.

air; and that is all they go there for. But he who thinks that this is all there is to Switzerland—with perhaps a little Swiss cheese—is sadly mistaken. There is far more than that to little Switzerland.

Switzerland has been a mighty factor in the affairs of European history. From the year 1291, when the different cantons formed a league for the protection and co-ordination of their affairs—from the time of William Tell, who has since become the nation's hero (you can almost hear his voice crying out: "Ye crags and peaks, I am with ye once again")—up to 1874, when Switzerland adopted its latest and one of the best constitutions in the world, it has been the scene of many historical conventions.

Switzerland was not always a republic. Equality and justice to all men and all religions has not always been Switzerland's motto or practice. Although today it has a most liberal government with the broadest possible liberty consistent with good order, Switzerland has had its quota of religious persecutions and burnings at the stake. Lest you forget, let me remind you of Calvin and Calvinism and the burning of Servitus. Yet Voltaire and—since his time—many other notables always found in Switzerland a political and religious refuge. In the last forty or fifty years it has been the asylum for thousands of Russian revolutionists or NIHILISTS—socialists from various lands,—but not until Napoleon I, did Switzerland adopt a real constitution. From then on it gained a neutrality free from other nations' interferences, which marked the beginning of its prosperity, and which has been uninterrupted ever since.

What interests you and me is its industrial and labor conditions, and here we may make an observation or two which will aid us in seeing industrial Switzerland. Let us get a proper background. Switzerland attracts tourists annually who spend sufficient money to keep all Switzerland free

Chapter X.

from want year in and year out. Considering that the people live on the mountains and cultivate them to the very heights, and that there is not in the whole of Switzerland an uncultivated cultivable piece of land to the very mountain peaks, the population is by far too small. The Malthusian doctrine has so far had no application to Switzerland. Nature's supply is in over-abundance. Switzerland could certainly support a much greater population.

The chief characteristic of the Swiss people is perseverance. This makes for a race sturdy, patient, harmonious. Although in Geneva we may have a little touch of Paris, and in Lucerne a bit of Monte Carlo, on the whole the people are the harmonious, persevering kind. This is very important for our consideration, because a man who perseveres is not hasty. He moves slowly, for his chief aim is to survive. Perseverance must, therefore, embody order, regularity of thought, the subduing of undue emotion, and calmness of expression. The Swiss, because of his long and hard winters, knows how to hibernate, and live by licking his paws, until the springtime of his supply.

Just stop and think what that means! Perseverance is almost as big a word as any in the human dictionary. After all, is not that a labor union's test? Perseverance! A union that can persevere when threatened with internal dissension and disruption, that can withstand the advent of industrialism, that can survive a hard and perhaps a losing strike, is the union that will count most in labor's constant struggle for the progress of humanity.

Napoleon with all his brilliancy and with all his array of might was forced to retreat from burning Moscow, because the French did not have the perseverance to survive—as Bill Shakespeare would put it—"the winter of our discontent." Napoleon was frozen out of Russia. Many, many unions and union men have been unable to face and survive the winter of labor's discontent. There will ever be

The Toiler in Switzerland.

discontent in labor's ranks. There should be some discontent. A legitimate amount is healthy. The laborer who is content with his lot is a slave, or, as Rienzi would put it, a "base, abject slave," but a man who will permit his discontent to obsess him, who will follow each notion of discontent like a will-o'-the-wisp, or a jack-o'-lantern, will soon find that he is but the chaser of a passing illusion, a vapor of sweating mirage, which exists only where the soil is boggy, and swampy, and dangerous, because the footing is so unsafe and uncertain.

Nature has a whole lot to do with a people's disposition. Switzerland is mountainous top land. To climb a mountain needs guiding. To climb a dangerous mountain needs multiple guiding; and, therefore, we see guides holding on to each other by a common rope. The lesson is learned, that what may be dangerous and impossible for one, may not be dangerous and impossible for numbers. The mountain climber must of necessity be a union man in spirit, though he may not be a union man in labor unionism. One guide may slip and fall, but he is held in safety to the others by the rope. There is no going back, for the going back is as dangerous as the going up. Hence it takes perseverance—and unity of perseverance. Is not this true in everyday life—and is it not true also in union life? The union man, after years of membership, all of a sudden startles you by the announcement of a doctrine that you have never heard him utter before.

You give him credit for having studied, for having thought, and for being able to express his thought. You listen to him. You forecast for him a brilliant future. You see in him a coming labor guide. But what has happened? Has his learning made him mad? Where is his logic? What has become of his mental poise? He seeks, so he says, to help you, but does he do it? He tries to break up the union.—"Come with me," he says.—

Chapter X.

Where?—"Anywhere and nowhere."—What doing?—"Anything and nothing."—How?—"Any way and no way. Destroy, destroy—and sabotage."—Come, come, brother, are you mad? I, too, am suffering from discontent. I, too, want to see higher wages and better conditions. I, too, want public ownership of public utilities. I, too, want co-operative ownership of all means of production and distribution. The philosophy is all right. It will come,—it shall come; but the way you proceed, you destroy. Our aim cannot be accomplished by a leap—not by one—it will take years—and millions of cohorts working together.

It necessitates organization, discipline, and perseverance. You can no more jump from one form of civilization to another, than you can from one mountain to another without being precipitated into the abyss and killed. It takes long, slow, tedious, gradual climbing. The man who tries to climb a mountain fast, (and usually a neophyte attempts it) without resting, generally finds himself exhausted. He may get MOUNTAIN-HEART and drop from heart exhaustion before he reaches the summit.

We had a practical illustration of this. Our boy, strong and healthy, thought that he would run up the mountain—instead of doing as the guide did, counting each step, and taking time to rest every little while. He thought that he would hurry on ahead and get there long before the rest of us. He succeeded, but two days after that he was taken down with what is called "mountain exhaustion." He gave us an awful scare, for he had to be kept in bed for three days before he could proceed farther. He delayed our trip, upset our plans for the time being, besides causing much worry and anxiety.

A man who wants to lead labor into its full emancipation may drop dead—and that is the trouble with industrialism. What have those few hot-heads in New York accomplished? What have those who paraded the streets and entered the

The Toiler in Switzerland.

churches and disturbed the services gained—excepting a little notoriety, a little sensationalism, and a long prison sentence? Prison would be worth while, if the fruits of their efforts had not been wasted. If those few sensationalists had quieted themselves of their hysteria, if they had joined the labor unions of their craft, and, by natural and logical means, had slowly spread their doctrines, their efforts would have persevered until the full or at least the majority of the membership had become convinced of the truth of these doctrines. Then unions and unionism would have joined forces, and labor in its dignity would have received its demands. But all that cannot be done in an hour.

Industrialism is for the moment; hence, it fails. True, John Brown was somewhat of an industrialist and stirred the people; and history is full of freak incidents in which an I. W. W. act, so to speak, has aroused a people to challenge the existing order of things. It may be that some day, when the psychology of the situation is at hand, a rash deed may seize the whole people like a prairie fire and consume the existing order for another. But notice the difference; it is always one existing order for another order. Order! Order! Order! And the man who accomplishes this will be a man who is as reckless as John Brown. But he will have fixed in his mind an “order” of things. So far, industrialists have no “order” of things; hence the futility of their efforts.

Perhaps the industrialists are right, but so far they have produced neither a single great man, nor a single great thought. It may be—for all things are possible—that some day, when the people are ripe for it, their thought will take hold, and industrialism will succeed. But why in the name of common sense, if they claim themselves friends and leaders of labor, do they in the meanwhile seek to destroy the one weapon that labor now has with which to fight

Chapter X.

capital? Imagine a general, in the midst of a conflict, giving orders that all guns and weapons be taken from the army and destroyed, because he believes that they are not of the best and latest pattern. Would he say to the army, "You shall have no weapons and ammunition, but shall be without them until I have invented a better weapon?" What a snap for the enemy. Now, then, it may be that they have a better weapon for labor against capital; but, in the meantime, let us not give up our labor unions. You know, of course, the fable of the dog, the bone, and the shadow.

Fearing that I have carried you too long through the mountain snows, drifts, and cold, and that you would like to stop just long enough for a little toddy to warm you up and for a little rest, I will stop and give you one. That is because a student of human nature knows, no matter how old his auditors may be, that after all they are children, that they have something of the nursery left in them, and that they want to be amused. Amusement excites interest in what one has to say and attracts the attention of the listeners. Well, here is a little amusement for you, if it shall prove such.

While we were at Interlaken we climbed the Jungfrau, Switzerland's biggest and most snowy-capped mountain. You know (that is, I tell you that you know), when you travel in Switzerland, you are obliged to change trains almost every mile or two of longitudinal travel and every two hundred feet or so of altitudinal travel. Therefore, a day's travel in Switzerland means a dozen or more train changes—a dozen or more porters grabbing your baggage, and a dozen or more going through your pockets for their pay and their tips.

On our way back from the top of the Jungfrau, while waiting in one of those places near the base of that mountain for a transfer of trains, my boy, to amuse himself, was playing imaginary baseball with his heavy, mountain-

The Toiler in Switzerland.

climbing cane. He imagined himself at the home plate and was swinging the cane in bat fashion, *à la* home-run Baker, at a ball heaved towards him by the famous Johnson, when one of those Swiss employes in the mail service who seem to carry their heads on their shoulders, ran "deliberately" and "wilfully" into the bat while it was going through a home-run arc. Of course, the result was a deep gash in his forehead, which may mar his beauty for some time to come. Like every parent, I take it for granted that my boy (sweet little boy) was innocent, and that the big, foolish man who had nothing to do but work and keep his mind on his work, was guilty of contributory negligence. He had no business to run into my boy's bat. (How was he to know that a fresh American kid would act so irresponsibly among a civilized, peace-loving people in the mountains of Switzerland?) My boy turned around to apologize, but immediately the injured and his aides, recognizing him as an American, held a hasty consultation in reference to black-mailing the boy and his pater,—so the boy said. While my wife and I were seated in one of the coaches waiting to pull out and down, the boy came running in and hollered, "Hurry up, folks, you are on the wrong train; if you don't get off, you will have to stay over night." We rushed out and got into another section of the train. The trains, due to the declivity of the mountain, are divided into sections five minutes or so apart. After we had been there a half hour or so, I heard my boy heave a sigh and laugh, and then came a story of his adventure and why he had rushed us on to another train. In conclusion he whispered, "He who hesitates, can tango."

That night he hugged his room in the hotel unusually close, and for the first time on the trip helped me with the trunks and baggage for our next morning's departure. By way of breaking the monotony of our labor in packing, he said, "Why is it, dad, that in every strike in which you have

Chapter X.

been, there were always as many union men done up—if not more—as scabs? Every time a union man calls a SCAB a SCAB, he does it openly, as if to establish A TITLE BY ADVERSE POSSESSION, and sees to it that he gets prosecuted, while the SCAB who does up a union man, does it so that he gets away with it?”

“Son, what about it—why this conversation?”

“Well, dad, to make a little parody”:

‘He who hits a scab and gets away,
Lives to hit another scab another day.’”

“Why, son, you don’t believe in that stuff.”

“Well, dad, I have heard you say more than once that Jefferson was right when he said a little bloodshed was necessary for each reform. Well, then, some of the dubs need a little punishment to wake them up. Didn’t you tell me that Herbert Spencer does not believe in physical punishment of children, and that as long as you were a ‘batch’ like Herbert Spencer, you followed his philosophy, but that you have found it necessary—since you got me—to throw Spencer to the dogs and give me a little sabotage? Now, dad, that persuasion is slow business. Why don’t the union men do a little more of it?”

That was a hard question and to get out of it I said, “Abner, go to bed.”

“Oh, dad, that is what every father says when he cannot answer a child’s question.”

After he had gone to bed, I meditated. I saw that the spirit of violence, of rapid rushing, of heedless running, and premature fixing of things was the spirit of the primitive; that a child is a primitive man; that age, maturity, and reflection are necessary to substitute logic and reason for force and violence; that the child is an industrialist and the man an evolutionist; that the industrialists are mere children in the labor movement.

Two months later when he had grown mature and was

The Toiler in Switzerland.

in mid-ocean on the way back to America, my son amused me with this expression, "Father, I feel like going back now and squaring it up with that guy in Switzerland whom I batted on the forehead."

Wonderful! Wonderful is this nature of man!

The labor movement in Switzerland shows perseverance at every step. Of course, everything in Switzerland is immaculately clean. Labor headquarters in Switzerland likewise are immaculately clean. From the standpoint of cleanliness and neatness, no labor headquarters in the world can compare with those of Switzerland. To my surprise I saw placards on the wall which smacked of Americanism. This was the first time that I had seen any such placards in Europe. We always get the idea that the European takes his time and does not rush things, and, therefore, two of the signs that I saw in the Labor Temple in Switzerland attracted my attention. One sign read, "Man, steal not your or my time. Time is money." Another one read, "What you have to say, make short and sweet. Cut out the bull. Who uses my time robs me. Thou shalt not steal."

These are not mere empty phrases which decorate the walls. When you see the Swiss people at their work, you at once learn that these placard mottoes are being fulfilled to the letter.

Labor unions in Switzerland are unusually strong. Of course, as in every other country, the agriculturists lag behind in organization. One-third of the membership of the Watchworkers' Union, one of the strongest in Switzerland, consists of women. The largest strikes that Switzerland has had were in the years 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1907; and in every one of those strikes the strikers were successful. The machinists now work nine and one-fourth hours per day. They used to work nine and one-half hours per day and struck for a nine-hour day. They lost the strike, but a reduction of one-fourth hour per day was agreed

Chapter X.

upon. I noticed that the dues are high; and right here I wish to say that wherever you find a high dues-paying membership, you will invariably find a strong organization.

When they strike, the Swiss strike like any other people. There are no injunctions, but boycotts are permissible. Most of the arrests are for petty offenses. In Switzerland they have elections for president annually. The political strength of the labor movement is growing every year, and while Switzerland has perhaps as good laws as any country on the face of the globe for the safe-guarding of life and limb, and while it has laws against the exploitation of children, yet I believe that there is no other country where women and children are exploited to such an extent as they are in Switzerland.

On the streets you see women doing railroad work—in fact, every kind of work imaginable. You see old women doing street work. The Swiss mountaineer has a lot of children. His winters are long, and all winter he and his children, from the time that they are able to sit up, knit lace to sell to the tourists in the coming summer. When summer comes, you see the barefooted little tots running about, trying to sell their wares—the product of the winter's toil.

The Swiss labor movement is an exact copy, on a smaller scale, of the German movement. The unions consider the German movement their model, and their imitation of it is perfect. The labor movement in Switzerland has eighteen papers—eleven of which are daily—that devote themselves to political discussions, and sixteen papers that devote themselves to industrial matters. These are usually weekly or bi-weekly, and resemble our labor magazines.

Switzerland has no press censorship, but it has libel laws; and although there are no laws concerning injunctions, the police have a right to issue them. The result is that they have a police injunction instead of a court injunction,

The Toiler in Switzerland.

and this is far worse. There may be an appeal to a court or an appeal from a court, but an appeal to or from a policeman is an impossibility.

While it is understood that people working at the building trades are obliged to work only ten hours a day, yet, on account of the short summer, the average building trades worker works from sunrise to sunset.

The same rule that applies everywhere else is equally applicable to Switzerland. The larger the city, the more industries, the greater the number of union men, and the stronger the organization.

The compensation laws for the protection of workmen have perhaps reached their highest state of perfection in Switzerland. In no country do the injured get such liberal remuneration as in Switzerland.

While on the whole the Swiss seems contented, and while there is not a sign of syndicalism—because from the very order and nature of the Swiss, syndicalism is impossible—yet I found evidence of discontent because the cost of living has been rising steadily, and rising out of proportion to the rise of wages.

The biggest strike they ever had in Switzerland took place in Zurich on July 12, 1913, when about 20,000 men joined what was called the general strike. One hundred workmen were arrested; and, strange to say, the majority of those arrested were non-union men. The outcome was that over half were freed. In that strike, picketing was prohibited. The capitalists were strongly organized, it being largely a sympathetic strike (for all general strikes are sympathetic), and the strike was lost. While pickets are usually allowed during strikes, they were forbidden during that one.

The Swiss are a moral people. Among them marriage occurs rather late in life; and the birth rate is falling off rapidly—almost as rapidly as in France. The great com-

Chapter X.

plaint is that the average citizen, just as soon as he has accumulated sufficient money, leaves Switzerland. This, too, helps to keep the population down.

Industrial insurance has existed there since 1881, Switzerland having been practically the first country to adopt it. Now, every labor union in Switzerland has its coterie of lawyers, who make it their business to see that every union man when injured not only draws his full pay until he is able to return to work, but that he also secures heavy damages for injuries which are permanent.

If Switzerland could induce the people engaged in agriculture to organize and join forces with labor, the labor movement in Switzerland would soon become the most effective in Europe. But, strange as it may appear, although the country is very small, the numerous mountains divide the people into religious and political sects. You find people on one side of the mountain differing from people on the other side of the mountain as much as if they were separated from each other by thousands of miles of ocean.

It may not be amiss at this time, particularly when immigration laws are agitating the minds of union laboring men, to call attention to the fact that citizenship in Switzerland can be obtained only after five years of residence, or more, depending on the Canton. Qualifications of character and loyalty are not the only considerations which determine the granting of citizenship; it must also be purchased. That is to say, a person who has lived in Switzerland for the required number of years and whose character has proved satisfactory, must, in addition, pay at least one thousand francs to obtain his citizenship papers. The fact that his parents or grandparents were born in Switzerland does not entitle him to citizenship or to the right to vote, unless his ancestors had become citizens of Switzerland.

Switzerland is the center of all the religious congresses. The climate in the summer is ideal. People go to

The Toiler in Switzerland.

Switzerland for tubercular troubles; and yet the greater part of the Swiss people—particularly those who live in the mountains, to which thousands of people come to effect tubercular cures—themselves are suffering from this dread disease. The Swiss people have just awakened to the fact that the reason for the prevalence of tuberculosis is that the poor abodes of the mountaineers, the overwork of adults and children, and the long and hard winters, stunt their growth and weaken their resistance to the ravages of disease.

The Swiss people are fortunate in being unhampered by constitutional limitations. When once an idea gets hold of them which suits the majority it becomes law, and the people follow it with implicit obedience. The Swiss people are in the habit of doing things right and doing them at once.

As the Swiss people engage in their own pursuits, and as the population is small, we find in Switzerland, as we do here, that the street work, particularly the railroad work, is done principally by the inevitable Italian. He goes there to work in the summer and returns to Italy for the winter.

Excepting the lesson of perseverance, we gain nothing from a study of the labor movement in Switzerland that does not duplicate an examination of the movement in Germany.

I will close with what I told one of the Swiss labor leaders, after he had taken me around and discussed with me the labor movement in Switzerland:

"Well, what do you think of our labor movement?" he asked.

And I answered, "The labor movement of Switzerland reminds me of the Swiss watch movement: what there is of it is good—but it is small."

CHAPTER XI.

THE TOILER IN HOLLAND.*

WHEN Jehovah gave Adam and Eve the skidoo number and told them to hike out of the burg of Eden, he also took away from them their meal ticket on the Rockefeller plan—swell meals, swell times without work-a-day,—and thundered at Mr. Adam, “By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!” It was a curse of curses that Adam could never get over, for “where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.” Now his heirs and descendants have to work for their living just because Mr. Adam was, or tried to be, a wise guy. Strange! Today it is not the guy whose father was wise, who has to worry about bread and sweat, but rather the poor son of a father who was ignorant. Things have turned about. The Bible does not seem to be followed. But what’s the use? Nowadays we are not guided much by the Old or the New Testament. Most of us seem to take our law from Dun or Bradstreet.

But, be all the foregoing as it may, and even if the serpent was damned to crawl on his belly, we still have the greatest bunch of two-legged serpents on the face of the globe! All you have to do is to look on the two-legged human serpents in Colorado or Michigan, and at that fine bunch of detectives wherever they ply their trade.

“In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,” has made the Dutch inhabitants of Holland what they ever were, are, and ever will be. Industry is the CHIEF, PREDOMINATING, PREVAILING, SUSTAINING, CONSTRUCTIVE, BOTH OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE, AND ENDURING CHARACTERISTIC OF the Dutch. For everything they own, they are indebted

* May, 1914.

The Toiler in Holland.

to their characteristic INDUSTRY. You may talk about "slaving like a nigger." It becomes an empty phrase when you see the Dutch work in Holland. Idle moments there are none. No workman in Holland ever complained that he came home and found his wife away visiting, so that he was compelled to wait on the steps for her to return, open the door, give him the cold eye, and hurry up and throw together a cold supper. The women there have no time to indulge in such liberties, although universal suffrage will soon be a reality in Holland.

The Dutch are busy keeping their households in order. Such order! Let me spell it with caps—O-R-D-E-R. They houseclean twice a week, beating their carpets right in the open where you can see it. No microbe gets a chance to breed there, and when you consider that Holland ought to be the place for mosquitos and flies and that you do not find them there in abundance, you may form an idea of how thorough the housekeepers are.

I told you that Holland owes everything that it has and ever had to the industry of its people. When you remember that the greater part of Holland was once beneath water—the North Sea—(no forty-day deluge, but underneath the eternal sea)—and that the land literally was saved from the water (not by any Red Sea stunt of the waters receding, but by the building up of land by dikes, increasing its area yearly by many hundreds of square miles, notwithstanding the corroding Atlantic upon its shores), and when you consider that now Holland is considering a project for draining the Zuider Zee—you may get some idea of the gigantic task which Holland has had to face. That was not the work of a day nor of a decade nor of a century—but of centuries. What a busy lot of people these Dutch are, like the never-resting ant, always working, working!

Their land is so built that they can drown it any time they wish to, and their enemy, too. That's how the Dutch

Chapter XI.

beat the old English and French navies. We thought the Russians did a smart trick when they got Nature's assistance in giving Napoleon a stiff winter up in Moscow and freezing him off of Russian soil, but that was with the aid of the Lord on high. The Dutch never got such assistance. They had to do it all. "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread."

Of course, Holland is now a small nation in Europe, but it possesses many important colonies and is prosperous. The world owes much to the Dutch. Formerly they were one of the first nations of Europe. At one time Amsterdam was the Venice of the Atlantic Ocean. That was in the days of city rule. Once the Dutch were the leading traders, had the foremost navy, and the most skilled soldiers and artisans. In the spirit of aggression, the Dutch have receded far from their former position. In that regard they are but a pigmy nation. But let it be said in justice to the Dutch, that they have never fought except in their own defense, and that they were the first people in Europe to practice the broadest tolerance towards all people, of all beliefs, religious and political. Holland has always been a place of religious liberty for everyone. Catholic, Protestant, and Jew live there in such harmony as is seen nowhere else. While the northern part of Holland is mostly Protestant and the southern, Catholic, and while a great number of Jews live in Amsterdam, yet Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are as one people in their spirit of patriotism. They are all DUTCH.

We in America owe very much to the Dutch, not only because the Hudson River was discovered by Hendrik Hudson, or because they colonized New York, or because they went over into Pennsylvania (I am not so sure that the Pennsylvania Dutch are the Dutch that I am talking about), but because our forefathers, in framing the Constitution of the United States, received much of their inspiration

The Toiler in Holland.

from the example of Holland's struggle for independence. If you ever take the occasion to read the records of the conventions of those who assembled to frame our Constitution, you will find actual reference in speeches of delegates to the constitution and government of the Dutch.

Of course, you are aware that the soil and climate largely determine the character of the crops of a given country; so, too, do they determine the characteristics of a people. You usually turn to climatic conditions to explain the psychological nature of a people. With industry as a predominating characteristic, you naturally look for qualities that make for a strong unionism—and you find them there. The Dutch are strong, consistent union men. Of course, you find no example whatever of the firebrand. You hardly expect it. Fire rages quickly, and industry is the greatest check to that inflammable material that bursts into flame. Besides, Holland is an automatic sprinkling system in itself. All it has to do is to open its flood-gates and drown the fire.

There is only one feature that I found in the entire labor movement in Holland that I did not like. While they are strong in their unionism and membership discipline and all that, they have offered no distinctive contribution to the labor movement of the world. Although the Dutch are original in many things, in the labor movement they are copyists. Whenever they find themselves in a quandary, they do not try to solve the problem by original means, but they go to their union brethren in Germany for advice and pattern after them. Why scratch your head to find an independent solution for your problem, when you can go to the wise gazaboos in Germany and get it? Of course, Germany is a great place for unionism to go to for precedents to settle controversies; but copying, no matter how well it may be done, never has the same worth as original work. Copying makes one dependent, and if it were not for the remarkable industry of the Dutch, there certainly would

Chapter XI.

be very little future for their union movement. But let us be thankful that they copy the German instead of the French labor movement.

The European continent is divided into two camps so far as the labor movement is concerned: those who pattern after Germany—*REAL UNIONISM*—and those who pattern after the French amalgamations or French syndicalism. Of course, the Germans progress and the Dutch progress with them in labor ideas, both political and industrial. When you go to Holland and look for the Dutch dress and the Dutch show, you also expect to find the Dutch trait in the labor movement, but while the Dutch dress and the Dutch temperament are decidedly distinguishable from the German, you will find no such distinguishing traits in the labor movement—for it has none.

That is just the trouble with our courts. One judge has always copied from the judge who preceded him. That is why our laws and decisions are way out of tune with the times. Should the German labor unions stop thinking, I presume that the Dutch would follow suit.

I saw a fine example of this while I was in Holland. I reached there shortly after the Dutch labor unions had scored the greatest victory labor had ever attained in Holland, a great number of their members having been elected to Parliament. In fact, their victory was without precedent. It showed their solidarity, and that meant something for the Dutch, for it was gained by hard work. What the Dutch once get they never give up. That is a genuine Dutch trait and a good one, and the other side, of course, knows it. Queen Wilhelmina, while she is Dutch and a woman, and although she thinks more of children than of poodle dogs and slit skirts, was wise enough to gather her leaders together and say:

"These labor fellows have got a good grip upon the government, and it looks to me like a question of time when

The Toiler in Holland.

they will have the majority. Now, let us throw them a little sop. Let's offer the post of Minister of Labor to one of their newly elected, or, better still, we will let them choose one of their kind for the coveted position. Besides, when they have exercised their choice, when they have their own man in that position, if anything should go wrong, they will have no one to blame but their own Minister of Labor."

Those were not her exact words, but that was the idea she conveyed. It was fine politics, and a splendid way of showing the impotency of labor leaders in office. Of course, we know better. We know that one union man in office, while he can do a little good, cannot accomplish much. The people expect more of him than they should. The laboring class, particularly, are apt to grow impatient with him and to expect miracles, although they are only too glad to get a mite from the politician.

It was indeed a tempting prize. The labor leaders of Holland tried to settle the matter. For a time they were divided into two camps: those who were anxious to see a labor man in the ministry, and those who saw the political trick and the danger of it. They recalled the case of Briand in France and that of Burns in England, and they did not know what to do. Finally, they decided to submit the matter to the German labor leaders and abide by their judgment. I was in Holland while they were waiting for the decision. In talking with some of the leaders, whenever they asked my opinion, I told them that I hoped Germany would decide against any one going into the cabinet, for instinct and experience had taught me that whenever a good union man is taken into the other camp and given some political job, somehow or other, we almost always lose him.

Shortly after I had left, I read in a newspaper that the German labor leaders, who can be depended upon never to bite off more than they can chew at a time, and who have the patience to wait, told their union brethren of Holland

Chapter XI.

not to take the post. Holland followed this advice. Since then the German position has been vindicated, for in the event of a strike in Holland the Minister of Labor takes charge of affairs, and in case of a railroad or street-railroad strike, these utilities being government property, it is expected that the Minister of Labor take his stand for the government against the union men.

How I wish that union men would abide by the will of the majority of their brothers, and how I wish that they would learn to choose wise leaders and then follow them! It would make them stronger. It would make their leaders more cautious, for they would know that their word upon any question was an ultimatum. They would exercise care and attention. If a leader then were to make a misstep, or to do a thing which a brother thought was not right or not for the best, the latter would proceed in an orderly way, addressing himself with becoming dignity and courtesy and in respectful language to the proper place for redress; and, of course, he would receive a respectful hearing. There would be no backbiting, no insinuations, no inferences, no calling of unpleasant names.

One of the most wretched and cowardly things that some union men practice in this country (it smacks of syndicalism, although they deem themselves the most anti-syndicalistic in the movement) is, when some leader has said something not to the liking—or rather, not to the comprehension—of another, that the latter deems himself licensed and ordained to proceed at once to give vent to his spleen by writing letters in unrestrained language, calling names, and referring to matters in terms that he would not dare to use in person. Look at the scandal in Indianapolis and the assault upon Gompers. Read the letters (thank heaven that they are but few!) that some people have written about an official. I say that such conduct ought to be disciplined. The Dutch would not tolerate it, and it should not be tolerated here.

The Toiler in Holland.

Criticism is just; criticism is wanted; criticism is necessary; but abuse—never, never, NEVER! There is one thing that the Dutch labor leaders and union men never indulge in, and that is mud-slinging.

If an officer does not perform his duty correctly, file in proper form, before proper body, a proper complaint. If the results, then, are unsatisfactory, take your appeal to the convention. You have all the time in the world. Anything that you seek to correct, I assure you, so far as leaders are concerned, will warrant waiting for. In fact, it is a good idea to wait, because you will be able to win over others to your cause. But how can you measure up to your character or to your sense of decency if you write scurrilous, libelous letters and call names? That brings you nothing but shame and remorse, and the letters often go into the waste-basket. Industry is a grand thing. A man who busies himself with the cause of unionism will never jump to a conclusion or proceed to "roast" his fellow-man. "Roasting" is the province or function of an idler. Some men may work, but their brains remain idle. The man who uses his brain always brings forth facts which he gets from his store of knowledge. The idler, too lazy to investigate, too indolent to think, and, therefore, devoid of facts, resorts to the only weapon left: that is abuse. A monkey, when he sees an enemy approaching, proceeds to throw cocoanuts from his tree-top. A cunning enemy will wait below, take a few blows, and, when the monkey has exhausted his supply of cocoanuts, starve him into coming down. Then he has him.

I felt that it would not be idle to give you the sort of a scolding sermon which the minister gives after the plate has been passed around and is not filled to his liking. You know I really have been rather good to you, but thought that I ought to give you a scolding now. A little scolding now and then will do no harm to the best of men. A little

Chapter XI.

chastening is good for any sinner, and it may act as a preventive for a prospective sinner.

I am not giving you many statistics of labor affairs in Europe because, as I take it, any one can get statistics. All you have to do is to go to the library and figure them out. While statistics fill a lot of space, they do not give you a full idea of the situation; and, as I have said before, it is my purpose to carry away from each country and to implant in your minds, if I can, one or more impressions, which I hope you will keep in the storehouse of your philosophy of labor, and from which you will draw from time to time. I hope that they will set you to thinking and to reading, if you please, along the right path. Now, some of the things that I have said and some of the things that I may say are perhaps not along the conventional lines, but I do not intend them to be so. A thing that is conventional is a thing as it appears to be, and a thing as it appears to be does not often show you the thing as it is or ought to be. Besides, what is the use of telling you of things that you can see, for they can be photographed? But thought, which the photograph cannot show, that which is purely in the mind, must be told, and often in defiance of conventional lines. I do not know whether you are familiar with the art of the cubists or impressionists or futurists, but I am trying along all these new-fangled ways to give you the proper impression of things as they are. A man may pose for a photograph and take a pretty good picture. The artist touches it up and makes him look handsome. He can make him look stern, or gentle, or anyway he wishes; but you know that many a man has been disappointed in marriage because he first saw his mate on a portrait. To really know one, you must see him in action. Action tries the gamut of all his emotions and senses. And so, too, in getting an idea about a certain people and about the unionism of a certain country, it is not enough that you have their

The Toiler in Holland.

statistics—the number of strikes and the percentage of successes—but you must get the psychology, all that it is possible to get by reading or by observation—the spirit of the movement behind it all.

What about the Dutch? To pass it off and say that they are an industrious people, to pass it off and say that in labor matters they are an imitative people, may give you some notion of what the Dutch are; but to get the real idea, you must look for the causes that make them industrious and imitative. It is not enough to say, "Let us be like the Dutch (or the Germans or the Italians) in our labor movement." You must know their labor movements and their conditions, but at the same time you must measure up your own membership and strike an average character. If that be done, with the experience that you have gained from other nations, you will be able to get something suitable to your own organization—something that will make you a thinker. Toiling thinkers and students are the union's best members and friends.

Let us pass on, for Holland is small and there is much to say about it. Before I say anything more about the labor movement in Holland, however, let me stop to talk about The Hague and the Palace of Peace which was built by Carnegie's money and friends. The Prince of Peace!—Carnegie! What a monument it is to the hypocrisy of his make-up. Carnegie and Peace! As I looked at that beautiful palace and read what it is supposed to stand for, I thought of Homestead, with its riots of bloodshed and its poverty and its suffering; and, as I write now, I think of Ludlow, Colorado, and I think of Rockefeller and Carnegie, and I think of those helpless women and children shot and burned in the interests of free American labor and the open shop. And, as I write now, I think of Mexico and the workmen sent there to shoot at workmen of Mexico—war stirred up in the interests of Hearst and Carnegie and Rockefeller.

Chapter XI.

It is true, although President Wilson may not think so, that the benefits go to them—Carnegie and the interests. And I think now, as I thought at the time I looked at the monument, that it would have been a thousand times better had this palace never been erected, had Carnegie passed into the depths of everlasting oblivion, and had the vast profits which he has wrung out of the sweat of labor—poor enslaved labor in Homestead and other places—been turned over to labor, where it justly belonged. How wretched a world to permit such things! How wrong a world to countenance such a system!

As you and I shed our tears over the graves of the little children that have been sacrificed to the greed of capital in Calumet, Michigan, and the women and children in Ludlow, Colorado, let us feel that our tears are not idle, but that with every tear we have been made strong in the view that it is the duty of every citizen, of every union man, to avenge the foul murder. And we shall avenge it, not by murder, but by becoming stronger in the principles of unionism, more active in its cause, and by voting for that for which unionism stands, until labor's friends shall control all governments. Then there will be no need for erecting palaces to the God of Peace. When labor shall be so free, no laboring men in one country can be hired to shoot laboring men in another. War will cease, for capitalists do not go to the front to fight—they MANIPULATE war.

Holland has three principal cities—Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague. The Dutch have a saying that they make the money in Rotterdam, they collect it in Amsterdam, and they spend it in The Hague.

The strongest labor organization in Holland is, of course, the diamond-workers' union. They are one hundred per cent strong and they work eight hours a day. Over half of the diamond workers in Holland are of the Jewish race. Men and women receive equal pay. The diamond trade in

The Toiler in Holland.

Holland may be likened to the old glass-blowers' trade in this country before machinery blew the glass-blowers out of their aristocratic labor position. The work is usually confined to families. It is a sort of inherited occupation. Of course, the unions encourage that practice, for not everybody can learn the trade. This, in a measure, is necessary, because Holland's diamond cutters are obliged to compete with cheap labor markets. It requires great skill to be a diamond cutter, at least in some branches of the trade, and by controlling the labor market they are able to preserve for themselves a high wage and a short hour workday.

The year 1913 was a banner one for labor unions in Holland. They made great gains, had a large number of strikes, and won them. Most of the strikes in Holland have been without violence. The reason for this is that there are very few sympathetic strikes. If a strike were conducted without interference by so-called sympathizers with labor unions who manifest their sympathy in the wrong way, most strikes in this country would escape violence; but very often men who do not belong to a union, either out of sympathy for unions or out of apathy,—professional strike breakers and detectives out of a job—create violence which too often is laid unjustly at the door of organized labor.

It is needless for me to say that, inasmuch as Holland follows German methods, practically all the Dutch union men are united in their political activities, and syndicalism, Christian-socialism, and every other "ism" that would tend to divide the forces of labor solidarity are wholly absent from Holland.

Wages of late have been on the rise in Holland, but so has the cost of living.

I looked forward to seeing a strong union among the sea craftsmen of Holland, because there are a great number of them plying that trade, but I was much disappointed to

Chapter XI.

find them very weak. However, there is a reason for it. The majority of Hollanders own their little boats and are practically in a class of so-called LITTLE CLASS TRADESMEN. The boats are used not only for traffic, but also as homes. It is nothing unusual to see boat after boat on canal or sea or river, each with its little cabin and flower garden on deck, and the wife and children of the master busy at work or at play.

Until 1913 the farmers were poorly organized, but in that year the membership was increased. Their organization seems to be very healthy, and before long they will have close to a complete organization.

As elsewhere upon the continent, unions furnish their members with lawyers and doctors. The age limit for labor is fourteen years; and union men, since they gained their last victory, are now asking for an age limit of sixteen years. Machinery is strictly guarded, and unions see that every violation is severely punished.

Unions in Holland are making campaigns against excessive drinking with very encouraging results. A man under the influence of liquor is not allowed in a union hall, and if a man under the influence of liquor has the temerity to venture into a union hall, he is subjected to strict discipline.

The cigar-makers and lace-makers are very strong, but most of them do their work in their own homes. However, as the Dutch are great housekeepers and their homes are immaculately clean, there cannot be much serious objection to that, for the sweatshop conditions that prevail in New York and other congested cities in this country and in England, are wholly absent there.

Holland is without conspiracy laws and without injunctions. A person cannot quit his employment nor can he be discharged unless he receives at least a week's notice if he works by the week, and a month's notice if he works by the month. Hence, in case of a strike, each side has

The Toiler in Holland.

plenty of time to learn what the other side is going to do, and often the interim becomes an occasion for arbitration and settlement.

In Holland the unions not only have strike benefits, but OUT-OF-WORK benefits. That is possible because union men in Holland pay comparatively high dues.

Holland has its coterie of labor papers, daily and weekly, which are constantly championing its cause.

I said that there was no syndicalism in Holland. I want to modify that. For a long time prior to 1913 the printers' organization was of a syndicalistic disposition; but after a long strike it saw the folly of syndicalism, although it had won the strike. It saw that it had won the strike, not because of its own strength, but because of the weakness of the enemy. It saw that if it had been a really solid labor organization, the strike would have been of much shorter duration; and so they threw off their syndicalism and joined the labor federation of Holland. While the printers were syndicalistic, they received no aid from other labor organizations. At the same time the cigar-makers—on a strike—received over 250,000 florins from other labor unions, which amounts to about \$125,000 in our money. When you consider the population of the country, it is a marvelous contribution. Needless to say, these same cigar-makers won their strike.

Unions make May Day their Labor Day in Holland. The last Labor Day was a vast demonstration for unionism and woman's suffrage; yet I did not find a single Hollander who approves of the Lady Pankhurst method of getting suffrage. In 1913 a petition for suffrage was signed by 400,000 or more, and a demonstration in Amsterdam had 40,000 men and women in parade. The Queen was invited to see it, but absented herself, the Prime Minister advising her to refuse the invitation. Of course, the Queen is opposed to universal suffrage, because the broader the

Chapter XI.

suffrage, the weaker the sovereignty. However, the Dutch have not given up hope, and they expect to repeat and repeat their petitions until they win.

On the whole, the labor movement in Holland is strong and healthy, and lends encouragement to labor.

The face of the average Dutchman is stolid. For centuries he has learned how to endure pain without giving expression thereto; he can meet and bear grim death without suffering or hesitation.

Israels, the greatest Dutch painter—perhaps the greatest of modern painters—created a wonderful picture which I had the privilege of seeing in the gallery at Amsterdam. I am sure that I shall fail to give you the proper coloring or anything nearly approaching a correct description of it, but I shall, I hope, give you some idea of the Dutch characteristic. The picture represents a little Dutch hut, with a typical Dutch background. The husband has gone fishing on the sea. It is after a storm—hours after—and the husband has not yet returned. The wife stands at the door with anxious eyes, watching for her husband's return. The husband's mother stands back of her. She seems to fear the consequences, and turns her eyes away from the door. A little baby is sitting at the table, eating, with spoon raised towards his mouth. He pauses, for he seems to see in the faces of his mother and his grandmother some ill foreboding. It is a most realistic picture and yet there is not a tear in the eyes of any of the figures in this little group. The loss of their loved one brings them disappointment; but the mother and the wife have toiled from childhood on, and they are prepared to continue their life of toil, though he for whom their hearts yearn may not return.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TOILER IN BELGIUM.*

“**Y**E good old times” for eons have been sung by poet and musician. There has been no Hottentot so aboriginal that he has not in his traditional life heard that the times preceding his were better, safer, and easier. In fact, no one with any sort of a memory fails to indulge in stories of THE GOOD OLD TIMES. They fill the nursery with wonderful tales. Dead men loom up as saints, ancient deeds as divine, and first thoughts as inspirations.

Whatever inclination you may have in that direction, to me THE GOOD OLD TIMES are barren of all that traditional sentiment. I know that in every age we have had great men who accomplished great things. I know, however, that each succeeding age has produced greater men who have accomplished greater things. I revere the big men of the past, but I do not worship them. To worship is to deify. I have no apotheosis. To deify is to create a master. With masters there must be slaves, and that is where I draw the line. I know that we are advancing slowly, step by step, but we are advancing; and I know that in the last ten years we have advanced towards the new goal as never before. I love the good times TO COME for I can see in them free men and free women. I can see exploitation sent to the gallows. I can see kings of industry and nations in exile. And I can see mankind living in true brotherly love. I can see the child in school and the woman in her home, with the worker, the toiler, the producer reigning supreme, standing free and erect, without a predatory idler, or a bond clipping tax baron, or an ordained sycophant bending his back to the task.

* June, 1914.

Chapter XII.

I, with Thomas Carlyle, do not worship symbols; for back of each symbol I can see the creator, and I can give the symbol no more respect than I can its creator. When the thought, the scope, and the purpose of the symbol have gone to their grave, then the symbol I cast to the junk heap. I can see those things, THE GOOD TIMES TO COME, without dreaming. I can see them as clearly as I can see that four is the resultant figure of two and two, though it may not be written down in answer to the example. I can see how they will fit into a scheme of life, of society, of government. I can see how we are being prepared for them, as clearly as the tenon is prepared for the mortise by the carpenter. I look back to THE GOOD OLD TIMES; and the farther back I look, the darker they get with war and fetishism, with slavery and with poverty, with palaces too big for the individual, too burdensome for the people, and with hovels too small, too miserable for the working-man to live in. THE GOOD OLD TIMES take me back to the time when the workers' legal workday was sixteen hours and more. THE GOOD OLD TIMES take me back to the time when the worker bore the brunt of toil and battle (he does that now, too) as a feudal vassal. THE GOOD OLD TIMES take me back to the time when, for a worker to dream of freedom was heresy, to whisper his dream to a fellow worker was treason, and to interpret his dream was conspiracy. THE GOOD OLD TIMES take me back to the scourge and to the plague. THE GOOD OLD TIMES take me back to the time when might alone was right.

Just as I see the mason spread the top layer of each stone or brick with mortar that it may hold the layer above it close and fast, so do I see each decade held in its place by the efforts of men who have lived in all times and will live forever to sacrifice themselves for a higher civilization. Every step upward, every move onward for freedom, has cost the lives and blood of the workers of the world.

The Toiler in Belgium.

Homestead, Calumet, and Ludlow and their heroes will be the theme of the future poet. He will write verses and dedicate them to industrial freedom, as did former poets to political freedom. Homestead, Calumet, and Ludlow will some day be as deeply renowned as are now Lexington, Concord, and Valley Forge. The heroes in the struggle for industrial freedom will loom up in the horizon of recognition, and holidays will be set apart on their anniversaries. Flowers will be strewn upon their graves; and, just as now we unite in memorial the blue and the gray and look back to the time of chattel slavery, so some day shall we unite the worker and the capitalist of today in our memorials of the future, and look back to the time of the present capitalistic inequality.

These were the visions—and visions a thousand times more, too numerous to take up your time in unfolding—that seized me like apparitions from other times, when I stood on the plains of Waterloo in the outskirts of Brussels, Belgium. I saw Napoleon and Wellington, Blücher and William of Holland. I saw them all, and went with them to their seats of triumph and to their isles of exile; but in all of my marches with them—whether to the trumpet's sound of victory, or to the dirge of retreat—I never for one moment forgot the thousands upon thousands of workers who were sacrificed at the altar of war and rapine and vainglory. I went with them to their deserted benches in the empty shops, and to the vacant firesides and broken homes, I saw the weeping widows and helpless orphans, and I thought of the time when the workers of Sweden dared to say and did say to the workers of Norway:

“You and we are brothers, children of one God, Norsemen of one region. We have no grievances against each other; but those who have, let them fight.”

And, since kings and generals, who stay in the background out of reach of the fire of guns and who value

Chapter XII.

their lives more than they do those of their soldiers, would have had to engage in personal encounter, there was no fight.

I thought of THE GOOD OLD TIMES; but I did not think that they WERE good old times.¹

NOW, RIGHT ABOUT FACE! In this period of promotion of the future, we are leaving behind—that is, some of us, yes, most of us—that certain quality of conservatism, that certain spirit of saving in home and dress; and we are all of us—yes, all of us, and that includes the worker—becoming extravagant in our desire for amusement. The love of amusement has seized modern man as it did the ancient Roman. The conquests of the Caesars were justified by the tribunes because they meant more circuses and more entertainment for the Romans, but this forebode ill for Rome. Let us hope that modern civilization will not suffer this same curse. I am not sorry that Rome went down, but I do not like the dark ages in the interim; and if all this extravagance of amusement spell decay for the present system, I do not weep for it, but I should hate to think that between this and the next phase of society, we should be obliged to go through a dark age era.

But it is a fact—a fact which we cannot hide—a fact as evident as that the sum of two and two is four—that we are extravagant. The worker, too, is extravagant. We have become obsessed with the automobile mania. When you see a workman shove his savings into a gasoline wagon with all its complex difficulties, deplete his resources for

1) Of course, there are many books and historical readings on Waterloo, but I think that the best way to introduce you to reading about Waterloo is through what I consider the two best novels that deal with the Battle of Waterloo, although they indulge in author's license that make them inaccurate in several instances. Nevertheless they give you a clear insight into that great event—one with much philosophy, psychology and discernment, "*Les Misérables*," by Victor Hugo, and the other, particularly where it gives the social, gay side of war, and most particularly where it describes the ball room scene, "*Vanity Fair*" by Thackeray.

The Toiler in Belgium.

its upkeep, and pay tribute to Rockefeller for the use of his smelly stuff at a compound rate of waste, when you see the styles of dances and of dress changing with the rapidity with which a politician changes his platform promises, and when you consider that grandmother is knitting in the same dress she wore for thirty years and that grandfather is wearing the same dress suit every Sunday that he wore on his wedding day, we may be licensed to think of the good old times when men were less extravagant.

Of course, people—the common people—in the good old times were restrained by physical and governmental interference from changing clothes in such an extravagant manner. That was all left to the gentry. When a workman or his wife sees other people dressed-up and spending freely, he or she tries to do likewise. We who are anxious to see our boys and girls play with the BEST neighbors' children do it in the interest of our offspring, though the children of the BEST neighbors are not always the best nor the purest.

So it is with women. The neighbor on the right side may be a better woman than the neighbor on the left; but the one on the left is a little more indulged by her husband—and his purse—and she puts on airs until the poor woman who lives between will crane her neck sore, away from the simple but good neighbor on the right to the airy neighbor on the left. What is true of women is true of men and children. And what is true of men is true of nations. Nations are but composites of men, women, and children. Men, women, and children run nations; and the nation is as are its men, women, and children. The children usually run the mothers. The mothers are running the homes—and that means the men. That is true of the plain citizen as well as of the President, of the juror as well as of the judge, of the peasant as well as of the emperor. Napoleon's reflections in St. Helena, as told to his most loyal friend,

Chapter XII.

Gourgaud, explain how Josephine and Marie Louise ran him into his troubles and out again.

Belgium is one of those little nations which to a Texas negro appears about the size of a Mexican horsefly trying to find a resting place on the matty surface of his hard head, and which he lazily and carelessly dismisses with his elongated, bony finger so handsomely adjusted to shooting craps and digging into watermelons, with the remark, "Shoo, fly."

While Belgium is small, it isn't quite so small as all that—and you cannot dismiss it so easily. Belgium is placed like a diamond in its setting, with the Atlantic Ocean on the west, Holland on the north, Germany on the east, and France on the south; and the primrose path to Paris is as short and attractive as it can be made. Though Belgium is small, it is hard to say what its national tongue is, for the leaders are obliged to speak Flemish, Dutch, German, Belgic, and French.

When I entered Belgium, I looked about until I discovered the first official head of its labor movement, which the Belgians call the SYNDICAL COMMISSION OF THE LABOR PARTY AND THE INDEPENDENT TRADE UNIONS. After the exchange of a few formal greetings, with American frankness and a C. O. D. delivery—none of this A, B, C diplomacy stuff—I said:

"What is the matter with your movement here?"

And with equal frankness—which almost took me off my seat, for when it comes to beating-around-the-bush diplomacy, these European fellows have got us skinned a mile—he answered:

"Ah, *mon ami*, we are too near Paris. Our people are all wrong, *tout et toutes*—have gone amusement-mad—looking for fun, pleasure—want enjoyment and have no time to care. They give little consideration to this hard,

The Toiler in Belgium.

arduous, constant task of organizing and maintaining. That is what is the matter."

"Ah," I said, "and Leopold chopped hands off in Africa and Asia to increase his toll of rubber that he might have more money for the gay lights of Paris. I suppose that now they all want to follow his pace."

"That's it, that's it. We have the spirit, what you call over there in your country, 'no thought of tomorrow.' Work a little, make a little, spend it all—and then repeat."

"Well," I said, "you know that in Siberia there is a tribe that lives on plenty one day, and starves for days after. These people do their fishing through the ice. They eat as much as they can, throw the rest away, and save nothing for tomorrow—although tomorrow they may go without fish. They are human animals of the present who prefer the transitory today to the durable tomorrow."

"Correct, correct, *tres biens*, ja wohl! That is fine philosophy, and that is the psychology of our difficulties. Ah, Monsieur, you think!"

That was the compliment with which he flattered me, and soon we became friends. A mutual admiration sprang up between us. Flattery makes friends quicker than anything else I know of; but through flattery one also loses friends quickly. However, as we were not together for a very long time, this bit of flattery proved effective enough to hold us.

But I was there to investigate, and so I thrust at him a cruel cross-examination in broken German and French, to which he answered in German, French, and a little English.

The desire to be better than you are is laudable, but the desire to spend more than you can afford is not. It is extravagance that makes every one of you an embezzler and a larceny-man. One who wastes money to have a good time really steals it, and is a menace to society. We

Chapter XII.

have prisons for the man who is caught embezzling money, but what shall we do with the man who embezzles opportunity, who squanders it, and, by his embezzlement, deprives another from advancing both himself and the world? Is he not as big a felon, or even a bigger one, and does he not deserve even greater punishment? The ranks of labor are full of those who, for the time, forget father, mother, neighbor, union, and all. If the remorse and suffering were to end with the embezzler of opportunity alone, it might not be so bad, but the trouble is that all this falls heaviest on the shoulders of his fellow men, keeps them disorganized, and prevents them from gaining advancement. Every worker is a link in the chain of unionism, to fight for the cause. When one tries to gain GOOD TIMES AT ANY COST, he gains only a HANG-OVER that robs the ranks of labor of the solidarity that comes with good, solid, earnest thinking.

I could stop right here, and you would have, I believe, a fairly accurate, psychological photograph of the Belgian labor movement—unenviable and characteristically pleasure-seeking,—or perhaps it could be summed up as indolent and indifferent or glitter-climbing.

Belgium for four centuries has been tossed about like a cast-off bark on a frothy sea, or like a foot-ball in a foot-ball game of four goals between four different nations. Fighting—continuous fighting—has almost taken the fight out of Belgium. Belgium is a little piece of land—but a piece with a population the most dense in Europe. With the opportunity to choose between a republican form of government and a monarchy, she turned to a dynasty of which Leopold was the master criminal. Belgium is a country so heterogeneous in its population, that it is actually divided into counties, each with a different speech, different customs, and different dress.

Is it any wonder that the NOBLESSE became fastidious

The Toiler in Belgium.

after an over-satiation of the gay life of Paris? The Belgians are a people apathetic and callous to any effort to wake them out of their lethargy. Their peasantry is phlegmatic and inertia bound; their working class subservient and supine to the whims and caprice of the masters; all are filled with torpor towards their emancipation—unconcerned about the plight of a fellow man, unshocked at the enslaving of little children of the age of four and five in the work shops and places of drudgery; all toil with a general disregard for freedom of government. Their soldiery have grown hebetated to spoliation. Until recently they have been without labor leadership. Nonchalant! I looked hard to find the right word to describe the general character of the Belgians. I found it, although it is not just to my liking. It is a word hard to pronounce, almost obsolete in its use, but it is the nearest I could find. It is "pocourante," which means caring little, Eva Tanguay style—"I don't care."

In recent years, however, there has come the beginning of a remarkable change. The people of Belgium have been forced by the modern newspaper to read and by contact with the people of other nations, to observe that the comatose condition in which they have been lying by virtue of an overdose of the anaesthetic of the feudalistic and dark age spirit, may lead to civil death. Hence, the sponge of liquid chloroform is being removed, and a little oxygen of radicalism is being given the patient. Already a few labor leaders are filling the Belgian lungs with hopes of a better day.

With all the conditions above, what little has been accomplished by labor in Belgium, is due to the labor leaders. They have some remarkable labor leaders; but alack, for reasons aforesaid, they have not got the army.

Belgium is a great diamond country, even larger than Holland; and yet they are poorly organized. That is why, perhaps, you do not hear so much of the Antwerp diamond as you do of the Amsterdam diamond. The

Chapter XII.

workmanship of the Dutch diamond is justly celebrated because the workers are skilled men and every one a union member.

As in every other country on the continent, every worker in Belgium who joins organized labor soon becomes active in political affairs; and ninety out of every hundred union men are members of the labor party.

In 1913 the wagonmakers had a big strike, and a large number were convicted. The sentence was from three days to eight months, and not one was acquitted. Courts usually follow the flag, but the workers' flag does not wave over the courts of Belgium. The Belgians have no injunctions, but they have police who are brutal, for they are the police of the Leopold dynasty.

The labor leaders, as well as the rank and file, just as soon as they begin to read and see, become foes of existing things; and, as put by one of their leaders, while they are born and marry and die under symbolic auspices approved by the government, they do not live under such.

Their co-operative societies are beginning to grow. The bakers' co-operative society has succeeded in making not only dough, but money, which it has generously contributed to the political use of the labor party and to the strikes. There are co-operative societies which carry insurance against sickness, fire, and death. The labor leaders are trying hard to get their followers to join these co-operative societies and to invest their little savings with them, for they feel that just as soon as the men begin to acquire the habit of saving, they will stick to the movement that is holding their investment.

The union cigar-makers of Belgium have a label. This is the first country in which I found a union label. To give you an idea of the condition of organized labor, the metal workers of Belgium are the most strongly organized, and yet they are less than twenty-five per cent organ-

The Toiler in Belgium.

ized. Of course, it is needless to say that the farm toiler is practically unorganized.

Emigration to France is tremendous; but the people go to France only to spend, and come back to hibernate and to work. By the way, I discovered a new term applying to strike breakers in Belgium. Strike breakers in Belgium are called *Kälber*, which is German for oxen. The Belgian works hard; and any one who can be secured to work harder than he for a small pittance must be an ox.

The thing that is doing the most to open the eyes of Belgian labor, that is making the people listen to their labor leaders, and that will some day spell the end of the Leopold dynasty, is the burden of soldiery. You know Belgium tried to follow the example of France. If you have read the newspapers at all, most likely you will remember that the Socialists made tremendous gains in France, and now practically control the Cabinet because of their fight against increased soldiery service. Until recently Belgium had one soldier to a family, but the government needed forty or forty-five thousand soldiers more to take care of its colonies and its rubber countries. The burden became as great as two or three soldiers to a family, the service—depending upon the man—lasting from fifteen to twenty-four months. Perhaps this increase in military demand accounts for the fact that there have been some Socialist gains in Belgium recently.

The Belgian labor leaders recognizing the characteristics of their people, but recognizing the effect of Paris and France as well, and fearing that the strict discipline of the German labor movement would not be to the liking of the Belgians, have struck a happy medium between the cool German and the hot-headed French labor philosophies—they have a sort of SEMI-SYNDICALISM, of which I should say that the smaller or weaker half is SYNDICALISM. They mix their politics and their unionism together. They are

Chapter XII.

continually urging their members to read and to study, and in connection with their labor halls they have their own beer gardens. The idea is to keep the men as near labor quarters as possible. They preach constantly against alcoholism, and also against excessive spending for amusement.

To get a further idea of conditions in Belgium, just keep in mind the fact that school attendance is not obligatory, that over thirteen per cent of the soldiers cannot read or write, that over fifty per cent of the land workers are illiterate, that the enforcement of safety laws and hours of work is very lax, that children four and five years of age carry bricks for fifteen cents a day, and that twelve years is the age limit for child work. But when a country has a king who cuts off arms that he may get more rubber, it is to be expected that he have a constabulary that is given to bribery, for bribery is the cause of all of these laws being unobserved.

Boycotts are not allowed. Newspapers are severely punished. One of the labor newspapers that furthered a boycott about three years ago paid a fine as high as two thousand francs. Wages are small because of high living. As I said before, the metal workers are the strongest union and are, therefore, paid the highest wages.

To give you a further idea of how these workers are pressed, a secretary of one of the unions took it upon himself to expose factory conditions, showing how government officials were lax in the enforcement of laws. For this he was promptly convicted, fined two thousand francs, and given a sentence of imprisonment in addition.

Belgium is a country of many middlemen, who are strongly opposed to the interests of the workers. Evidently the middlemen have not yet been oppressed by the powers above.

The last country that Belgium was separated from was Holland—in 1830—and among the thinking people of

The Toiler in Belgium.

Belgium there is general regret, for Holland and Belgium were meant to be as one against the powers. Had Belgium stuck to Holland, the workers of Belgium might have fared better. In Holland, however, there is an under-current of sentiment for Germany, and if the Dutch had the choice of joining any other country, they would join Germany. The Belgian people, I think, would join France.

When you consider the characteristics of the Belgian worker and the characteristics of Belgium generally, too much praise cannot be given to the union labor leaders of that country. In Germany, the worker goes from the school to the workshop, and from the workshop to the union; while in Belgium he has to be entirely remolded, for from the workshop his path leads along the primrose way of dalliance, and his characteristics must be modified or changed. The German sees from the workshop to the union; the Belgian's eyes must be taken off the things that glitter and turned towards the things that he should see. But as every cloud has its silver lining, so there is much hope for the progress of the Belgian labor movement. A people, no matter how dull or stupid or indifferent, can be oppressed just so much and no more. I think that the power of Belgium to oppress has reached its limit. Some day—and I look forward to that day, not far off—the whole population will straighten up from its bond of enslaved indifference and insipid non-concern about its labor organization, sober up from the effects of its amusement-inebriety, and then—woe unto Leopold's dynasty, and glory unto the cause of Union Labor!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TOILER IN FRANCE.*

I READ an account the other day of a producing manager of a moving picture show cutting down a kissing scene film from three yards to one yard for reasons censorious and economical, I presume. But he cut it down. So, my horny-handed reader, France should be the subject of essaying for at least three numbers. But I, too, must cut it down.

Teddy's river of doubt may lead him into the ocean of trouble. A minute declaration of this task may precipitate a disputatious harangue. An aviator's eye, fixed from somewhere near the clouds, gets but a touch of the topography of the country beneath him, but this must suffice. We will get a touch, just a touch of the topography of the Frenchman's chief characteristic. After all, that is what we want.

The Frenchman's characteristic is a CONTINUOUS PARADOXICAL EXCITABILITY. The Frenchman and his country, and particularly his capital, the city of Paris, occasion much astonishment as well as disappointment. And it is not the fault of any of them. It is the tourist's fault.

French has always been deemed the language *àclat*. Every one who makes pretense at belles arts must know a little French. Every tourist brushes up what little he knows of French—ah! and he knows just a little. Is it the poor Frenchman's fault that you cannot speak his language as it should be spoken, and that he converses in your tongue better than you do in his? It shocks your keener sensibilities, it pricks the bubble of your imagination in the effect you intended to create and inspire. It

* July, 1914.

The Toiler in France.

brings you down with no gentle thump to a level of which you did not dream.

Paris is the world's capital of every traveler's first journey. You have heard, you have read of Gay Paris. You go there to look for it. You really seek the forbidden, the sub-regioned, the sub-cellaried stuff. You, father, mother, son, and daughter, would recede in shame were such things suggested to you among the acquaintances of your own nativity; but in Paris you think that all the decency that you have ever affected, all the respectability that you have professed and veneered yourself with throughout all your life can be suspended for the time. Of course, you are disappointed because that which you looked for as indecent is not quite so depraved, so sensuous, so forlorn as you had imagined.

And then on the other hand, you look for the things pictured and painted by word, and pen, and brush—sumptuous, glorious—and you find them to be quite mundane. Neither the zenith of splendor nor the nadir of depravity through all Paris is beyond or even up to what you thought, what you saved up to spend for, in coming and seeing. That, too, fills you with the spirit that comes to every circus patron who goes away from the show, feeling that it was not at all as bill-boarded and that he did not get his money's worth. The elephants and camels and bare-back riders and clowns were much like those of other circuses.

Can you imagine the disappointment to come there, not with a Diogenes lantern to look for the Honest, but with an effulgent flash-light or light-bug lantern? You have come to go through the darkness and moral sewers of Paris, but here and there to cast a light before you over the path you tread. No, no, Paris is not an Aladdin's lamp that gives you what you wish.

Paris and France and the French are like other cities

Chapter XIII.

and countries and people. You have to get used to them. What they have and can give, they give, for they can do no more. The French nation, the French people, and Paris have, from the beginning of modern history, been at the forefront of the world's attention. Certainly, they have never stood still. In the three you always find an historical disturbance of some kind. Just as a geologist is always watching the seismograph for an earthquake from that part of the earth given up to undulatory disturbances, so is the world constantly looking to France, the Frenchman, and Paris for historical upheavals. And why not? France has always been the leader of style and dress and other things which go to change feminine, bodily, and facial contour. Why should it not, then, be so in its many changes politically? Anyhow, you can never speak of France as a nation which stood still, of Paris as a city of tranquility, or of the French as a pacific people.

The French have divided their people,—at least they did in times back,—into three grand divisions, called estates: the first estate, the *CLERGY*; the second estate, the *NOBLESSE*; the third estate, the *BOURGEOIS*. During the French Revolution, they added another estate, and they called it the fourth estate, the power of the press. The *WORKMEN*, the *TOILERS*, the *TILLERS*, the *MEN* upon whose backs all mankind rests, the Atlases of the world, were not even counted. The men who furnished the human ammunition for all the countless wars, revolutions, strikes, and internecine quarrels were not counted. The first to give up life everywhere for France were not even considered. One had to become a little shop-man before he could be recognized and placed in an estate. Man alone did not count. Man plus a business, man plus a profession did count. Man plus a title did count, and man plus the cloth of the church did count; but the man who, as a soldier, refused to obey the command of a superior to fire upon

The Toiler in France.

hungry people, and sent the shivers up and down the regal spine of Versailles, the man who made King Louis change palaces, the man who tilled the soil and made all France bend on her knees and cry for bread, the man who was the hope of France to relieve it from its famine, the famine which even Necker's magic could not vanquish, the man who cried for work when there was no work, that he might make the wheels of industry go round and round and set France in motion once more towards prosperity, did not count. Yet, while he did not count, he was the hope of Paris and France and the French. When he failed, France lost. When he succeeded, France won. He may not have counted. He may even count very little now, though things have changed.

The style of the government, and the titles and names and personnel of the officers, may have changed from time to time, but he, the toiler, was a Frenchman always, and he possessed and still possesses all of the characteristics of a Frenchman. Labor may harden the cuticle of the palm of your hand. It may bronze and stiffen the muscles of your body. It may dull the conception and the desire for a higher notion of things—for the want of opportunity to be thus educated. But no more, for the higher emotions of nature are always there in all men regardless of class or education.

Presto change! and the maid in the kitchen becomes the mistress in the parlor, and the mistress in the parlor, the maid in the kitchen. A modiste, a poodle dog, a lorgnette, a lesson or two not to eat pie with her knife or soup with a snort, and in less time than it takes to tell, you will forget that the mistress was ever a maid and the maid a mistress.

Carlyle says: "Man is a clothes-wearing animal." Therefore, do not think that you are looking down upon a degraded mankind in the poorly dressed worker of France.

Chapter XIII.

When reading the average French History, you find but little of the French proletariat. He is the only one for whom you should really look. If you know French history, if you know of its many conquests and of its many setbacks, if you know of its many revolutions and counter revolutions, of its communes, of its Napoleons and its Louis, of its Charlemagnes and Richelieus, of its Robespierres and Mirabeaus, of its Dantons and La Fayettees, of its Racines and Molières, of its Victor Hugos and Balzacs, of its Comtes, if you know of its Esterhazies and its Dreyfusses, if you know of its Camilles and Saphos, Valjeans and Jarvais, and of its Joan of Arc, you may know something of the French people. The French are an impulsive people psychologically—a nation in which the foreign born have not made many inroads. The Frenchman is hot-headed. The French temper, his paradoxical excitability, is all there. The nation may have changed from empire to republic and from republic to kingdom and back again, but the French characteristic is just the same now as it was ten years back, fifty years back, one thousand years back. The Frenchman is always ready for a commune, a revolution, a war.

France today is the creator and maintainer of a new system of Labor protest. It is the home of industrialism. There I. W. W.'ism first saw the light of its troublesome existence. It got its inspiration from the *SABÔT*, the wooden shoe which the French peasant used to wear and which he was so handy in throwing,—giving one a bloody nose, or a black eye,—and then running away. Hence *SABOTAGE*.

France, in the real, broad, honest sense, has no labor unions. It has some semblance of syndicates. But what are French syndicates? They are mostly gathering places. The spirit of clubs, the spirit of Jacobin gatherings that failed France during the French Revolution, is still there. The syndicates are mere meeting places. True, some pay

The Toiler in France.

dues; but what of that? It is all merely nominal, with little system, slight duty, no obligation.

The French worker is still a happy-go-free individual—an unbridled pony. The harness of discipline he cannot bear to wear—he tears it off. Hence, French labor syndicates.

Thomas Carlyle coined the term that suits the Frenchman's restlessness. It is ELEUTHEROMANIA, which means mania for freedom. Mania means madness. There it is. He is mad in his craving for freedom. What difference there is between a sane desire for freedom and a mad desire for freedom! The German's desire is sane. The Frenchman's desire is mad. Sanity means order, labor, patience, education. Madness means irresponsibility, and madness brings one to the madhouse. Hence, one must first be cured of his madness before the rational, before sense will assert itself. The Frenchman must first be cured of his madness before France will have a labor movement capable of giving real assistance to labor. Of course, the Frenchman will have to be cooled down and calmed down before that can be done, but it will be done. So long as the middle man, the bourgeois, of France runs French industries, which are merely pygmy and primitive compared with the industries of the United States, England, and Germany, and keeps on running them with French money, just so long will the French worker behave himself as he does now; for foreign money, money that has no country, money that has no patriotism, money that has no conscience is invading France. New capital will begin to build and to monopolize France; and it will exploit French UNORGANIZED and MALORGANIZED labor cheaply. It will continue to do so until it forces the French to change from I. W. W.'ism to Unionism.

The Frenchman learns quickly and acts quickly. I. W. W.'ism is suited for a business that is individualistic,

Chapter XIII.

competitive in its very conception, for I. W. W.'ism is individualistic, anarchistic, competitive. I. W. W.'ism is anarchism. A monopoly of business will make for a solidification of labor—Unionism. That is co-operation, the very opposite of individualism. I. W. W.'ism is half-baked Unionism. It reminds one of the baker's queues. During the French Revolution, and during the period of famine in the Eighteenth Century, being short of cereals, the people got not only short-weighted, but half-baked bread, which made them sick and gave them dysentery; and so with I. W. W.'ism: it fills the worker with half-baked doctrines. He tries it and is like the dog who left the bone for the shadow. If he is just a beginner, a neophyte, a thinker in the cause of Unionism, then he gets short-weighted and ill nourished. The result is, he gets sick; and, when he recuperates, he often runs away so far from what was the cause of illness that even Unionism with difficulty overtakes him to bring him back to his rational self. Sick men often become so dispirited that they reject all medical help. Sick men abandon the slow methods of the ethical doctor for the sure-kill, doped, quack medicines. So it is with a worker who has been I. W. W.'ized; it is hard to get the dope out of his system. But it has to be done to save him.

Moses stuck out his tongue to touch the glitter of the burning coals. Moses, as a result, was tongue-tied for the rest of his life. The worker who has tasted I. W. W.'ism is afterwards charred in his Labor Union spirit for a long time to come.

In all of France's strifes for freedom, there were never those who were conservative and calm, those who were striving and yet patient. There were always those who were anxious, those who were more than anxious, those who were excited, and those who were more than excited. And those who were less excited nick-named those who

The Toiler in France.

were more excited; that is, those who wanted a de-royalized king named those who were impatient republicans, *sansculotts*, which literally means, WITHOUT PANTS. At that time the great multitudes were so ragged, due to poverty, that they literally had no breeches, or, as better interpreted and improvised upon, they were so anxious to get to the goal of republicanism that they had no time to put on their pants. The I. W. W.'s are *sansculotts*. They are so anxious to put out the present order of things that they do not take the time to put on their pants. That is, they don't stop to figure out things. Hence, their many hysterical tricks and jugglings have always wound up with a great big NOTHING.

Ah, my friends, I have used hard terms. But just as the deer and the buffalo take to the salt trail on their pilgrimages to satiate their saline appetites as nature demands of them, so, in spite of myself, the logical trail has brought me to the conclusion which I cannot escape. Jumping out of a burning building or from a sinking ship may excuse one for not being in full apparel, but the ship of the present system is yet so well anchored, so moored, so held to shore, so safe, and still so enduring, that each of you has plenty—plenty of time to put on your pants before you make your escape. It is all right to jump and leave all else behind when only by jumping, life can be saved—when danger is imminent—when there is no other alternative. But does not the man return to the burning building to save his possessions, when he finds that there is yet time and safety? So it is with labor emancipation. Go to it, but you still have plenty of time.

I. W. W.'ism is for the present unjustifiable, unnecessary—a wasteful effort, mentally, physically, and financially. Calm yourself. Be patient. You have lots of time. The show has not yet begun. Put on your pants. It may embarrass you to be without them. Besides, kilts are getting

Chapter XIII.

out of fashion, and you may catch cold, or mosquitoes may bite you in a very embarrassing position—yes, even infect you.

Do you now get a true picture of the French labor theory? For fear that you have not done so, I am going to do what I have not yet done in my talks with you. I am going to quote from others. Let me now pause, my horny-handed and under-paid reader. I am going to thank you for giving me the opportunity to write this, to talk this; for, after forming my opinion, after shaping my thoughts—and I knew long beforehand what I was going to say—after I had been in France and had prepared myself to mince no words and to spare no one, and after I had made observations as to the characteristics of a noble nation and people—I went to the authorities to see if I was alone in what I had said or if I could find corroboration. Thank you, I found corroboration and I found more. It made me re-read things that I had read long ago, and it made me read things that I had not read before. I certainly have spent many hours in pleasant associations, for books are pleasant associations. Let me tell you right now that my views were inexorably formed, but I derived pleasure, keen pleasure, in finding them entrenched in the thoughts, in the philosophies of great men.

Charles Dickens read Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution*, the master historical, philosophic book of all times by the master historical philosopher and master of masters of English—which you should not venture to read unless you make up your mind to take a dictionary in one hand and a pencil in the other, to note down the things that impress you most. This book gave Dickens the inspiration for his novel, *The Tale of Two Cities*, a romance filled with historical instances, which any one can read, for it is so beautifully written, and is within the mental grasp and reach of everyone. But I got my inspira-

The Toiler in France.

tion for this talk with you by personal observation; and then I re-read Carlyle's *French Revolution* and I appreciated it as I never did before. I am indebted to him for some of the terminology and part of the style that courses through the veins and arteries of this writing.

Let us begin to quote, and let us begin with Napoleon, with Napoleon after he was in exile, with Napoleon as he reflected, when he had time to reflect, when he could look back from his isolated island and see things as they were and then as they should be; and let us see what he says of the French:

"The French nation has no national character. It is governed by fashion. At present the French are all of one party. Tomorrow they may all be of another, insisting that they have always belonged to it at heart. . . ."

A paradox is something which is true, but which does not seem true.

He continues:

"What do you say now about the forty thousand national guards who yesterday wished to murder you, and who say today that they are all for you? That was just like the French. No nation has had more kings assassinated than the French—a nation by no means easy to govern. . . ."

"A deliberate body is a fearful thing to deal with. . . ."

There you have the French characteristic of impatience. When you see a people all cheering one day for the tri-color, and the next for the black, and the next for the white, and the next for the green cockade, then you can see that they are filled with the emotion of excitability—a disregard for and a total absence of deliberation.

Waterloo, Crecy, and Agincourt are the three decisive battles where English deliberation triumphed over French excitability, careful planning over momentary inspiration. A people who could send a Voltaire, the man who laughed

Chapter XIII.

tolerance into France,—a Rousseau, who supplanted the artificial with the natural,—a Victor Hugo, who opened the flood gates of human thought and reform into every institution of France—into exile and then bring them back in triumph and erect monuments to their memory—such a people may be said to be characterized by PARADOXICAL EXCITABILITY.

Abbé Felix Klein, the priest who wrote a book called, *The American Student in France*, a great Catholic writer of France, says:

“It is the rule in France for men to be anti-religious and their wives devout. But I hear that almost everywhere in the southwest, nearly all the men attend the mass on the Sunday previous to which an election is held, and then, on going out of church, they vote for the candidate who is an enemy of their religion. . . .”

In speaking of the workers in the iron industries, this learned, far-seeing suffragist continues:

“Religious as a rule, yet devoted socialists, who are by no means friendly to the church. . . .”

Here you have it, out of the mouth of an eminent Catholic divine, proof of the paradox of the French characteristic—paradox which is true, yet seems to be something absurd or impossible.

One gets the fever of excitability when in Paris. One is seized with a regular calenture of excitement. Automobiles fly around and about at top speed. Everyone must take care of himself and if an automobile runs into you, you, and not the automobile, are likely to be arrested for interrupting traffic. In crossing the street where passes a continuous stream of autos and taxis, one must take a breath and run across as well as he can, and then, when he gets on the other side, look around and examine himself to see if all of him is there. Tell a French cabman to be more careful, or tell him to move on when he is waiting,

The Toiler in France.

and he will throw himself into a paroxysm or into an epileptic fit; and he will run you into perdition or heaven, depending upon the way you have lived up to that moment. There you have the excitability.

The Parisians, or those who patronize Paris, are grossly extravagant. Go but a short distance from the city, and you will see those beautiful strips of land called farms, where every inch of earth is made to produce. The farmer is frugal beyond any conception of the most rigid economy; his garden, orchard, or farm, are clean as a whistle. And then go back to the city, where you see Gastons and Alphonses who are the very superlative of politeness, grab chairs and crowd women, children, and old men out of seats in a vehicle, and you have the paradox surfeited.

See Paris crowded with women of the demimonde, recognized and tolerated, filling the places of amusement; and then again, take the French wives, the most loyal, faithful, and economical, and you have again a situation which makes paradox rise like the mercury in a heated thermometer.

Between sibilations and *vivats*, the French leader often finds himself in the same boat with the umpire of a base ball game. Angry fandom may throw bottles and assume menacing proportions, but the police are always there to quell any disturbance; yet when the French once get stirred up, the police and the soldiers are likewise stirred up, and the guillotine or exile is the finale—often without any time for requiems or absolutions. A people who will fight with each other and against each other, who are too impatient to sow before they reap and would rather reap before they sow, yet in co-operative schemes—such as banks, financial companies, and profit-sharing companies—they outnumber any other country. Here again is the paradox: those who are given up to industrial and political

Chapter XIII.

uprisings are yet able to enter into money-making schemes that require patience and difficult husbanding.

When Caesar returned to Rome triumphant, he brought with him trophies from other lands for seeming distribution among the Roman populace. Caesar conquered to despoil and to divide. Napoleon went out to conquer. His thought was to bring back the prizes of archaeology and ethnology—to fill the museums of Paris; and the mob who had gone hungry, and the widow whose bread-winner was never to return, were immediately satiated with the sight of the trophies and Napoleon, and went hoarse with "*Vive l'Empereur*," "*Vive la France*," and the women who cheered were the very maenads who had marched from Paris to Versailles to cry for bread, and instead of getting bread, had driven King Louis from Versailles to Paris.

Paradox, paradox, oh pardon this solecism, to descend while dealing with a subject so lofty, so sublime, but it will satisfy me if I can use a little slang. This is my way of blowing off: "Can you beat it?" There, I feel better now.

Here is a people that will march to Versailles to get its rights, that will stay in the rain tripudiating there and back in a sort of waltz step which you see little children practicing along the sidewalks. Well, do you know that that spirit seizes a fellow like a fever called quotidian, which leaves you and comes back intermittently?

You must not, however, think that the era of the French Revolution drew all the people into the fight. Murders, decapitations, making constitutions and guillotines, and changing of leaders, became a business. Now industrialism has become a business in France, and it is so akin to the spirit and times of the French Revolution, that there is almost a revolution over again, only on a more modern scale. Revolutions usually begin on a smaller scale. What will become of this spirit when the monopoly of industries becomes sure-footed in France, is to be seen. Why have

The Toiler in France.

a revolution, when conditions can be bettered without revolution? Why waste and pillage? Why bleed and die? The altar of sacrifice is no longer the chopping block, the guillotine, the battlefield. It is the school, the book, the newspaper, the labor union. It is slower but safer. A revolution means starting all over again, in its literal sense. It brings you back whence you started. Evolution means rolling on. Education once gained, never leaves. Education begets education, and more education means more force, and greater education means greater power. Revolution means death to some, birth to others; and the dead are no longer of any earthly assistance. The new born must be taught from the beginning, must be taught the A, B, C's. Evolution is education that takes hold and never recedes—that ever goes forward. That is the law of nature. Revolution is not a necessary law of nature. It is but man's make-shift for his shortcomings, for his impatience, for his tyranny. Evolution is nature's law, ordained by life itself.

Paradox, oh, paradox! Thomas Paine, in his COMMON SENSE, which brought us political independence, preached against taking of life; and, because he was opposed to taking the life of the king, though he opposed royalty, being too humane unnecessarily to take life, royal or plebian, he was imprisoned and condemned to the guillotine. A confused and excited prison keeper, through error, let him escape, to live on for the further good of mankind.

The bastille is destroyed and shattered. The secret recesses of its dark dungeons are made to receive heaven's own light. Freedom proclaimed to its prisoners, the bastille is destroyed as a protest to the incarceration and terrorization of those who speak for France, and in its stead a reign of terror is instituted, a thousand times more bloody, more terrifying than the old bastille. This is not a Babel of purposes. No! No! This is all the product of French

Chapter XIII.

temperament. The Frenchman destroys, he demolishes as thoughtlessly as he sometimes builds, and he does it all in his excitement. What thought comes, must be executed. Twice thought is deliberation, and that is not French. A Frenchman may do a thing half-way, but he never undoes it half-way. He may start to build and then give up before he completes, but he never gives up when he starts to destroy. He never stops until it is all destroyed.

Thus it is with the labor movement in France. It was never wholly built, but whatever was built was destroyed and is being destroyed most completely by industrialism. France today has no labor movement. Bold statement? But it is the unvarnished truth. The whole movement has been eviscerated—yes, in plain tongue, the guts pulled out of it. Just as the walls of a building burned within stand an empty shell, so is the French labor movement. Its name is there, but what goes to a logical, real union as it should be, has been eviscerated—the guts pulled out of it.

The birth rate of France is on the decline. Its human fecundity is addled. Poodle dogs take the place of children in their closeted and thwarted apartments. I. W. W.'ism has addled the labor movement of France and has fertilized it with chimeras and visions barren of results, and hopes never to be realized. Paradox! Paradox! A St. Bartholomew night, a destruction of life in terrible numbers in the name of Him who never would have a single life taken,—a big Napoleon, a little Napoleon, a ruler of the first republic, a ruler of the last republic,—all are present quandaries to the unraveller of psychological cause and effect. Such is the state of the French temperament. Though it be a republic today and its soldiers National Guards tomorrow, for a cause that may seem wholly insufficient to the Anglo-Saxon, it may turn royalist, and the workers, who would first be drawn into action to shoot and

The Toiler in France.

to be shot, would be the first to turn and perhaps in a few hours turn back again.

Add to the French industries of today such starvation and famine as Necker had to grapple with, and you will have the French Revolution and Reign of Terror all over again. A real labor movement will prevent labor revolution. It will be able to finance in a sane and systematic way its strikers and its strikes, its out-of-work members and its members in distress. But a temperament with which nature has endowed a people, all the philosophies in the world cannot battle with.

Victor Hugo says: "In rags there is no sex."

And I add: There is no sex in hunger and want, and there is no sex in the spirit of destruction.

Says Victor Hugo again: "Other mobs are dull masses. The French mob again is among the liveliest phenomena of our world today."

And says Victor Hugo again: "France is of the same quality as the people. Besides, she is good and is more of us than other nations in the humor for devotion and sacrifice. Still humor takes her and leaves her, and this is the great danger for those who run when she wishes to walk or who walk when she wishes to halt. France has her relapses into materialism, and at seasons the ideas which obstruct this sublime train have nothing that recalls French grandeur: the giantess plays the dwarf, and immense France feels a fancy for littleness—Paris, the august home for initiative, impulse, and EXPERIMENT. Moreover, imitate Paris and you will ruin yourself, as Paris imitates herself, particularly in this nonsensical and insensate squandering."

Voltaire, on the other hand, smiled upon the French character: "The French (are), prompt to resolve, ardent to combat, impetuous in attack and EASILY DISCOURAGED. . . . The Parisian is impetuous in his pleasures as he formerly was in his fierceness. . . ."

Chapter XIII.

And Balzac said of Paris: "A city of fiery ordeals and branch establishment of hell."

A city is but the reflection of its people. Now compare that with what Emerson said: "If the English race were as immutable as the French, what RELIABILITY."

Understand that the French have other characteristics, but I am dealing with only that predominant one which I believe controls their labor policies.

Hear what Carlyle says: "Add only that the French nation distinguishes itself among nations by the CHARACTERISTICS OF EXCITABILITY, with the good, but also with the perilous evil which belongs to that. Rebellion, explosions of unknown extent to be calculated on."

Thus, horny-handed reader, have we weighed in the scale of philosophy the French characteristic, but we must go on. How we all hate to descend, no matter where we are—whether on the soap-box or on the throne, on the bench or on the rostrum—we hate to descend. I have talked in psychological terms of the French character. Now to get down to details feels like an every day job. One feels as though it were beneath his effort. Yet we all have to do it. You all have heard the story of the Russian peasant and the student who had just graduated from the engineering department of a university. The road was muddy after a heavy rain, and the wheels were sunk to the hubs. The oxen could not pull the wagon out from the sunken rut. The engineering student, filled with all his book knowledge and fresh from school, still able to read his diploma in the virgin Latin, took out his paper and pencil and began to solve by geometrical ratio and algebraic proportions the peasant's difficulty. He began to calculate in formulas of mass times energy, divided by power, multiplied by velocity and acceleration. He talked and wrote in terms of horse-power—and all that stuff—and in this way endeavored to teach the peasant how to

The Toiler in France.

help himself out of his dilemma. The poor bemuddled and besmeared peasant listened for a while and then in utter disgust cried out: "Oh, to hell with all that. Come out here and help pull." The student was quite taken aback by this shocking speech, but, believe me, after some help in pulling, he, with the assistance of the peasant and the oxen, was able to lift the wagon out of the mud. The wagon moved on towards home, and the poor theoretical student had his first lesson in the practical. He learned that getting down to practical hard work may not always be nice, but occasionally we all have to take off our collars and coats, don our overalls, and pull.

All that I have said of the French people and of the French laboring men may be said of their labor leaders. Listen to what the head of their movement says:

"Keep in mind the temperament of our people; keep in mind that our temperament may not be suited to syndicalism. The French do not love anything that takes time and patience to accomplish."

How true! A strike in France must be over, whether won or lost, in a short time, for the little French manufacturer, like the French laborer, decides quickly whether he will yield or not. Numerous strikes, therefore, are but short. When capital becomes organized, then beware of your quick methods and labor leaders. Everything is at top speed—the French Revolution, the French life is for change. Of course, this leads to diversified opinions among those who try to lead the worker. Hence, there is at this time much friction among the ranks. What paradox again! In politics the French laborer votes for the socialists. He favors a constructive, anti-military, anti-tax policy—at present a very popular policy in France. He talks like an individualist, but he votes the very opposite way. Even the most pronounced and anarchistic of labor leaders, who hate socialism as bitterly as an orthodox Jew shuns pork,

Chapter XIII.

and who look upon socialism as a mere altruistic reform, vote for it. They vote under protest. The government and the labor unions are not their friends, and hatred is open. The government looks down upon French unions as anarchistic, and the unions look down upon the government as an archaic institution.

The Frenchman is not fond of organization. He loves revolution, not evolution.

"The German must have an organization of 200,000 men before he can get 20,000 out on a strike. We, with an organization of 2,000 men can get out 200,000 men," remarks their leader.

All he needs is a cause. He will get all the sympathy he wants. The Frenchman will not strike for himself, but he will always strike out of sympathy for his fellow workers. All French labor wants is, not money or membership, but inspiration and a cause. The inspiration is always ready and can be fired at any time, for the French are inflammatory. The inspiration is highly combustible, but the French worker has been without a leader for many years. Socialism and syndicalism in France do not mix. The syndicalist does not believe in government, and, of course, real socialism is highly concentrated government. See how out-spoken the leader is.

"Do you believe in sabotage?" I ask.

"Yes," is the answer. "I believe in intelligent sabotage, mental sabotage."

"What do you mean by mental sabotage?"

"All that is very simple. You, of course, understand the difference between a wilful act and a negligent act, a wilful commission or omission, a negligent commission or omission. If I aim at your head with a cane and strike you, it is a wilful act; but if I carelessly let my cane come in contact with your head, it may be unavoidable, yet a negligent act on my part. Strike? What for? If the boss

The Toiler in France.

does not grant my request, I shall not wilfully let my boiler go without water. That is a negligent omission. Intelligent sabotage. Mental sabotage. Thus with the baker: He may not purposely put a nail in the bread, but he can carelessly put his dough over and amber into it some foreign substance. That is intelligent sabotage. That is the way to strike."

Well, you might as well argue with a Chinese laundryman that he ought to cut off his pig-tail, as to argue with a man with such conceptions. That is not intelligent but destructive. It is puerile toying with problems that need higher attention and saner consideration. You have to let him outgrow his notions. If he cannot outgrow them, he will die and another and saner leader will take his place. No, no, you need not think he was feigning. It was not the mania of Edward—it was the mania of Lear, yes, even worse than eleutheromania; it was not even madness for freedom, but madness for destruction. It was destructive mania, and why coin a new word when you have sabotage, syndicalism, I. W. W.'ism, as synonyms of what the French labor problems stands for. The anarchist or I. W. W.'ist or syndicalist politically makes little impression, but industrially he affects the cause of labor. The labor confederation of France is not made up of mere disheartened laborers, but numbers among its membership railroad employees, postmen, and schoolmasters. All trades, industries, and professions are included. That is to say, all are members of one local, regardless of trade or profession. The dues are nominal. The principal requisite for membership seems to be a subscription to their paper, *LA VOIX DU PEUPLE*. In case of a strike, they first begin to make an appeal for aid to the whole of France. You who have had some experience in strikes know how much money can be raised in that manner.

The Frenchman is a strong individualist and does not

Chapter XIII.

care much for proselyting. Of course, the temper of the people and their kind of organization will not permit of a regular, constructive membership, and the government forbids them to hold meetings in the open for the purpose of industrializing the workers.

France is always full of strike breakers, mostly from Italy, Belgium, and southern France, and lately they have formed an organization of strike breakers. Thus in France we have but the beginning of American methods and foreign capital in industry. The typographical workers have locals of their own and provide for sick benefits. This union is, to the labor movement of France, an oasis in a desert. Lawyers in France are plenty, and they all offer their services in strikes gratuitously. It is needless to say that women and children do not belong to unions and are exploited as workers. Children work at the age of eight and nine.

The worker is opposed to parliament and law-making bodies, and he gives as his reason that parliament makes laws for the workers which they do not enforce, and laws against the workers which they do enforce.

Briand is a name greatly hated by the French worker. The French always hiss him. He was the father of the French general strike, in which industrialism had its inception; but just as soon as he became minister, he turned right around against that idea. Ten hours is a working day for men, women, and children, but it is not enforced. Very few women are members of any labor assemblage. Occasionally they get new blood, young workers, in their ranks; but usually they are newly made theorists who are looking for an opportunity to exploit their theories. The French strikers fare badly in courts. The juries are men of the middle class, and as a rule convict strikers. Syndicalism has no use for the church. The labor movement is full of

The Toiler in France.

spies—such spies as only the Frenchmen can make. They are all Jarvais’.

The government was determined to increase the period of military service to three years. A mighty protest against such an act by the government resulted, and many workers were imprisoned. Irony of things! They were arrested and imprisoned by the very soldiers who oppose long military service.

The cost of living in France, particularly in Paris, is very high. You may get some idea of wages from this: Watchmakers, who are supposed to get good pay, receive five francs for nine hours’ work. Five francs make a dollar. There are many anti-alcoholic societies in France.

The government, in 1912, thought it would discourage the spirit of syndicalism by giving the laboring men meeting places for labor organizations, but instead of accomplishing what the government thought it would, it had quite the other effect. The new and modern sabotage, which is striking terror to the heart of the government, is that the French worker, especially of Paris, is a creature who lives from hand to mouth and refuses to have children. It is this decrease in population that has moved France to increase the army service period.

Paris attracts boys and girls from all districts. Girls find wages too low for subsistence, temptations too great, and—the inevitable. Oh, you daughters of men, God’s creatures of love, souls of heaven, the very beings who have been born to live and love and to dwell in matrimony and maternity, are defiled, deflowered, debauched, and diseased, and then sent to the scrap-heap of rotten, venereal, moribund humanity. It needs not the imagination of a Jules Verne. It is the naked, the awful truth.

The French worker, the syndicalist, is waiting for an upheaval.

“We in France are waiting for a leader, a Joan of

Chapter XIII.

Arc, a Napoleon; in Germany, they are all drillers," is a derisive comment.

O, drillers of men, for a better day, keep on drilling!

France has no playgrounds, and the French worker wants to entertain with prurient vaudevilleism.

"Team work?"

"No. What for? We are not horses, we have souls, and when the time comes, we are there."

"What will you do if a leader does not come to you?"

"Well, Mohammed will come to the mountain."

"Laconic, but—"

BUT is also laconic. The cost of labor has increased. It takes a French workman to SOLDIER on a job. He can take more time rolling a cigarette than an American plumber does in going to a job. There is grafting of time and money.

During the period of the Louis and up to the reign of Napoleon, there were many changes in leaders. The hero of today was the guillotined corpse of tomorrow. Napoleon came to make government out of chaos, only later to be exiled. In France the labor movement is without a leader—chaos. The confederation of industrialism is a terrifying spectre to the eyes of the government, which fears an upheaval. The government has been run on two theories: First, to reign along the line of least resistance. (Hence no laws are enforced.) Second, to have an army like Germany. But it will never be like Germany. Germany is traveling along conservative lines; France is on the crater of a volcano. Beneath every Frenchman sleeps a jingo. Vintners control politics. Any attempt to regulate vices finds in time the by-product of a system eating into the very system. Any attempt at correction is choked and thwarted. The police fear arousing unpopularity by arresting a strumpet soliciting her traffic. To arrest is to invoke condemnation for interfering with business. Hence, there is much corruption and bribing.

The Toiler in France.

Jack Johnson is a hero, and the prostitute is ubiquitous in Paris. Will France need another revolution, more internecine than of old, or will a Napoleon of unionism come to the rescue of the worker and muster him into the army of labor—not with sabotage, not with strife, not with bloodshed, BUT with logic and reason, by combination and co-operation with his fellows and the forces that are back of them? Will labor unionism become a respected, progressive cause for the men, women, and children who toil?

O, you horny-handed, trundling (euphony for tramp), sand-rammer! O, you back-bent, face-sweated, hand-burned martyr! O, you indifferent worker, negligent and ignorant of the very powers and rights you possess! O, you toiler, be you lukewarm or cold, cowardly or bold, peaceful or quarrelsome, loquacious or taciturn, pessimistic or optimistic, dreaming or practical, know that the thought most worthy of all thoughts is UNIONISM FOR ALL AND ALL FOR UNIONISM. O, you flirting, supporting, receding, accepting, coadjulating, conjecturing, revolutionary, evolutionary, iconoclastic, anarchistic, socialistic individual—choose whatever adjective best fits you—you upon whom must rest the burden of creating a new freedom for labor in industry, do not engage in quarrels among yourselves in settling a code of irregular verbs, but GO TO IT, GO TO IT, GO TO IT UNITEDLY—the task of labor freedom, which is possible only by solidarity, not individual effort, by Unionism, not anarchism, by system, not chaos, by order, not disorder, by union of purpose, not discord. In the grand united triumph of labor over capital—laborer, ruler, producer, earner, and sharer, satisfying and satisfied, in the harmony of harmonies, the fullness of nature, the command of the supreme—to labor belongs all. Know you that I shall not close with a peroration—the peroration, the grandiloquence, the grand summing up, the flowery speech in which the French are so gifted. May I close this chapter

Chapter XIII.

with the hope that I have made my point clear, that I have effected some salvation, that I have prepared for some sinners who, like Aaron's tribe, have been worshipping the Golden Calf and who will now return to the fold of federation, stronger, better, and with sincerer purpose than before to THINK and to FIGHT for its cause?

O, you horny-handed individual, if I have been more involved in speech than usual, if the facile, half-jocular style has been absent in this article, if I have driven you to the dictionary to look up some of the words that are out of the every-day run, forgive me, O, forgive me, brother, for as in the prologue of Pagliacci, the clown weeps within, though he is merry without. The audience laughs when it first beholds him, until it, too, is overcome with emotion brought on by the clown's tears, and weeps with him. And so I, carried away with the thought of making you see all the characteristics of the French labor movement—ah, rather the labor NON-MOVEMENT—and instilling a stronger, more honest effort on your part to become a real union man, have gotten myself all out of tune for a mild, half-laughing essay.

The climax of speech, like the summit of a mountain, when reached, marks also the beginning of the descent. So let my talk end here. By traveling with you through the desert sands of chaos of the French labor movement, I hope, I pray that I have helped you find your way toward a better, more fertile, and stronger labor movement. Unionism! Federation!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOILER IN ENGLAND.*

PART I.

I TAKE it that it is almost an insurmountable task to get anyone's ear at present for anything excepting war, and I was tempted to go out of my regular course and write now on "The Toiler in War," which is scheduled as one of my supplementary articles. But, on reflection, I shall steam straight ahead and deal with the article as above entitled, it being the next in regular sequence, and dilate upon the war when, I hope, the calm shall have returned and peace shall have been restored and civilization once more shall have taken the Keeley Cure and sobered up for good.

Civilization, like an individual, has its tartar streaks. The most abstinent may occasionally fall off the water wagon. Anyhow, when I do write on war, I hope it shall be over, and then I shall be able to discuss it *a posteriori*—from effect to cause. That is, I shall then be in the "I told you so" class; for this sooth-saying at Armaggadon, or dreaming visions with Samuel, or consulting oracles at Phillipi, or taking counsel with the old woman as Saul did, or listening to the prattle of witches with Macbeth, is not my way. Anon to the task.

History is all wrong! It should be written all over again. Chronicling an event is one thing, but ascribing to an event an unearned significance is unpardonable sciolism. Waterloo was not the cause of Napoleon's downfall and exile. Themistocles was the cause of Napoleon's downfall and exile. Themistocles was the cause of Napoleon's end—the end which sent him away in ignominy and defeat and unrepaid humiliation to St. Helena—the living end, a

* August, 1914.

Chapter XIV.

prisoner immured against the whole world—the end in death that took his sarcophagus back in pomp and state—a name immortal.

Themistocles was an Athenian who warred against other nations and peoples several centuries before Christ. When he, like Napoleon, suffered defeat, he turned to the son of proud Xerxes, the Persian King and Greek Nemesis, that the latter might do with him what he would; but instead of taking him prisoner, the victor received him with open arms and made his country a haven of refuge for the down-fallen Themistocles. I wonder if this Themistocles stunt was borrowed from the story of Abraham, Isaac, and the angel who stayed Abraham's hand; for, as King Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Napoleon, after Waterloo, had perhaps a dozen or more places to which he could have retreated in security and from which he could have returned to France after taking a few years for resuscitation. But Napoleon thought he would write a letter to England, woven in the highest terms of sentiment, paralleling himself to Themistocles and expecting the English to treat him as the Persian did the Greek. But that is where Napoleon tripped. He was a great warrior—perhaps the greatest—but he stumbled on his psychology and misread the English character. He had attempted all along in his wars to destroy English commerce. He had constantly looked down upon England as upon a tradesman beneath his regal consideration. He forgot that England was ambitious to be forever the commercial nation of the world; he forgot that in commerce there is no sentiment, that cash is its closest nexus, that England, with its determination to continue in mercantile supremacy, knew that Napoleon was a menace to England's plans. And so the letter, though it brought tears to the French in whom Napoleon confided and to whom it was read before it was sent to England, and though it was couched in appeal-

The Toiler in England.

ing terms that touched the highest chords in man—mercy and forgiveness, aye, consideration—it fell on deaf ears in England. Thus did Napoleon trap himself. An English ship soon took him to the place where he finally came to his mortal dissolution.

This is indeed a most interesting study, for at the very threshold of our discourse we are brought face to face with England's chief characteristic. The above is a historical fact, one of many which prove that the English are possessed of a dogged tenacity. The English above all else are continuously assiduous.

Let us here strike off a definition or two so that we may at least understand ourselves. I am dealing with the psychological side of labor problems as distinguished from the historical, the political, the industrial, or the moral side.

Professor Smith, in his book on *Methods of Knowledge*, defines PSYCHOLOGY as a science that studies the processes of the mind without considering its cognitive value. It asks WHENCE our thoughts come and WHAT evidence their analysis yields, but it does not inquire into the fitness to know other things—which he assigns to a part of philosophy which he calls EPISTEMOLOGY. Of course, that is too restrictive and technical for our purpose. By the psychological side, I mean the characteristics, or the chief characteristics of a people, particularly of the proletarians. From that I mean to account for their present status. Now this is by no means easy, for to do that and to do it accurately, one must take in the whole range of human knowledge and strike the whole gamut of human sentiment. You cannot figure it out like a problem in mathematics. It is not a theory but a condition. Nor is it a mere problem in syllogism. You cannot deal with it in the abstract. Frederick Engels, Karl Marx's great friend, who observed English working men as few have before or since, accounted for the failure of the early English socialists in

Chapter XIV.

their influence upon English working men. "The early socialists," said Engels, "acknowledge only a psychological development, the development of man in the abstract, out of all relation to the past; whereas, the whole world rests upon that PAST, the individual man included."

Therefore, to understand scientifically and accurately the cause for things as they are now, from a practical or any other standpoint, one must turn to history; that is, he must turn to the past. One must take into account events, the chronological epochs in man's march onward. The industrial side, too, must be considered; for the development of machinery, with the multiplication of inventions, shaped men to new conditions, and new conditions created new thoughts, and new thoughts in turn molded new character.

The life of an agriculturist dwelling in the free air, and that of a hand-craftsman with limitations upon his competition, and that of a factory machine hand huddling in a filthy tenement district, are all different. Each class has desires and wants and methods of obtaining them in terms and manner often uncommon. Hence to account for a thing human in labor conditions, you have to go to history for facts; you have to go to man's pursuit of livelihood for facts; you have to inquire into his moral past for facts, taking into consideration that his morals are relative, not only geographically, but historically and religiously. You have to search and to consider man's political activities or inactivities, successes or failures, for, as we understand it today, politics is the dynamic force which man uses to shape the history of his entire sphere of being, industrial, social, and moral.

Thus, when we ascribe to a given people a characteristic, and observe them through the psychological microscope, if we are to appreciate them and appreciate them correctly, we have not only to observe visually, but to study and to read,

The Toiler in England.

notwithstanding that to the barnyard psychologist the faculty of observation and quick mental appreciation is of greater importance than the faculty of reading. But, to observe clearly and scientifically, one must observe what others have observed, or learn what they have observed; and how can one observe or learn what others have observed unless he has read or heard of their observations? You see, then, why I constantly urge you to read and to study.

It is remarkable that away back in 1850 the Flint Glass Makers of England, Scotland, and Ireland in their convention heard the following message: "If you do not wish to stand as you are and suffer more oppression, we say to you: 'Gather knowledge, and in gathering knowledge you gather power.' Let us earnestly advise you to educate yourselves to get intelligence instead of alcohol—it is sweeter and more lasting."

Then you will learn to know, as Clark in one of his Fabian Essays observed, "Igniferous orators ARE NOT, but the great, blind evolutionary forces are the dynamics of the social revolution."

Why is it necessary to observe and to study and to learn in order to know a sociological movement? We hear of so many non-observing, so many non-reading or mis-reading people, who, shocked at the militant suffrage pranks in England, comment upon the conduct of those English women as "so unladylike," and "so non-English." These commenters have in mind the upper strata of English people—the effete, plethoric, the simple, foppish, monocle-carrying class, the tittle-bit tit-mouse. They do not take into account the greatest, the biggest class—the workers—whom even Shakespeare did not take into account, and they cannot, therefore, quite reconcile the afternoon tea-drinking English lady with the suffrage hunger-striker. Why is the expression common, "It is like a thunder clap out of a clear sky?" There is no thunder clap out of a clear sky. It is a clear

Chapter XIV.

sky to us because we have not looked up and observed the heavens; but to him in the watch-tower, the gathering of the clouds is a fact. And so this militant suffrage movement is a fact, bred of the true English characteristic, and its assiduousness is Johnny-Bull-like; and, like Johnny Bull, the suffragettes will stick to it until they win. To the English historian it is very patent, for England has been the seat of thousands of revolutions and insurrections and civil strifes, and the English workers have fought and fought countless battles, day in and day out for two centuries and more to attain their full rights—which they do not yet possess—and their women are now fighting for their suffrage as the men years back fought for theirs.

The English people may be divided into: first, the nobility; second, the landed gentry; third, the middle-men. And, so far as characteristic is concerned, the working men may be put in a class with the middlemen; for the characteristic of assiduousness in the English middle-man, as in the English working man, is about the same, except this: that in England the middle-man is steadily losing ground, and the workingman is steadily gaining ground. The English nobility put up a great big fight for the Magna Charta at Runnymede, and, though it was stirred up by the Archbishop of Canterbury for purely personal reasons, nevertheless, it was really a great fight, and so generous were they to themselves that in their gains they left the gates open for the gains of the classes that were, centuries after, to follow them. Of course, there since have been other great conflicts with English kings and rulers, but in those the English land owners were the real leaders; and they continued so until complex industrialism developed the manufacturing middle-class, that since has been at the forefront of English history. In dealing with this subject there is such a vast amount of detail to be taken into account, in the development and making of labor unions, that I am

The Toiler in England.

obliged to take for granted that you know something of the history of England and something of the history of labor unions. I shall be compelled, except here and there, to dwell in general terms. Otherwise this chapter would be elongated beyond all legitimate bounds. As it is, I am obliged, due to its unusual length, to subdivide it into more than one publication. Besides, I am cramped for time and can dictate no more.

Great labor friends and historians differ as to the origin of labor unions. The Biblical student finds authority in the Hebrew brick-makers' strike for straw with bricks in the land of Pharaoh. Professors Brentano and Rogers, the authors of *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, trace their beginning to the old guilds, while the Webbs, whom I believe to be the greatest and most accurate authorities on labor unions, dispute that. And here let me say that I have consulted over a dozen authorities on the subject, and wherever I found a dispute I accepted the Webbs' version, excepting for the years 1840 and thereabouts, when I yielded to Engels. But whoever may be right, it is certainly beyond cavil that labor unions were born of necessity, begotten in the womb of human weal, and delivered out of the travail of hardships and sufferings and courage, and given to the world for the greatest MANUMISSION and EMANCIPATION of the WORKERS of the WORLD. And all this was brought about by the constant, assiduous use of both physical and intellectual force—"force, the mid-wife of progress, in delivering the old society pregnant with the new."

The English workman has always been a fighter and has been until recently a revolutionist of the fire-brand type, at least until Fabian influences tempered him somewhat; but unlike the French revolutionist, intoxicated for a brief space of time, he was ready for revolution always. Nowhere in the whole world has the workingman displayed so much tenacious courage as in England, and nowhere as in England

Chapter XIV.

have union men been so constantly persecuted. The Jews in their Spanish inquisitions, the nihilists in their Russian midnight of inhumanity, the peasants of early Germany, the socialists under Bismarck's iron heel, the Huguenots in torturing France, even the Irish in poor Ireland, have not endured the persecutions that befell union labor in England. But so assiduous has been the fight, so constant the effort, that we find the worker, who was but a slave two centuries past, today a free man, and (except for wages that are somewhat less than in the United States) the strongest, the most advanced, and industrially, politically, and socially the most dominant in the entire world. Remarkable, indeed, without a vote and a voice, when the balance of trade was England's economic philosophy, today he holds the balance of power that sways over Parliament and dictates constantly new laws for his social betterment.

It is the union man who, from a cringing, fearing individual, fustian in speech and dress before the boastful, over-bearing, plethoric Lord, has now become the square-shouldered, chest-expanded English counsel and adviser and has turned the House of Lords into a cringing body, yielding all to labor's demands in its fight against business, the manufacturer, and the middle-man, in the hope that labor will spare nobility its title. It is not very long ago in England that the union man, in building up his union, had to go about as a thief in the night. It is not very long ago that he was deemed a criminal, an undesirable, and subject to deportation. And it is not very long ago that he could not be a witness against his master, while his master could be a witness against him in litigation involving breach of contract. And it is not very long ago that he was a beggar, bare-headed and bare-footed, at the doors of Parliament, which were closed against him, with his cause considered by but a few benevolent middle-men. And it is not very long ago that he was

The Toiler in England.

considered of inferior flesh and blood. But now they not only recognize him, but really are ready to fraternize with him. He has surmounted them all—in everything save in worldly goods and save in the judiciary, which is still union labors' big stumbling block. The judiciary is the only unconquered force that remains standing between the past and the workman's coming social state—MERRIE ENGLAND.

To England also must we look for the growth and development of judiciary power—a judiciary power which came simultaneously and co-extensively to us with our independence, a judiciary to which the powers have always turned and whose ermine has been capital's casque and cuirass in its fights upon the opposition. A bastille has been battered down, buttresses and fortresses have been blown up, dykes have been pulled out, citadels have been razed to the ground, abattises have been brushed aside, bastions have been torn out, but the judiciary still stands impregnable against the attack of labor. The great judiciary fortification is still netted with so many secret and underground recesses and alleys for escape and attack, that at times it seems as though it will never surrender. Just about the time labor thinks that, by an act of Parliament, it has at last silenced the judiciary guns aimed against it along one path, and proceeds to call the next number on its program of conquest, the judiciary arms, as through a machicolation—a hole in the floor—drop a bomb upon the head of labor, which destroys almost all the vantage it has up to that time gained.

Of all nations, England has used sparingly its soldiers against its dissatisfied and revolting workmen. But its judiciary has been most unrelenting and barbarous in its telling blows against labor. Just as assiduous as unions have been to gain labor's end, just so assiduous have the courts been to destroy and to put down labor's organizations. In the name of the law, the courts have been most barbaric

Chapter XIV.

against those for whom the law should have been the most considerate. Occasionally do we find labor using the courts, the very weapon used by capital; but we find that the courts are assiduously refusing to carry on prosecutions against labor's foes, or else Parliament is set in motion to repeal that law which apparently proves a weapon in labor's hand. Back in the Tyler rebellion, land tenants saw fit to behead the Chief Justice of England and a few other judges; but, as others were willing to risk their necks, that did not check England's courts and judges and lawyers in their fight upon labor.

Unions, as distinguished from guilds, began with the formation of labor classes some time toward the close of the Seventeenth Century. At that time and until the invention of the steam engine and cotton machinery, which was near the end of the Eighteenth Century, the employer was, as he has been properly called, an *entrepreneur* (the reason for so many French terms in political and economic discussions is that it was and still is fashionable whenever a new expression is coined to find its equivalent in French—the language *éclat* and international), a superintendent, who received practically the mere wages of a superintendent. The working man, being a skilled laborer, and the capitalist as an employer, being yet in the juvenile state, labor was not so much then at a disadvantage; and, as Engels says: "Manufacturers, on a small scale, created the middle class; on a large scale they created the working class and raised the elect of the middle-class to the throne."

The English have not been orthodox in their views. They have tried every remedy proposed by man. Anything that promised to alleviate the social or economic situation was tried. They have rebelled, they have insurrected, they have even tried sabotage, which they called *ca'canny* and used long before the French ever dreamt of sabotage, and they have entered into politics of every shade, all in striving

The Toiler in England.

for their goal. There is nothing—nothing that any dreamer, pacific or revolutionary, ever had—that English labor did not try out. It is because of its assiduous application of all the proposed remedies and their failures, and its experiences, that English labor today has finally come to its present sober and practical, as distinguished from visionary, means of fighting in both the industrial and the political field. It is because the English unions have tried strikes, *ca'canny*, French sabotage, I. W. W.'ism (or Utopianism), and held on to them until they proved failures, that their movement is now given to rational evolution. History has recorded all the folly and the futility of the many innovated, radical, innate theories, and history will record also the effect of their present efforts upon labor.

How often do we find a tireless, visionary inventor spending years upon an invention, dreaming it will make him rich, only to discover as he is about to cry out "Eureka!" that his idea is not patentable—that application for a patent for the same had been made and granted to some one else years back? Had he taken the trouble to find out whether the ideas upon which he mis-spent his time had ever been through the patent office, he might have saved himself all the unnecessary pain, work, and disillusion. So, had the upstart leaders with their upstart labor movements of sabotage and I. W. W.'ism only consulted their histories, they would have been convinced that their ideas had been tried and found wanting. A sound thought never dies but finds its way to fruition in some form, and a sound thought cannot be forced ahead any more than you can force into life the child by premature birth; for it is either assassinated by the abortionist or still-born or short-lived. That is why the Fabians, who have been educated in the school of Darwin and who are applying evolution to social conditions, have been and are proving effective in their wholesome influence upon unions, and that is why English

Chapter XIV.

labor is now making progress in rapid strides. There comes a time in all evolution when the short curve in the ellipse of its revolution turns up and we are hastened to the point for which we started. Let us prove our assertions by some facts, though I shall be obliged to deal with them cursorily.

Away back in the early Fourteenth Century we find the start of unionism, find men who worked at fraternizing against overseers of trade. And at that time we find also the employers invoking the aid of the law, forbidding journeymen-tradesmen from living apart from their employers and from forming societies; and we find at different times employers running to Parliament with complaints against the misdeeds of workmen.

In 1720, upon the masters' complaints of abuses committed by journeymen, an infamous act was passed preventing the giving or taking of wages in excess of a stated maximum, and forbidding combinations of workingmen. In its wake thousands of workmen were haled into the courts and bitterly persecuted upon the unusual charge of having received more pay than the law deemed was legal for their existence. This caused many to organize, though the organizations were kept secret. The maximum limit of wages inspired the employing classes to encourage immigration into England, and they flooded the labor markets with the poor immigrants of Ireland. It forced wages to fall, so that the poor toiling mortals were left in such a state that they were only too glad to get what their masters gave them.

The courts declared all labor organizations unlawful, and for years after, riots broke out with regular frequency; strikes—which were then called “sticks”—continued; and scabs who were then called “black-legs,” were beaten up and their comb-pots and other tools destroyed; while on the other hand, assistance was given to those out of work

The Toiler in England.

by some kind of benefit arrangements. The abuses of the employers became so unbearable that the men were driven to desperation, and at last summoned courage to appeal to the king, petitioning for relief against the frauds practiced upon them in numerous ways by their employers. In this appeal they failed. The voice of the worker was not then so resonant with the authority that comes when it is backed by a vote at the polls. The worker was then without franchise. In spite of these persecutions, unions began to flourish and, with considerable success, began to demand and enforce regulations, even among themselves. For example, gold beaters or silk weavers could not own their own material and remain union men. That was in the interest of the poorer and less fortunate worker.

In recurring industrial cycles, every new undertaking of labor started out on the road victorious, but ere it had a chance to end its journey, it was met by the enemy and returned in defeat. Yet, everywhere, when capital thought it had labor whipped for good, up sprang new labor organizations with renewed vigor and new-born hope, carrying to the front the old fight with new weapons and new leaders, but with the same old ribbon, the red, though it had different banners also. Let us here be fair enough to acquit forever the red, which was used even by our Revolutionary forefathers, as the color of anarchy. Unions, two centuries before socialism was born, used it as a flag of protest.

In the long run, while labor lost many battles, the chief aim was never destroyed, though occasionally weakened; on the whole it gained at every step. Finally, to stop the many riots and abuses that the maximum rate of wage law brought about, a Sir John Fielding, of London, police magistrate, introduced a scheme to have the justices fix the rates of wages. Here we see the forerunner of arbitrary adjustments of wages by commissioners, which now prevail in the Australasian system, and of the promptings of some philan-

Chapter XIV.

thropist, richly disposed in good will but poor in facts, who endeavors by commission to fix labor's rate of pay. It is needless for me to say that this law was not enforced. The middleman had control of the government and its courts. We see the justices, who were themselves employers—middlemen—encourage its violation. The nobility and landed gentry were interested in their respective titles and land rents and entirely unconcerned about the worker. In the meanwhile the middle-man was growing in influence, bringing business to England, and simultaneously rising in power and getting the ear of the government.

The scenery is shifted, new characters are brought into play. The struggle in the early formation of England between the kings and their subjects of the nobility, and then the struggle between the government and the land-owning classes, has been changed to that between the middle-man and the worker. The land-owner and the middle-man crossed swords in political arenas for laws that meant their individual gain, chief of which was protection versus free-trade. In those fights, labor's aid being needed, labor was tossed from side to side, bobbing up here and there for favors, little by little gaining in enfranchisement, and little by little making better use of it for its own individual gain, with a determination for immediate and future relief. In giving the justices the right to fix wages, labor hit upon the idea that it, too, would invoke the courts, and had the temerity to engage legal aid and to prosecute the employers who paid below the scale. They began to prosecute the violators with vigor. Result—the act was repealed. Then the unions succeeded in getting an apprentice act passed, and immediately began legally to prosecute and punish its violation; that is, the advancing of a worker into the journeyman's class without completing full apprenticeship.

It was about this time that the doctrine of FREEDOM OF CONTRACT came into legal life. It even exceeded,

The Toiler in England.

in all its horrible consequences, its twin sister of torture, the law of conspiracy. Freedom of contract! Enslavement of the worker! No whip ever fell upon the back of slave, no yoke ever bound the neck of man, no manacle or gyve ever shackled man more terribly than this FREEDOM OF CONTRACT. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT was the excuse the courts employed and still employ to break down the laws for enslaving the workers. Nothing was ever imported into this country, not even the African slave, that was so great a pest to the union man as this FREEDOM OF CONTRACT. It is the one black paragraph in our American Constitution. It is the one phrase that has stood out like a sentinel of hell, the harbinger of misery and torture. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has kept little children of four and six years in the workshops. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has made labor work sixteen and more hours a day. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has kept factories working twenty-four hours a day and provided beds which are never free from the shifts of men who use them for their miserably unrefreshing temporary rest and sleep. It has kept women working, half naked, in the mines. It has made women workers the lawful prey of their concupiscent masters. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has given every city its tenement district, with its dilapidated, broken-down, filthy, disease-harboring, jerry-constructed shacks, where men and women huddle together like rodents in the underground. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has been the breeder of scrofula, tuberculosis, typhus, and countless other diseases. FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has given us the legal doctrines of common employment, fellow-servant, assumption of risk, and contributory negligence, with their consequent millions of maimed, crippled, and dead.

Every graveyard where sleep the myriad workers of the world, clad in the rags of the dead, pays ghastly homage to the perdition and brimstone of the FREEDOM OF CONTRACT.

Chapter XIV.

Between every beginning and final success of union labor's efforts, FREEDOM OF CONTRACT has stood, a mighty fortress and barrier. This re-inforced concrete fortification of FREEDOM OF CONTRACT for years and years has proved impregnable against the assaults, and remained unhurt by the shells fired from the cannons of labor. Due to the assiduousness of labor, unions at last in England, and to some degree here, have put that doctrine of FREEDOM OF CONTRACT into submission; for today the courts,—at least some courts,—are beginning to see, by the light of the new social dawn, that human life, that human flesh is greater than FREEDOM OF CONTRACT; that FREEDOM OF CONTRACT is based upon property rights; that human life is greater than property rights, and that there can be no FREEDOM OF CONTRACT unless made and entered into between two individuals or two syntheses of equal fighting force; that the individual laborer and employer are not equals in their higgings for wages and conditions. That FREEDOM OF CONTRACT must yield when labor suffers in the caviling and bargaining, is now accepted by all sane, thinking men as a self-established axiom. Not all court decisions are sane.

Some of us may wonder where unions got the oath of loyalty which is given each one upon joining, as well as their secret sessions and their mystic initiations. These were not born of the imagination of overworked and underpaid men for the embellishment of the time that transports a laborer across the great abyss which divides him from the non-union man on the outside and the union man on the inside. They were the outgrowth of persecutions, midnight meetings in far-off corners of the fields, when the burying of records was necessary to escape persecution; the secret oath was exacted, for exposure to the authorities meant prosecutions, unrelenting prosecutions, imprisonment, and deportation. The halls of fame do not contain canvas and marble images of the many labor leaders

The Toiler in England.

who suffered imprisonment and deportation in their fights for you. But when things are righted finally, some day, in the galaxy of the great, will be counted the names of these workmen, heroes of labor; and to them, and not the heroes of war, will the index finger of the schoolmaster and observer point as the men who guided the destinies of this world.

Until about 1870 or so, and particularly for the reason that labor was still weak in its enfranchisement, still unrepresented in the halls of legislation, most of its successes, whatever they were, came from the assistance offered on the outside by some middlemen whose hearts and not their purses guided their brains to the real things of life. The first friend of labor is Francis Place. Though a successful tailor master, still his conscience permitted him to see the iniquities of the laws then existing and then enforced against labor. He worked for the repeal of the combination laws, and against the persecutions of labor, and against the conspiracy laws. Fortunately for the English worker, in spite of all the misery and hardships, in spite of all the drawbacks and sufferings, labor produced and always had on hand a sufficient number of great leaders. The melting pot kept a-boiling, and the icy disposition of the English was thawed out by the hot fighting blood of the Irish, whom England brought over in great hordes from Ireland to scab upon the English worker and to live in the tenements of its cities and to fill its shops and be its beggars, but who rose out of all this by their wits, and together with the shrewdness of the Scotch, molded the English into a fighting individual, and gave to the laboring men and their unions and societies, the characteristic of assiduousness.

As in the greatest tragedy we see the author inject some comedy to bring a laugh and give his spectators and auditors a chance to dry their tears in preparation for other tears to follow, so we see amid the great prosecutions and persecu-

Chapter XIV.

tions for conspiracy of those who sought to unite labor, or pay out-of-work benefits, during a period when a labor society was considered the greatest of conspiracies against the state and king, and a union man was deemed the most unscrupulous of individual workingmen, union men initiating their new comrades with greatest secrecy, and the initiation fees, which were much needed for many legitimate and necessary wants, spent in getting drunk on ale, an amusement much more prevalent in those days than now.

Up to the entrance of Place in the history of labor, whatever struggles labor endured and whatever fights she made were not associated with any political alliance whatever. The efforts of Place before Parliament for his self-acquired wards convinced him that political action was essential to labor's success. The great general strike in 1810, which was carried on by those who held themselves in comradeship under secret oaths of brothering against the truck system, the yearly bond practice, short measures to miners, general tyranny and oppression, and general helplessness, particularly in the mills of employees against employers, left no doubt in the minds of Place and his associates, as to the necessity for political action. It needed but a suggestion, and many enlisted in an effort thus to aid labor; and we shall trace it for some space of time and watch many doctrines and doctrinaires, some good and some indifferent, some wholesome and some quack, and see how some were like the barnacles of a ship—hanging on to labor's destinies, and some like seaweeds—dragging at the bottom and retarding passage.

This political agitation began with a clamor for the Reform Bill; and, like all other new activities, this new political activity was extremely radical. Already this had become prominent, and in addition to Place, from the ranks sprang two great political leaders: Lovett, a mill-wright, and Gast, a ship-wright. Their chief aim was to accom-

The Toiler in England.

plish by politics that which labor had failed to do by hunger-strikes (hunger-strikes are not new), and machine-breaking, and sabotage, and I. W. W.'ism. These leaders saw the necessity for employing legal help, not only to defend and to prosecute in the event of strikes and riots, but to send to Parliament committees and lawyers to present labor's side.

Now we see labor gaining politically and uniting to gain greater political rights. The masters and the land-owners were not slow to observe this, for they formed counter associations to countercheck such efforts. In the meanwhile, the common law was put into action to aid all combination statutes for the prosecution of labor in their attempts to oppose cuts in wages, or rather to aid all efforts for increase of pay. It was only after many arguments before committees of Parliament and the publication of labor's side in one or more labor papers that came into being about that time, that England began to wake up to the conception that labor organizations were not only innocent and free from any seditious associations, but of real benefit to England. The politician was first to grasp the situation and began to flirt with labor unions for support. As the result of such political efforts, the House of Commons passed a law by which the common law prohibition of combinations went into effect, excepting, however, from prosecution associations for the purpose of regulating wages or hours of labor. That was in 1824 and 1825; but it reminds one of what recently Congress in enlightened America did with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in the years of our Lord 1913 and 1914; for the words "molest," "obstruct," "intimidate," just as we see them in labor injunctions in this country, were still left for judicial interpretation. Such words in their vague, hazy form still give the enemy loopholes for the prosecution of labor.

Keep in mind that political freedom is to be distinguished

Chapter XIV.

from legal freedom. Just as Gompers proclaimed in 1914 the amended Clayton Bill, "labor's great bill of rights," so was the act of 1825 heralded as a great political stratagem of labor. It gave labor organizations for the first time the right collectively to bargain and the right to cease to work in numbers, if they so desired.

But the legal battle had yet to be fought before political victory could count as real victory. The other side was not too slow to see that this act was hailed with much cheer and satisfaction by the unions, and that it was but the beginning of their new and growing demands. Publications began to spring up in great numbers, and they preached new doctrines, dangerous to the profits of the masters, laying the basis for vigorous propaganda work and recruiting among the toiling classes. To check the growing subscriptions to these papers, excessive stamp duties were levied against them with the hope of crushing them beneath the weight of over-taxation, but these prosecutions only kindled the flame of this wild propaganda, and circulations increased. While there were several such publications, they were yet individual enterprises. The first to be supported and printed under the auspices of a labor organization was *The Union Trade and Co-operative Journal* and, the second, *The Voice of the People*. These two papers began to redact in great numbers and to preach with great force the principles of trade-unionism. Credit must be given them for several laws which were later enacted, ameliorating somewhat factory and working conditions. New unions sprang up everywhere, and all were busy with their initiations, and prayers, and songs, and their paraphernalia, and most of their drinking bouts following initiation. True fraternal spirit reigned, and a solidarity full of religious zeal made itself manifest.

About this time, building contractors came into prominence, due to the growing and popular system of con-

The Toiler in England.

tracting. Building trades formed a general union, and immediately they made demands upon the contractors, who unitedly opposed all union labor's demands; and we see recorded in labor history, what has since been done thousands of times over by capital, demands that all employees renounce allegiance to labor organizations as a condition precedent to returning to work. This general black-listing of the building trades union men caused a convention to be called. At this convention Robert Owen delivered a speech and made public his secret, a Utopia, an abstract socialism, which spread rapidly and took hold of the minds of laboring men in England and seemed for a short time to be localized in New England, after which it was given short shrift.

Owenism, as it since has been denominated, was founded upon that basic principle which Locke had first promulgated in the English tongue, and which in every century for centuries back some one always saw clearly: that values are founded on labor. Owen lacked knowledge of human workings, stubbornly resisted all historical facts, and looked upon this earth and its economic phase as a toy that could be thrown aside for another. Whenever one grows so ambitious that he becomes impatient with the natural development of an idea, then he loses usefulness to himself and to the idea, and he and the idea must suffer disappointment. Owenism has since returned in different forms, and the basic principle—that values depend upon labor—has returned, and will return again and again in various political formulas, until it finds itself molded and formed suitable to labor unions and society generally, when it will succeed.

A proposition accepted by all is surely a success. Utopianism and radicalism seized the whole labor movement, and general strikes were declared. The big gas-stokers' strike in 1833 put London, for a few nights,

Chapter XIV.

in darkness. With doubled, renewed efforts, prosecuting and deporting of many union men were instituted. Unions were haled into courts and union men arrested, and the common law legal principles were put into action which declared all such unions and union men criminals. Men were convicted, sentenced, and transported even for the administering of an oath. This proved to be a terrible blow to the union world. For awhile the convictions angered and spurred labor on to resistance, but the uncovering of an obsolete law, the act of 1797, and the Six Acts of 1819, which declared oath administering seditious, and their severe application, spelled ruin.

Notwithstanding, we still see some efforts at labor organizations; and through all these persecutions, we see labor hanging on, fighting assiduously for its rights.

Having failed in the courts, labor began to fight for manhood suffrage; and some labor organizations defiantly paraded the streets, protesting against imprisonment of laboring men. Public meetings were held, speakers urging their hearers on to political action; and soon this means of protest reached and precipitated a debate in the House of Commons. Owenism was mixed up with unionism. Political action won for labor the Reform Bill, but they lost the Manhood Suffrage Bill. At this loss the radicals became disappointed, and it had a most depressing effect for a short time upon labor organizations. Soon after, Owenism died, and out of the ashes of Owenism a socialism, which later proved to be of the Marxian kind, began to show its head and to occupy the serious attention of labor leaders. But as it, too, sought, as we shall see in the Fabian movement, to accomplish results by visionary methods, tactics impossible and impracticable, it did not make the inroads upon labor that its propagators had expected of it. In the interim, labor kept jumping from one political theory to

The Toiler in England.

another, and yet without any definite political policy at the polls.

In the meanwhile, the continued prosecutions of its labor leaders were going on everywhere—among the cotton spinners particularly—resulting in strikes and riots and deaths. Driven to desperation, they sought to bring to the attention of the House of Commons, the state of affairs through investigation by a Parliamentary committee appointed for that purpose, but the investigation was smouldered. Daniel O'Connell, yes, DANIEL O'CONNELL, defeated an attempt to inquire into the terrible labor conditions.

I had, in my school days, two British political heroes. They were Gladstone and O'Connell, and of the two I loved O'Connell the more. I have read his eloquent speeches. I have read and re-read Wendell Phillip's estimate of O'Connell's eloquence. I have wept with O'Connell when he pleaded for Home Rule and Catholic Emancipation, but I must here record the shocking fact that since I have devoted myself to the study of labor problems, Gladstone and Daniel O'Connell no longer occupy the same high pedestal in my estimation. Let it be said that Gladstone's retirement was, in a large measure, due to labor unions' opposition to him; and labor unions' successful opposition to Gladstone was the beginning of labor's political dominance. How could O'Connell, who pleaded for justice for the Catholics, who pleaded for poor Ireland, who even pleaded for the Jews when the recurring attack was made upon them on account of that old spectre of ritual murder, forget and overlook the poor Irish in England? The English manufacturers destroyed the industries in Ireland and then drove the Irish, by want and necessity, because the distance across the channel was short and passage cheap, into England in vast hordes, where they lived to be exploited and huddled in tenements,

Chapter XIV.

the poorest, the most abject of all inhabitants of England. The Irish were exploited and housed worse than the most ignorant Slavs and Latins of Europe in the most congested industrial centers of America ever have been. Men, women, and children, bare-headed, bare-footed, ragged,—most of them without a change of rags,—were struck down by cruel and tiresome toil and laid low by sickness and disease, which found breeding places in jerry-houses and stables set apart for them. Reduced to a state worse than starvation, robbed of all human rights, and with such conditions, how could O'Connell—the great Irish O'Connell—forget them and shut off inquiry? Yet this is a fact which cannot be done away with; the truth must out. O'Connell was a friend of the Irish, he was a friend of the Roman Catholics, he was a friend of the Jews; but O'Connell was not a friend of union labor. He remembered his Irish in all else; but he remembered his profession of the law and forgot his Irish when it came to labor unions. An old common-law lawyer and labor unions are not only no kin, but are born antipathies.

The shutting off of inquiry and continued prosecutions broke up labor unions in great numbers. Workers were made, also, to feel the taxes on food and the burden that fell upon them with the enforcement of various laws. Unionism was on a rapid decline. Whenever unionism was on the decline, order was on the decline; and new chimeras, new visions came up to occupy the attention of those whose minds never were on the decline. It was then that what I parallel to the present I. W. W. movement in this country was born in England—the Chartist movement. While it was mainly political, it was also industrial. It sought, by tactics highly theoretical though beautiful, and by means also vicious, and by crank and quack labor doctors, to drag labor into general strikes. But the Chartist movement, like the present I. W. W. movement, though it had many

The Toiler in England.

sincere advocates, was on the whole foisted by incompetent leaders. Vigorous and virile seemingly at the start, after five years of active existence it began to decline, and in five years more died a natural death. But during its period of existence it raised havoc with the labor movement. Like the grass-hopper and the locust pest, it swept all before and left little behind. After the death of the Chartist movement, it took several years of study, labor, and toil, and thinking, and, only because of the English characteristic of assiduousness at their task, labor unions survived and began once more to thrive.

It was during this period that the great English strife between land owners and manufacturers for free corn and free trade became the most absorbing topic. During the debates and contests laboring people were apathetic toward unions, though neither, as has since been proved, meant any permanent betterment to the working class. It was purely a middleman's fight, purely a middleman's gain.

England had intended herself to be the manufacturing center of the world, and expected all other nations to be her agricultural and raw material tributaries; hence free trade was a gain to the manufacturer, and he was crowding the English land owner out of the lime-light of political attention.

How much England was mistaken in its policy of being the only or chief manufacturing center of the world can be read, if not all, at least partially, in the cause of the present European war.

I thought, at first, that I should trace independently the political, then the industrial, then the moral movement of the English unions by gleaning facts for the support of my conclusions; but each is so interrelated with the other, like cause and effect, like objective and subjective, though perhaps not always co-extensively equal, that I find it

Chapter XIV.

impossible, and I am obliged to deal with all of them together, as far as I know, synchronistically.

With the decline of the Chartists, with the failure of Owenism, with the demoralization of trade-unions, the masters again took to the bitter 'persecution of unions. But at just about the time when trade-unionism was thought dead by its foes, it revived and came to life again, and this time its great revivalist was a lawyer.

Strange, indeed, that out of the class from which came the greatest, bitterest enemies of labor, there should rise a lawyer, like Moses leading the Israelites out of Egypt into the land of Canaan, to bring the unions out of apparent defeat into new hope and promise. That lawyer's name was W. P. Roberts, and he earned for himself the title of MINERS' ATTORNEY GENERAL.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TOILER IN ENGLAND.*

PART II.

THE great Italian, Labriola, in his *Materialistic Conception of History*, in discussing the attainment of certain results, uses the following significant words:

"We must walk upon it to arrive at understanding and experience. . . . Moreover, a man is distinctively an experimenting animal; that is why he has a history, or rather, that is why he makes his own history."

How true that is can be found in the English trade-union movement. Labor has made history. It has tested and tried and retried and experimented with everything in the laboratory of its trade movement; every alchemistic application has been made. We read of the famous Ehrlich discovery No. 606, and we know that he tried 606 different combinations until he hit upon the right one.

England's trade-unions have tried even more than that number and they will continue to try still more remedies. At best man is an empiricist, and for the fulfillment of the laws of nature and for his ideal and material advancement we need not hope; nor need we concern ourselves with the thought, for we know that he will be coerced by all the natural desires, ever to try and experiment—for there is no limit to human desires. The reaching of one goal leads on to another. We may pass out of the capitalistic system into the co-operative, socialistic, or collectivistic-communistic systems, but Jehovah forbid that any of these systems be the end. Surely when, under the co-operative system, the wage and bread question is eliminated, new evils will arise, against which man will combat with as much vim and force as he now does against the present ills.

* September, 1914.

Chapter XV.

Militancy is nature's fire arms! Perpetual inertia is non-metamorphosed death. We see Chartism dead and Owenism discredited, various co-operative societies start and then go bankrupt—toilers' savings lost. Queen Victoria is in the first years of her reign, the longest in English history. Education is awakening the middle classes. Political economy is becoming the theme for daily discussion and disputation. Ricardo and Bentham are being widely read. But education has as yet reached few of labor's leaders, and its influence on labor we shall discuss later. The sway of the bluff-and-rough, eloquent labor-leader is in full swing. Persecutions, agitations, imprisonments, rebellions, are crowding fast upon each other. For the time being labor unions cry out: "Enough with politics! Let us try something new. Let us defend ourselves against the legal attacks thrust upon us by our enemies. To whom shall we turn?"

A man by the name of O'Connor, a middleman of means and yet a red-hot Chartist, introduced to the working world Roberts, a lawyer belonging to that branch of the profession there called "solicitor," who was formerly himself a Chartist with strong labor sympathies. The miners' organization hired him. Soon other organizations followed this example, and Roberts contested every law battle.

The abuse of the servant by the master, particularly in exacting the literal enforcement of the yearly bond, grew beyond all endurance. Thousands of men are annually haled into court—everywhere, Roberts to the rescue! Habeas corpus and every other technical trick that comes to the mind of the lawyer, he resorts to, and, as his enemies have said, without scruples (I forgive him, for it is in the holy cause of labor), and for a while he is uniformly successful. Legal defense becomes a slogan and shibboleth, and under it unions once more begin to thrive; membership increases; assessments are levied

The Toiler in England.

for lawyers and court costs. Roberts becomes a name loved by every worker upon England's shores—a name hated by every member of the employing class. How successful the legal fight proves for labor, can be seen in efforts before Parliament by the masters to increase the powers of justices in all such cases. Roberts comes to the rescue and fights these, too, and, with the aid of some friends in Parliament and Parliamentary dilatory tricks, abates the passage of such an act until it dies of slow asphyxiation in one of Parliament's pigeon holes.

As we continue our course in tracing some of the steps of English labor, we shall come across various other legal battles; but, from the time of Roberts, English labor unions never let up in their legal wars upon the master class; though, as a rule, they were on the defensive. And since that time, labor has had no difficulty in getting funds for employing the services of the best legal talent.

Roberts was fortunate in that he fought capital at a time when the capitalist had not yet been wedded to hired, corrupt, private detectives (whose first aim is to corrupt labor officials and, when that fails, to job them by perjury, and second to discredit labor's legal aid by devilish means—against which I shall not take time to deliver myself of a hortative, believing that you, as well as I, in the language of *Rienzi*: "Know full well the story of our thralldom").

But with few exceptions, most of the labor organizations were only local in scope and purpose, and strikes were often declared without due regard to financial and other ability.

And now let us turn to the progress and efforts of the labor movement in forming out of small, isolated groups, national associations, and out of autonomic, individual locals, associated trades. And chiefly let us follow the growth of the requirement for more stability and sobriety of its officials, and then of its members, and the narrowing of

Chapter XV.

the right of unauthorized striking, and the growing spirit of conciliation.

Labor was, as it was natural to expect at that time, surfeited with all kinds of co-operative schemes and Owenism. One of the first things sought to be accomplished in a convention of trade delegates was "to keep trade matters and politics as separate and distinct as circumstances would justify." Like efforts have recurred periodically ever since, and now, too, it is the effort of many leaders to keep labor unions distinctively industrial and apart from political affiliation—save on election day. But politics will beget politicians, and, as politicians are pertinacious and intrusive, politics is a difficult thing to keep out of anything. The delegates decided to separate trade unions from the co-operative associations, and formed two distinct, separate national associations: one to look after labor in its dealings with the masters, the other to look after the employment of the men and to care for them in time of strikes. The two associations were later merged and continued as one for about fifteen years, when the combination died and passed away, however, not without its legacy, the thought that labor organizations can no longer safely be entrusted to ephemeral labor agitators, but should be placed in the keeping of men who shall make it their daily task and who shall be paid for their time and services.

Mediation was a new term and a new idea in labor, and the molders are entitled to the credit, not only of bringing it about, but of giving it proper significance and use. There may be some disputes as to the parentage of that great practical thought, but that the molders were the first to practice it is beyond dispute. The old opinionated master always feels that he has nothing in common with labor, and the old opinionated laborer, that labor leaders should not be seen in a friendly attitude with the master.

The Toiler in England.

Factories, machinery, inventions, and competition had driven labor and capital into two distinct, fighting camps, fighting each other at every step, regardless of the cause, regardless of whether the fight was meritorious, and heedless of whether the same could be obviated by peaceful means. This enmity which existed between the two forces may be attributed mainly to the fact that labor organizations were not yet closely cemented, that the spirit and system of organization were yet primitive, and that the master organizations were likewise infantile in their scope and combinations; *laissez faire* was the prevailing political doctrine of the times.

The iron molders in convention gave warning: "Strikes are prolific. How often have disputes been averted by a few timely words with employers. It is surely no dishonor to explain to your employer the nature and extent of your grievances."

Some organizations went even farther,—so far as to attempt to abolish strikes,—but the solution was reached by the iron molders in 1846, when they adopted the safe and sane policy, which since then they and all other successful labor organizations have followed, and which the molders' organization follows to this day in our country. The echo of the voices of some of the delegates to the Iron Molders' Convention at Milwaukee in 1912 has not completely died down, for I still hear in the dim distance the voice of opposition from well-meaning members, who came to divest the full power in such matters from the Executive Committee. But at the English Molders' convention in 1846, full power to sanction strikes was vested in the Executive Committee. Listen to the language and notice the copious and obvious reasoning therefor:

"The system of allowing disputes to be sanctioned by meetings of our members, generally laboring under some excitement or other or misled by a plausible letter from

Chapter XV.

the scene of dispute, is decidedly bad. Our members do not feel that responsibility on these occasions which they ought. They are liable to be misled. A clever speech, bitter feeling, a misrepresentation, or a specious letter, all or any of these may involve a shop or a whole branch in a dispute unjustly and falsely, without the least chance of obtaining their object. Impressed with the truth of these opinions we have handed over the power of sanctioning disputes to the Executive Committee alone."

How well this philosophy has worked out can be seen in the stove plate branch of the molders' trade. Conciliation has continued with the best mutual results for both employers and employees. I know that we have many in the ranks of labor who in various ways may be as well fitted for offices in the executive committee as those who now hold them. Politics, pull, and circumstances may perhaps combine to prevent their getting on this committee. If, because of such failure to get on this committee, a member indulges in impatient tactics, he but hurts his own chance to serve labor and, indeed, only injures labor's cause.

I have always been a strong believer in centering the responsibility for strikes upon the heads of the organizations alone. I have been in too many strikes to speak otherwise. The executive council knows exactly the state of its ammunition, which means funds and the ability to get additional funds in case of a strike. There are some things that are necessarily state secrets and cannot be taken up before all—where there surely is a spy or two—and discussed with perfect frankness, so as to examine the pros and cons, the offensive and defensive strength and weakness of the organization for a strike. First, choose officials whom you can trust and then to them, in full confidence, entrust your safekeeping and that of the organization. Between conventions and elections, Lincoln's adage: "Do not swap horses while crossing a stream," is worthy of emulation.

The Toiler in England.

Let me give you some of the words that I spoke at the Molders' convention at Milwaukee, in 1912, and which were stenographically reported:

“Now, my friends—and you are friends—I want to talk to you about something that is of personal interest to you. I understand that this convention has some 450 delegates, of whom but seventy-five were in attendance at the Philadelphia convention. Therefore, it is indeed a young man's convention,—but this is a young man's world. Now, to the older men, I beseech you to be patient with the young men and listen to them; and, young men, I ask you to have faith in the older men and have faith in your leaders. I know your leaders. I have fought with them side by side in many a battle, and I know that as long as you have your present leaders, prosperity must come to the molders.

“You are here for a purpose. The molders' world looks upon you. Remember, it is not he who makes the longest speech that makes the most valuable delegate, but he who does the most work. Be patient, studious, calm, and vote right, and then you will go back, having accomplished something. You must remember that this is a world of evolution and not revolution. I have no use for the labor leader who believes in being radical in politics and doesn't believe in his union, nor have I use for the labor leader who seeks to disrupt his union to make political gain. The man who guides you right upon the industrial field and at the ballot—he is your real friend. Three things are essential to success: faith, achievement, and discipline. There can be no achievement unless you have faith in your leaders. There can be no achievement unless you have discipline. Washington won because he had discipline. Hannibal won because he had discipline. Moses had trouble with the Jews in the wilderness, because among them there was no discipline. Mark Antony lost to

Chapter XV.

Augustus because he had lost discipline. Discipline is essential in a great army.

"Discipline is essential to labor's success. Tyler of London, of old, was able to excite the English laborer to protest and boycott, but lost through lack of organization—through lack of discipline.

"John Mitchell won the coal strike because of the men's faith in him and because of his discipline over them.

"Owen failed in organizing labor, because he had no proper conception of organization and discipline. The American Federation of Labor succeeds, because it makes discipline the first essential of membership.

"You must follow your leaders, follow them under your molders' flag, so that when you have reached home, you can say you have done something. By your work, by your efforts, shall you bring about better conditions, shorter hours, higher wages."

Let us move on. Expediences galore now held the attention of all unions. Having passed out of Owenism and Chartism, theories were abandoned, expediences were attempted. The desire to become practical was now driven to the extreme. Limitations were placed upon apprentices, creating of emigration funds began, and the practical expedient was carried even to the point where, at a convention of the iron molders, it was insisted that the distribution of drinks in meetings should be impartial—except that the officers and the tramps (which was not yet a term of reproach, but an allusion to traveling members) should be served first and out of turn. Later, of course, drinks at meetings were abolished, and still later, they moved their headquarters away from ale houses.

We now reach the period of labor's history when unionism adopts the policy of the NEW MODEL, and in its adoption different groups of the metal trade, chiefly the engineers, play important parts. The ill effects of rivalry

The Toiler in England.

and competition between different trades, particularly such trades as might overlap each other in their work, the somewhat successful strike conducted jointly by several trades lasting some eight months,—a strike for shorter hours and extra pay for overtime,—and a successful strike conducted by the London Associated Trades, gave hope and impetus to the NEW MODEL idea.

The NEW MODEL, of which William Newton was the father, had its conception, as I gather—though there is more than one version of it—in the thought that every industry, every craft, every trade solidifies itself separately into a national body with a central head and local branches, and that the national organizations amalgamate into a convention or association, or into an association of associations. I do not use the word FEDERATION, because, in the NEW MODEL, the solidarity was not that STERLING to justify the term FEDERATION. The metal trades' section in our country resembles somewhat this NEW MODEL. Amalgamation as it is now understood and practiced by the American Federation of Labor, was not yet thought of. The New Model had for its basic principle what has since been derisively, pickingly, and cuttingly termed, by those who have been and are the advocates of broader industrialism of the laboring classes, the aristocracy of labor. No one could be a member of any of these national trades' organizations, unless he was a mechanic fully and completely apprenticed, and a full-fledged graduate journeyman in his given craft or trade.

Labor had not then reached that point where new machinery and the increasing number of inventions were unfrocking trades with that rapidity with which they do now, although the writing on the wall was to be seen. Hence mechanics pleaded that they, just as lawyers, doctors, and ministers, should have closed associations to which only those who had been fully apprenticed might be admitted.

Chapter XV.

A desire to classify themselves with the "larned" professions, and with the same limitations and powers, caused them to overlook and forget that the man below in the scale of labor, the unskilled laborer, and the machine were fast multiplying scabs, who, like the Huns of Attila, would overrun the labor market, seize their places in the shops, and throw them out as ruthlessly as though they were impudent tramps.

Machines and necessity recognize no aristocracy in labor. The New Model succeeded as all new models succeed,—for a time; and it goes without saying that because of its success, the employers set the legal machinery in motion to break it down, which they finally did. We return to the old, old story. I fear it must get tiresome, but how can I escape reciting it, unless I omit facts? Once more conspiracy charges and accusations of unlawful oath administerings sent labor leaders to prison. Persecution always brought to their defense several middle classed men and, this time, also, appeared a new political sect who called themselves the Christian Socialists—a political-economic denomination, effeminate, superficial, Chartist-propagandist, impractical; and, while CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM did not become a part of the New Model, yet, in the trying time of need, it voluntarily, and with such enthusiasm as always begets a new movement, assisted in the defense of the unfortunates who had fallen into the clutches of the law. In time of need, assistance is welcome, and we are not over-particular as to who gives and from where it comes. Assistance created friendship. The New Model marked the beginning of the developing and enlisting into the ranks of labor, of men as leaders who were less loquacious and more business-like in their dealings, who introduced system into their tasks, with satisfactory pay, and with a steadfastness and constancy among them, as well as schooling in the doctrine of conciliation—that in the averting of a

The Toiler in England.

strike there was more lasting benefit to all than in the winning of it. The germ of centralized labor bodies also was implanted, and its seed afterwards fructified with rapidity and abundance.

The New Model was not without its many bitter drawbacks, for no perfect system of labor organization has yet been created, and the New Model was far from perfect. It, like any other innovating institution and system, inspired opposition, and its leaders—like all other leaders—instilled jealousy, causing all its weaknesses to be pointed out. The masters in particular, when they discovered that as part of the system it levied a regular tax or assessment, which gave it funds and a full treasury for strike purposes, that it was by like means and funds supporting its trade papers, and that it was in many other ways contributing monetary aid to its members, mobilized to break it up, together with its affiliated associates and such other trade-unions as followed in its footsteps.

An era of countless strikes and lockouts followed. The employers learned and utilized tricks of subsidizing the press, and redacted and disseminated, without constraint or restraint, abuse and libel against all such labor organizations; then they formed associations for the prime purpose not only of not recognizing union men, but of demanding and exacting (which they did) written renunciations of and promises by workers never to return to unions.

Most unions, through their executive councils, voted to contribute funds to the unions thus engaged in strikes and lockouts. And when the stone-masons declared for a nine-hour day, and when they received contributions from all sources,—something like \$100,000 to \$150,000 from the engineers' union alone—it made the enemy gasp for breath; and they hastily gathered, as though in anticipation of some catastrophe, and the ditches for greater resistance to the strike were dug. The strike was victorious, notwith-

Chapter XV.

standing that through intermediaries the battle was declared a draw. The New Model was now to be followed by all crafts. Other trades saw the necessity and value of centralization and the building trades formed the London Trades Council—afterwards a pattern for various city trade councils. Remuneration and centralization made it worthy of consideration, and men soon fitted themselves to become efficient leaders. Meeting labor leaders of other trades in almost daily conference gave them splendid opportunity for the interchange of ideas, the formulating of tactics, the growth of greater spirit, and for impressing upon all the need of unity in facing the enemy.

Labor is now surely and securely getting together, and experienced men, patiently studious and temperamentally suited to the task, mount in authority in labor's ranks. We see such men as Allan, Applegarth, and Guile—the last, the clever secretary of the molders' organization—and others of like type rising in prominence, with brains and souls for great and greater things. They are all disciples of Newton, working for methods, business-like methods, in all affairs of labor organizations—for regular books and for the institution of the latest systems; and associations assume proportions of great business enterprises. The paid agitator is either transformed or displaced by a paid, trusted officer of a great financial labor corporation; and instead of the old-fashioned, bluff labor leader, taunting the employing class, parading his self-importance, boasting of the power behind him, and talking in menacing terms—we have the new leader, wisely, designedly, and suavely, with much subtleness, disarming the middle class of their ancient prejudices against labor. These new and modern tactics gain for labor organizations a high reputation; and leaders from all classes—politicians, statesmen, scholars, sociologists, from everywhere—are attracted to them. Labor leaders mingle with others in public demonstrations for

The Toiler in England.

various reforms and are appointed on committees by the public. They are appointed also on government committees created for various investigations and reports. The old sloppy, alchohol-steeped-breathed, defying, blustering, frowzy leader gives way to the well-mannered and well-dressed business-like leader, possessed of an incorruptible integrity—and he, indeed, makes a good impression. Newton's ideal aim was that every labor leader should, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion.

All reforms that were worthy of labor's support were voted for, but always cautiously approached, as if the voters sought to displease no one, and yet with a firm policy for labor's ends, quietly, unostentatiously, and along the line of least strikes. Of course, the revolutionists, the hot-heads, thought that labor leaders were lying down, that their fraternizing and rubbing shoulders with the employers was an indication of unfaithfulness. Unfortunately for all movements, labor or otherwise, there always was and there always will be a suspicious element that will ever try to destroy by innuendo and insinuation the good work and the name of those who seek to do things in ways different from theirs.

This movement also agitated the schooling of the ranks. Education was on all leaders' lips and became a topic for everyday and commonplace discussions. Right now, in the ghettos of New York and Chicago and our other large cities, one may hear sweated toilers and other workmen everywhere during spare moments recounting and discussing educational, philosophic, and political topics and even quoting Nietzsche and Marx. Then, too, the English laborer seemed to be taken up with educational topics, forming the whole English labor movement into one mass, demanding and fighting for new master-and-servant laws and for national education.

The rank and file were still unfranchised; therefore, it

Chapter XV.

was indeed a mammoth undertaking to convert the enemy—the middleman politician—into granting labor the franchise, which afterwards became and still is the greatest and most formidable weapon in labor's hands. For, while these labor leaders were for political action, the great rank, being without franchise, were not merely indifferent, but were opposed to spending money, time, and efforts for political action. But politics could not be resisted, for politics is ever attractive to most of us. There is always something in the spell-binder that wins him attention. The demagoguery of every political orator fills his hearers with much phantom hope. As in a lottery, one always wants to try his luck, and though to labor it seems like a lottery, in politics is its chance and from politics it will carry off the prizes. Enfranchisement brings democracy, and with democracy will come more and more liberal and more universal enfranchisement; and enfranchisement again will gradually, slowly but surely, bring to labor its moral and industrial victories.

One thing that labor organizations have done and can always do is to make the politician and the oppressor tremble. True, the politician will fool labor time and again, and labor will keep on being fooled, and the oppressor will keep on oppressing, but with each deception by the politician, labor grows shrewder, and the politician is forced to become more resourceful in his deception. On the other hand, the oppressor relents as he sees that oppression is the "meat upon which solidarity doth feed." A people that has the correct stamina will survive all oppression. The Jews are an example of that. An idea, if it be virile and not asexed, will outlive all prosecutions. That which dies must die. In the test of the survival of the fittest, we must pay tribute to union labor. When the time comes that oppression terminates labor unions, then the time will come when it will be nil in its benefits to mankind; but so long as labor unions are needed, so long will they exist.

The Toiler in England.

It is in this period that we see, for the first time in English history, unions making public display of their strength and forces by inviting Garibaldi and giving him a royal welcome, and by their siding with our North against our South on the negro question during the Civil War, notwithstanding that the English middleman allied openly and sympathized with the cotton-producing Confederacy. And we see the unions fighting for the Reform Bill and other reforms. While I have given you what appears to be a glowing account, do not think it was without many labor difficulties.

Overlapping in trades, as is ever common with all autonomic organizations, takes place; internal squabbles become intense and, in the meanwhile, as in the French Revolution, with its Fouquier and the guillotine, its condemning and executing, the English courts grind out incessantly PROSECUTIONS of labor bordering on PERSECUTIONS. As high as ten thousand and more cases a year involving "breach of contract" between master and servant crowd the courts. Can you imagine the loss in wages, in time, in effort, and the worry and anxiety incident to such proceedings? Will that heedless legal persecution of labor ever stop? When? When the French Revolution ceased, then did its persecutions and its guillotining cease to be a matter of public entertainment. Some day—it reads like a poet's vision—some day this court business between master-and-servant in all labor matters will be over. The Compensation Act in England, the Compensation Acts in some of the states of the United States have taken and will take much business away from the courts. Other laws covering cases of master-and-servant will be enacted, laws that will take them out of the jurisdiction of the courts. Perhaps there is more in this than is dreamed of in your philosophy. If we cannot make the courts behave and quit treating labor legislation in the light of the ancient

Chapter XV.

common law, instead of in the light of modern industrial needs and conditions, then we can take the litigated business from them and divest them of all jurisdiction. A crown without a kingdom and a court without a lawsuit are both ornaments that will soon find their keeping among the curiosities of archaeological museums, and their once-existence will become the theme of old tradition—fit for the round-table or university lecture.

As time goes on, labor leaders enter upon lobbying in Parliament, speaking in great numbers on the platforms, and, through lawyers, fighting their battles in courts—fighting all the time without and within. Gains bring cheer, until suddenly progress is blighted and we approach a most interesting chapter in the McNamara and International Iron Workers case in this country. It seemed when the McNamara case was pulled off, as though a modern novelist or dramatist had written a new story or play, but had borrowed his theme from some seemingly forgotten author.

The masters, determined to resist labor's constantly growing demands and to check what seems to be an era of prosperity in the labor movement, begin to treat union men in a manner most shameful, dragging them into the courts, and bending all efforts to disrupt labor by lockouts and strikes. Scabs are brought in great numbers, rioting takes place, non-union men as well as union men are beaten up, and, in the city of Manchester, there is murder!

The capitalists accuse union labor. Labor, confident in the innocence of its purpose, and sure and secure of its ability to extirpate itself from any participation in the murder, condemns the outrage and demands investigation. For a time it seems that labor loses some of its old-time friends and advocates, but its two great friends, Frederick Harrison and Professor E. S. Beesley assume the position of labor's public apologists, once more turning tide in its favor,

The Toiler in England.

and satisfying the public that no labor organization was associated with the murder.

Upon labor's solicitations, a commission is appointed by Parliament to investigate the existing conditions, but the committee is without a labor representative. Now, the unions throughout the island are working for a standard of wage and hours of labor, and also for the building up of strike funds, while these are threatened as funds illegally maintained by illegal combinations, making them subject to pilfering and abstraction without successful prosecutions for embezzlement. Labor now, too, for the first time raises its voice against the piece system, although its opposition is yet weak. The piece system still lives. It is now sometimes called the EFFICIENCY SYSTEM,—the system that is efficient in enervating all human working energy—and is now the occasion for much debate between employer and employee.

It is the year 1867 and, as I have said, "All is quiet along the Potomac," when one Broadhead, who had always been considered a respected labor leader of the grinders' trade, confesses to a series of crimes. The clouds gather. Do you remember the arrest of the McNamaras and later their confessions? Do you still feel the shock, the earthquake? Why use other words? You remember how labor feared that the arrest and confession of the McNamaras would hurt unions; so then did they think that Broadhead's confession would do likewise in England, for the enemy seized upon it and made it a theme for labor condemnations, and, as in the McNamara case in the United States, so in England was labor put on the defensive. But it soon blew over—the unions stronger than ever. "One swallow does not make a summer." One or several union men engaged in crime does not make labor unions criminal organizations nor their membership criminals. That logic is self-evident and should be self-sufficing.

Chapter XV.

A traitor or several traitors in the army ranks are shot down, but they do not contaminate the whole army. A Benedict Arnold or a Jesse James are not types of American people,—quite the contrary. They are rather exceptions to the type of our great people. So a Broadhead, a McManigal, or an Orchard are the exceptions to the labor movement. Judas Iscariot did not make Jesus the less intrepid reformer and expurgator of the money changers from the temple. Why then multiply illustrations? Do you think that a hundred criminals or fools can darken the sky of unionism? Its name is a fixed star, which like the fresh-polished jewel ever shines so bright that even the clouds cannot hide it. “Consistency, thou art a jewel.” Assiduous English workers, you deserve a medal!

How thankful every working man, woman, and child should be to labor unions! There is no ingratitude so base as that of a scab. There is no duty so great as that of a working man to his union.

All peoples and nations have traditions of past persecutions and sufferings, and their heroes whom they worship. The school children and we grown-ups worship our Revolutionary forefathers who fought so gallantly and valiantly against England and gave us independence; and we love them and hold them dear as we read of their struggles and hardships at Valley Forge and other places. And then again, as we listen to the stories unfolded by the veterans of the Civil War who fought for the emancipation of the negro, and when we recall the days of Libby Prison and other places of hell, we again hold sacred the memory of those who fought for a country without a slave. And so, some day, our scions will be proud of the union men who fought, bled, and died for a cause as great as the cause of the Revolutionary War, as great as the cause of freeing the negro—aye, perhaps the greatest of all, for they shall have

The Toiler in England.

been the martyrs to the cause of causes—the Emancipation of all Toilers of the World.

And in that we should find courage and take up the banner and fight where they have left off, for we, too, shall be fired by the same spirit, moved by the same motive, inspired by the same hope, and with Byron exclaim:

“Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That tyranny will quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame
They, too, will rather die than shame:
For freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeath’d by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOILER IN ENGLAND.*

PART III.

THERE is no "Dutch" crossing to labor's goal, in plain parlance, or, speaking classically, the means to labor's end is without its "royal road," or, putting it mathematically so that there can be no chance for ever disproving it, in going from one point to another, in labor's onward march, you are not permitted to take the hypotenuse, but must take the other two sides of the triangle. Labor's progress does not march as the crow flies, but rather along a winding, meandering lane. Tedious and fatiguing is its march and never without the enemy opposing it at every step. True, labor has made heavy inroads, and the enemy is on the constant retreat—but always fighting. Thus, I introduce this additional article on England, and with the "to be continued" phrase at the end.

You see, we have so many stubborn facts in English labor's history that even in our aerial flight through Europe we dare not overlook them unless we desire to remain ignorant of them; and to be ignorant of things that have played so important a part in the development of the various causes of our own labor movement, would be hardly pardonable.

Remember that the earth is but a cast-off part of the sun. That is, it was once a part of the sun. Don't prove it by me. I take the word of geologists for it. So was the United States once a part of England, only we cast off England. And any one who has run up against injunctions, contempt of courts, and the sequential jail sentences, will admit that this is somewhat an important consideration

* October, 1914.

The Toiler in England.

in the genealogical tracings which we are bound to make when endeavoring to account for any given state of facts in our labor movement.

Now that I have satisfied you,—at least I am satisfied that I have satisfied you,—of the reason for these tedious and somewhat laborious chapters on Labor in England, let us proceed again to deal with the several facts which we regard as important and interesting to those who are in search of facts.

We hear the call of labor: "To the front, all ranks!" And now it is for a new Trade Act. The unions procured the act of 1825, which in a measure gave unions certain security from molestation; but the courts are once more on the war path, like the old Indians in their outbreaks against civilization, and once more declare unions illegal, and their treasuries are threatened. Political parties are forced to promise unions relief, and politicians likewise promise relief. At the same time, we find among the laboring people those who oppose political action and the enactment of new laws, on the ground that the less working men have to do with the law in any shape, the better. In other words, what is the use of trying if you have been kicked down so hard by disappointment that you are bound to stay down for a long time. That may be the refrain to the song of a hopeless life-condemned slave. But the spark of hope in those who love liberty says otherwise.

Parliament fails to keep its promise to labor. Pressure is brought to bear upon the politicians to redeem their promises to labor. It becomes as exciting as a football game when the team of one's alma mater is within a few inches of the goal. They gather for the last conference—the massing of all forces for the last resistance—the attack—the great defense—the cheering—rioting—to the goal—safe! Anxious moments! All the pressure capital can bring is brought to bear. The act is passed, and there is

Chapter XVI.

great rejoicing; but there are always those who after having gotten half the loaf—the only part they were striving for—are disappointed, because they did not try for the whole loaf. The law completely legalized unions and protected their funds, yet the Frankenstein in an act of 1825 reappears in the new act and will appear in every act that ever will be enacted so long as the courts have the right to issue labor injunctions and construe the terms “obstruct,” “threaten,” and “intimidate” in any farcical way they may see fit. The new act was nothing more than a codification of the existing legal decisions. Picketing was so defined as to prohibit any combined, effective picketing; and the act of 1871 soon proved disappointing, as it left the common law rule against picketing, combinations, and so forth, in full force as of old, and prosecutions, and convictions under it proved that, although unions had fought hard to obtain an act that was proclaimed and believed to be a victory, it was by the courts made into a defeat. The courts’ interpretation was the undoing of what otherwise would have been a great political moral victory. The only vestige the courts left to unions under this act of 1871 was that a strike in itself was not illegal. Conspiracy, as the courts construed it against the unions, nevertheless, made most strikes conspiracies.

Labor recovered from the last legal blow. The labor leaders now opened fight for the repeal of that part of the act which dealt with conspiracies and illegal picketing. They made their protest against the courts by strikes and public meetings. Persons in sympathy derided scabs; women joined in these tactics; and written it is in dockets of English jurisprudence that women were sent to jail for saying “Bah” to scabs. Picketing was a crime, but black-listing was not; and the master took advantage of this, and the courts were used to crush labor. As I have already told you, Gladstone was opposed to labor.

The Toiler in England.

The act of 1871 and prosecutions under it had the effect of drawing out of labor's ranks a lot of great labor leaders. Once more politics is the slogan. "We must beat our enemy, we must elect our friends, we must elect our own men where possible," is the cry. Liberals and Tories are labor's enemies. The cry is for an Independent Labor Party. Labor, Maintainer of the Universe, at last thou hast found courage and judgment to look for thy only real, true friend, and that is thyself.

An Independent Labor Party! And McDonald and Burt are elected to Parliament—McDonald, the great McDonald, whose name is still known and loved in England,—and there is no other now, save Keir Hardie, who is loved as McDonald was. These are the first of labor's representatives. In the language of Disraeli, labor speaks out: "You shall yet hear from me." Indeed, it is a new epoch in labor history, a new hope, a new dawn, a new day for England and English workers. What a change in the government! Just two lonely members in Parliament, just two, but their voices are *vox populi*, and the politicians know it. A law is now passed by which peaceful picketing is permitted, though the words "molest" and "intimidate" are still in the law. Moral suasion may be practiced. Labor gains friends in Parliament. Factory reforms are legislated. Old prejudices are dying out. Unions are supreme. "Hear me, O Israel!" Ancient *laissez faire*, leave me alone, leave alone the master, the slave driver, the whip wielder; leave alone the factory foreman, the sweater, the man-maimer, the child dwarfer; leave alone the tenant-disease breeder, the death garner,—*laissez faire*, you are dying, dying and forsaken, dying amid the happy peals of laughter and rejoicing, sounded by the throats of those very men whose backs you have bent in thralldom that you might live in industrial debauchery. *Laissez faire*, get thee hence, a fallen, discarded philosophy. Labor unions have driven

Chapter XVI.

thee out of civilization's abode, and henceforth thou shalt, like the Wandering Jew, be without a home or stopping place, an exile in the lands of savages, where full-grown men, but yet with infants' brains, may still be harnessed and chained and shackled, gyved and manacled in the clutches of greed to grind out greater profits. There shalt thou live with FREEDOM OF CONTRACT in rotten, decaying, abhorrent concubinage, there with thy retinue of conspiracy, common-law, fellow-servant, and all their old ilk, until the child-brain in man shall become the man's brain in man; and then from there thou, too, shalt be exiled and wander until this "sure and firm earth shall prate thy whereabouts" and throw thee to the recesses of Neptune, where scorpions and sea-devils shall scotch thee into excruciating bits, and from there cast thee into the jaws of Hades, where Beelzebub shall feed upon thy slimy, scotched remains, until thou shalt be no more and thy memory and thy name shall awaken stories of ancient miseries, sufferings, and fears.

Marxism has now been read. The Internationale, the Manifesto, the conventions and assemblages of the followers of the new school attract labor leaders in no small numbers. The new philosophy makes an impression. Labor leaders now become ambitious. McDonald in Parliament is to be followed by others; and labor leaders everywhere prepare themselves for this coveted honor. McDonald is in Parliament to serve his class. He does. Result: an eight-hour day for minors, protection of miners, and other reforms are enacted by law. In the meanwhile, labor unions, growing more and more complex as business bodies, for business guidance, adopt a rule that the secretary need not be an orator, but do require as the first pre-requisite, business ability, and compel each candidate to undergo the ordeal of a competitive civil service examination. He must be an accountant; he must be, also, a person to whom the

The Toiler in England.

members may go for legal advice; he must be up in the technique of his trade and in the history and in the business of his organization. We cannot stop to recite all, but each election brings other and new concessions, such as a half-day off on Saturday, the nine-hour day, guarding against defective and dangerous machinery. Representation in Parliament increases.

All, all goes to show what I started out to portray, the characteristic of the English toiler. It is an age of prosperity for labor unions, and now non-union men go on strikes. It is the rule everywhere. There are always among us those who are willing to have others fight for a thing, without a hand of assistance or even a word of encouragement, but who are ever ready to share in the gains—in fact are even insistent in participating in the spoils. It is a period of commercial prosperity, and organized labor takes advantage and gets the ear of government—the Ministry and Parliament. This, with labor's success at the polls, gives new and increased impetus to its organizations and membership. Now agricultural unions also spring up. The laborer has saved some money, and old co-operative schemes with new names for the earning of big dividends for labor spring up like mushroom growths. Some of them have survived to this very day and have proved profitable, but most have failed and caused the investor heavy losses, particularly the hard-working, confiding, credulous, poor worker.

The English church and clergy are arrayed against labor. But let us stop here and give credit to the level-headedness as well as to the broad spirit of tolerance and brotherhood of the labor leaders, though it may take me back a few years. When the Catholic Emancipation Act was undergoing debate and had held England's attention for some time, the old tricks to divide organized labor along religious lines were tried, but failed, because labor

Chapter XVI.

leaders declined to be caught by that; and then religion was an issue never foisted upon the English laborer again.

The agitation of temperance among the working classes is now going on, and a large number of leaders become teetotallers, and up to the very present day some of the leading labor leaders in England preach under various religious auspices and church roofs the gospel of temperance to the workers. Drink is no longer England's most serious problem. The English worker, particularly the union man, has sobered up. Now one would as soon see a heavy drinking labor official as the ancient proverbial pig in the parlor. Little remains of them except the telling.

Now do not be deceived into thinking that the decline of inebriety is responsible for labor's great gains. Quite the contrary. Labor's gains have given the laborer time for thinking, food for reflection; this, with compulsory education, his association with other men, the open meeting and mutual exchange of ideas, have all worked for his sobriety.

When the laborer was without a vote, he had no interest in elections. When he was without a friend in Parliament, he had little concern in labor legislation. When his union was a criminal institution, he had to resort to illegal means to keep himself within his union. When he toiled long hours at enervating work, when his factory was his prison, and his old jerry-built home his clearing house of troubles, he had inclination and time and understanding for but two passions—drink and sex.

The hypocritical middleman knew then, as he knows now, that to ascribe labor's conditions of hardship to drink was no more than an unscrupulous salesman's way of selling a cheap article by getting the buyer's attention off the real defect in the material. Of course, one still sees considerable drunkenness, and it will be seen for many years yet to come; but one should remember that, because of miserable old

The Toiler in England.

housings and old environments that were left behind, and because capitalism has so weakened the workers by exploitation, they are simply physically and morally too weak to catch up. Salvation armies and other benevolent and charitable institutions may rescue a drunken soul here and there, but the majority must die off, and we must leave it to the new generation to catch up with civilization and civilization's way of sober living. Latest scientific discoveries prove that environment is by far a greater influencing factor than heredity. The son does not inherit the father drunkard's disposition; but an environment, where, from the cradle up, he sees the father coming home drunk, where he himself is fed upon intoxicants, and where he is continually fetching intoxicants for his father, lays for him with much opportunity the drunkard's path.

That environment is a greater influencing factor than heredity may be seen in all the foreign parts of our big cities. The European parent still clings to all his old ways. The young pick up on the streets the latest from their associates, and, just as soon as they can, they cast off the old customs for the new. Frequently the chase is so fast that one would wish they were a little slower, for they often—too rapidly and in advance of all else—acquire a manner of speech, a mode of dress, and a way of forming associations that need pruning and reforming,—but that is the physical energy of youth. You may train an old horse, but the pony will kick up all the capers of a pony when given free rein.

Poverty associates itself with drink, for drink produces poverty. Poverty begets drunkenness; and the drunkard, in his desire for strong drink, in turn begets poverty. That is: first, poverty is the inducing cause of drunkenness; second, drunkenness, once started, makes for a new or continued or accentuated poverty.

England has still to contend with poverty, and all the

Chapter XVI.

poor laws it has made, and all the poor laws it will make, and all the charity it practices, will not do away with poverty, so long as the system exists whereby exploitation, overwork and overtime periods, over-production and under-consumption, and speculation are considered legitimate and legal. I do not intend to take up time discussing the merits of that phase of economics, but I do want you to give it consideration, for labor has many contending forces yet to deal with, many problems yet to consider and grapple with.

In England, particularly in the cities, there are hordes of harlots who eke out an existence, and also a large criminal class, petty thieves, pick-pockets and the like. I make the assertion, and in this I am backed by facts and statistics, that factories, with their uncertain employment, gathered the people from the sparsely settled districts, threw them together, and there made breeding grounds for criminals. Let us look for the cause. I quote the following passage from Engels, for I think he most tersely explains the real reasons:

"The workers, before, vegetated throughout a passably comfortable existence, leading a righteous and peaceable life in all piety and probity, and their material position was better than that of their successors; for the most part the workers were strong, well-built people, with physiques, little or no different from that of the peasants. . . . They became young in years, old in sin, suffering outcasts from society, plotting, from famine, filth, and disease. . . . The workers were exposed to the most exciting changes of mental condition, the most violent vibrations between hope and fear. They are hunted like game and not permitted to attain peace of mind and quiet enjoyment of life."

A merchant may have an excited condition of mind to endure, when, in order to meet his money obligations and save his credit, he labors for the raising of funds. A banker, a financier, may have his mental excitement as

The Toiler in England.

he watches the ticker that ticks for him a financial gain or loss, but such excitements are playthings compared with the excitement of the man who is six months out of work, without coal in the house, with children barefooted and ragged, the wife dying from childbirth, and nowhere to turn for relief. The great brotherhood of the poor, the willingness and tenderness with which they help and console each other, and their complacent submission to the powers that be, are the things that save society from a larger number of criminals.

The occasional hunger-strike, with its window-smashing, is the result of conditions that have come to a point beyond further physical surviving. A favored argument, written and spoken (and I find it in a book by some ex-convict), makes claim that the greatest number of criminals do not come from the poorest districts, and concludes therefrom that poverty is not the cause of crime. It would seem that such declaration of fact were an impregnable argument, but, on the contrary, it is false and fallacious. It must be remembered that mankind has several levels above which it will rise and below which it will fall. The level or line of necessity is indeed relevant. One may fall even to the level where the refuse of the garbage-can will content—if of sufficient quantity—and live without protest. That is the bottom level of poverty, the last stage of humanity, or rather the last state of animal existence, below which life cannot continue without a dying struggle or last fight for life. Here is where we catch the fellow who makes the claim that poverty does not beget crime. The level of the man who falls into crime is higher than that of the great number of people who are content to live on garbage, refuse, or the alms of charity. The man who resorts to crime may possess a notion of pride, a conception of living which makes for him a level above the lowest. He still possesses a mind that has not yet been so numbed by

Chapter XVI.

hardened conditions as to obliterate all thought of self-help, or to cause him to resign himself to the assistance of others, and necessity—in his case—sets his mind advancing along lines that travel in the channels that lead to crime.

It takes some intelligence to commit burglary, to steal, to evade, to escape; and it takes a certain degree of intelligence to prepare and lay plans. London and other cities house criminals not in the poorest districts. In the most poverty-ridden districts, drunkenness is the principal stupefying and pacifying narcotic of the brain. When the criminal becomes an habitual drunkard, or falls to that level where he will content himself with less than he hopes to get by criminal pursuit, and resigns himself to charity, he has already moved out of the district of the less poor into that of the most poor. Men pursuing crime do not apply to the poorhouse, nor have their rent paid, nor food furnished by charitable institutions. It is their desire to be away from that; and yet inability to work drives them to crime. The bank-teller forges and abstracts, the clerk embezzles, because they, too, have their levels of necessity—though their necessities are far above the bread level,—and forgers and embezzlers do not as a rule come from the poor districts. They are from either the middle class or the aristocratic laboring class.

It is just this low poverty level which society maintains that causes, during a strike or an assemblage for protest, the coming out of the "hoodlums" and "hooligans" in great numbers,—for want of better occupation and understanding, due to drink, due to that fellow-sympathy which poverty so readily begets,—and the semi-riotous disturbances, such as window-smashing, meaningless confusion in which the sensible union man and the disciplined striker do not even dream of participating, but for which prejudiced and wilfully ignorant society, government, and precedent-following courts hold them responsible.

The Toiler in England.

Such are some of the contentions of the English worker. It was just such a state of affairs that laid Burns and Hydman and Williams open to a charge of conspiracy, tending to arouse the unemployed class to rebellion, with great danger of their being convicted and deported. The danger was indeed great, for England had, and still has, juries selected solely from the middle classes, juries that receive no pay—a system which the English labor movement is now combating to abolish. But luckily there was on that jury a Christian Socialist (Christian Socialism in England does not bear the same meaning as in Germany and Austria), and it was he who succeeded in acquitting Burns, *et al.*

Near the approach of the year 1880, hard times again were brought on in England, businesses went bankrupt, and, of course, large numbers of labor unions collapsed. With hard times, and unions breaking up, there came to labor not only external, but serious internal difficulties, chiefly the nuisance of overlapping trades, inevitable as long as trades maintain strict and narrow autonomies. Hard times and out-of-work and want-of-work accentuated the internal troubles and disputes, which, together with inventions, caused much havoc in the ranks. Each invention had a depressing influence upon aristocratic labor. Those who were once considered high-priced, skilled mechanics, and who had enforced strict rules of apprenticeship, found themselves thrown out of their aristocracy and into the general class of factory hands, upon which they—but shortly back—had looked down. Perhaps this was the most trying period in the history of the labor movement. The hard times brought much misery and suffering, but they also begot new ideas and brought out new men to preach the new ideas. Thus, in England, the last forty years of the labor movement is unlike any preceding period. With the beginning of the '80's, the spirit of

Chapter XVI.

revolution began to weaken, and the spirit of evolution to rise, until at the present it is at a high point.

Political education, de-aristocratization of unions, and welcomed fraternizing and unionizing with unskilled labor support the foregoing assertion. In a subdivision—due to the unexpected length of this topic, a length of which I never dreamt when I first began to dictate—I shall take up the political and educational influences on the English labor movement during the last forty years, and, as I believe, account for its present state—i. e., that wherein was effected the removal of its former, constant, warlike spirit and the supplanting of it by the new political solidarity, which is full of a militancy, different, yet much more forceful and useful.

In the beginning of this period, we find increased defections in the ranks of labor leaders from the *laissez faire* doctrine. Socialism is inoculating; and collectivism, semi-collectivism, co-operativism, and even philosophic anarchy are considered. Socialism, however, gets the lead of the other new isms, for labor leaders and laboring men turn to it in numbers. But, whatever may be the English laborers' political and economic notions, let it be said of them that they vote with a great degree of solidarity, are even increasing in their representation with each election, and in Parliament are voting as a unit for all measures in the interest of labor.

Of course, this last period was not without its strikes and lockouts, its riots and violence; but these were of minor order and they came not with that same frequency that characterized the movement in preceding periods. The last big strike in which violence and rioting occurred was the dock-workers' strike, in which Burns and Mann, by their eloquence, became leaders, and, by their energetic efforts, tied up practically the entire shipping trade, and, by their clever tactics, maneuvered to—and did—excite sympathy

The Toiler in England.

from everybody, everywhere, even Australia. And then, with a stroke of genius, they gathered into the fold all unskilled labor. That strike marked the successful beginning of the formation of unions of unskilled labor, which have since flourished in great numbers and which are now admitted with rights as full as the skilled trades in all national labor conventions. And that time, too, marks the decline of the old prejudices on the part of aristocratic unions against them.

Women's unions now are formed; organized labor now goes on strikes. One such strike is the match-makers' strike, fostered and led by women who since have become prominent in the English Woman Suffrage movement and who since have succeeded in inviting the sympathy of the upper classes. When Burns and Mann first started out—as it is natural to suppose—they were red-hot revolutionary socialists, but time and experience had their effect upon them, as we shall see.

Nor were they the first and only ones who experienced such changes. Lewis, the translator of one of Engels' philosophic works, remarks that when Engels began the study of the English poor conditions he was hot with indignation, and the first chapters of his book on the conditions of the working classes in 1844 were written in that spirit, but as he came to the closing chapters of the same book he turned more philosophic and temperate in his conclusions, for he then saw that the labor movement must take its course and could not be unduly hastened.

John Burns got office, and his old radicalism left him. There is nothing like public office and the oath of responsibility that goes with it, to make a man conservative. I have witnessed that in the cases of many laboring people in Milwaukee. It is astonishing how the firebrand radicals who, when they spoke, led you to believe that the earth revolved in the very orbit of their right hand and that

Chapter XVI.

they, if they ever got in office, would make it revolve the other way,—it is remarkable how these men were changed. Just as soon as they got the star of an alderman or of an ash-barrel inspector, scarcely had they been on duty twenty-four hours, when conservativeness took hold of them, and they began to realize how utterly and helplessly impotent they were to do the things which they had promised to do with such sudden haste. The workers whom they had converted to their beliefs thought the Messiah would come with the election of a few workingmen to the city hall. But, when the Messiah did not come, they quickly accused those elected to office of bad faith. That is a sad state in the labor movement. The laboring masses are the first to discredit their labor leaders—long before they deserve it—merely because in office this lesson is forced upon them: “Neither time nor events can be changed by any daring radicalism.” Progress does not move in that way. Burns became too conservative while holding office, in the estimation of the laboring classes; hence, he is no longer liked and is even condemned in most scathing terms by the very classes whom he sought to serve. Whether or not his resigning from his post because of his opposition to the present English policy of war upon Germany will serve to restore him in labor’s esteem, in which he once so firmly dwelt and which he so quickly lost by taking office, is still highly problematical.

Tom Mann, on the other hand, started out to be a constructive socialist, a political propagandist. Mann did not take office. In most orators the desire to say something new, to arouse, brings out radical speech. Hence one grows impatient with himself, with the slow progress of constructive work, and he sends reason flying out of the window, and becomes an exhorter for near-syndicalism. When I was in London, Tom Mann was talking to some labor union, preaching industrialism—which was then

The Toiler in England.

endeavoring to break into the English labor movement. Burns and Mann are two excellent illustrations of how different conditions will drive well-meaning men to opposite extremes.

I spoke of the last big strike where violence took place. I will now mention the late miners' strike, where all English mines were tied up without a single instance of violence, where the solidarity of the miners and the discipline of their forces filled the entire world with amazement, and which, perhaps more than anything else in the last two or three decades, has made capital sit up and take notice that a peaceful army of labor has come, that peaceful conquest is the order of events, and that preparation had better be made for turning over to them the reins of government. We can parallel American labor and American politics and alliances to those in England. The early socialists then grew quite impatient with the English labor leaders' reluctance to turn over to them the lock and key of the labor movement. And these impatient socialists called the labor leaders names, such as "opportunists," until a new socialist movement, the Fabian movement, came to the support of "opportunism." Opportunists though the old labor leaders were and are, they have steadily gained for labor new laws, constant improvements, and ameliorations.

Among the laws which they have gained by their opportunism are numerous local-improvement acts, drainage acts, truck acts, mine-regulation acts, various factory acts, public-health acts, adulteration acts, changes in the common-law rules, various changes in the law of negligence, a compensation act, greater and broader suffrage, appeals in criminal cases, acts giving justices the right to suspend sentences and remit costs, regulating house work, forbidding the giving of pay checks payable at public houses, compulsory education, old-age pension, minimum wage, redemption of paupers, eight-hour day and better wages.

Chapter XVI.

These measures required years of labor and were the result of opportunism—which is political compromise. No great measure ever passed without a compromise. Our American Constitution is a compromise document. Practical constructive work necessitates compromise, and he who is radical to a point beyond reconciliation—that is, who is willing to take but not to give—cannot do constructive work.

Many agitators might make good minority leaders, but, when labor is in the majority or holds the balance of power, or at least makes the other side believe it holds the balance of power, then its representative—if labor is to continue successful—must be a compromiser. All practical political measures for which even the socialists are to be given credit have been the result of compromise. Compromise succeeds in having Parliament appoint laboring men on committees, and also in having it appoint a committee to study the vice question and report thereon. And compromise gains a still greater victory when labor, through its Parliamentary diplomacy, succeeds in the ability to nullify the various decisions of English courts and of the law department of the House of Lords by acts of Parliament.

At present labor is seeking to capture the political highway to the appointed judiciary, for labor has learned that in every judicial appointment politics control the appointment; hence, to control the judiciary it must control the politics that control the judiciary.

The Taff-Vale decision, in which the courts found a way for capital to sue unions as corporate entities though unincorporated, and also to hold them liable for damages and thus despoil them of their treasures, was, soon after its announcement, nullified by an act of Parliament which protected unions against such judicial inroads and exempted them from any money liability.

The Osborne decision prevented unions from paying

The Toiler in England.

out their incomes towards the maintenance of union men who were members of Parliament. The decision was at once nullified by getting Parliament to provide for the compensation of all members of Parliament.

Now that labor has reached that point where it can out-flank the courts and weaken them and nullify their decisions by following upon the heel of each decision—as Jacob did upon the heel of Esau—with an act of Parliament making such decision so much waste paper, there is indeed much hope for the great labor democracy.

Just see by what processes of reasoning the courts have sought to thwart the efforts of labor. A rich man holds stocks and bonds in a dozen businesses. He may go to Parliament, although he draws interest and dividends from his various corporations. He is paid by such corporations, indirectly, of course, but directly he represents such interests in which he holds the stocks and bonds. But the laborer, who has no coupons to clip, no rents to collect, no interest to receive, nothing but his time to sell for wages—the laborer, when he has no wages, cannot live; and if the union which he represents seeks to pay him for his time, that is prohibited.

Is there any wonder that such decisions as the Taff-Vale, the Osborne, and the Leatham have been relegated to the dust-laden shelves of oblivion? Remember, too, that forty years ago labor ran to the middle-class, benevolently-disposed individuals for assistance. Now the benevolently-disposed individual volunteers to aid labor in the cause of humanity and justice. All the labor leaders of England are self-made, and are most competent and very diplomatic. To be a commoner in England is now quite the vogue—for the English stage is full of digs at the nobility.

Right here,—the impression that the Englishman does not appreciate a joke may be true of the old, dried-up, scrof-

Chapter XVI.

ula-bitten, plethoric, effete Englishman, but certainly it is not true of the average man. I have been in many theaters,—I have sat downstairs and in the balcony and in the gallery; I have mingled with all classes, and I find that they not only laugh heartily, but see jokes very quickly, some far in advance of me—and I am not very slow at seeing a joke. Pardon this first attempt at self-praise, but I had to have SOME standard of comparison.

The reason that England's nobility is rotten and stagnant is because of its cautious exclusiveness, while the melting pot of the common people has given the English some of the Irish good nature and buoyancy, for every time you hear an Englishman laugh it is the Irish in him that laughs. There is something about the English and about London which is vastly different from the French and Paris. The English and London grow upon you. They do not make a flashy show. The first approach to London may prove somewhat disappointing, but, as you become acquainted, as you get to know the English better, you learn to like them. You are convinced of their sterling quality, an assiduosity that has accomplished wonders for them.

Class the English labor leaders as opportunists, if you will; say that they are slow. But know you that they accomplish what they set out to accomplish. If you compare them with the French you may employ the simile of the hare and the tortoise; or, if you seek for a classic allusion, listen to a quotation from *Romeo and Juliet*. You remember how Romeo becomes impatient when the good old friar lets him into the secret that he has a potion of herbs by which he can rescue both Romeo and Juliet from their love dilemma, and Romeo—in the anxiety to go to it at once—says:

“Oh, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.”

And the friar responds:

“Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOILER IN ENGLAND.*

PART IV.

THE greatest asset of any nation lies, not in the number of millionaires it possesses, but rather in the number of educated, intelligent, militant-thinking workingmen it can count.

Schooling may be, under present conditions, a privilege, but intelligence and free thinking are gifts of nature which schooling may either regress or progress, but which it CANNOT create. Wealth may gain one social position and bring one social mannerisms; it may, by disuse, soften the cuticle of his fingers and take the grease out of the pores of a former mechanic's hands; it may even fill one's brain, and as a rule it does, with artificial information, but it cannot CREATE a single thought.

A one-cylinder automobile, with a well kept body, cannot equal a six-cylinder machine, though its body be besmirched with mud and unwashed. The reason is plain—it has not that capacity for speed that the six-cylinder possesses—so long as its engine is in good working order.

The workman who can think and who uses his thinking power is, therefore, of greater value to mankind than the school-stuffed man, who is either incapable or neglectful of thinking. I am, indeed, stating a truism, for look about and see the rail-splitter, the canal-driver, the farm hand, the factory help, who rose to the very top of the world's appreciation.

Schooling was once a great luxury. In fact, it was limited to a few; and, had thinking been confined to only such as were privileged to go to school, where would the

* November, 1914.

Chapter XVII.

worker be today? Fortunately, in every sweatshop, in every quarry, in every mine, yes, in every prison of work, there is always a treasure mind of intelligence—often the mock of the slaves about him. But all the mocking on earth cannot stop his thinking and his dreaming. Fortunately, in every such place there is always found a Joseph, who dreams and interprets his dreams, and who sees what others cannot see, what others cannot interpret, and who puts the shoulders of his thought to the back of the earth and, Atlas fashion, raises it. Labor can proudly point to the fact that the large gains it has made of late have been by the efforts of its own master minds, and that it is not to a great extent directly indebted to any non-workers or non-toilers, or, to be more specific, to any non-journeymen or non-factory hands or non-proletariats for what it has.

For centuries have the learned men, the schooled men, particularly those of the privileged class—the preachers, lawyers, and doctors—been the avowed enemies of labor. They were the first monopolistic class on earth. As long as they and their profession were zealously guarded, they sought to have all the other trades open and free to and for all. In other words, they always preached—and preach now—the CLOSED SHOP for themselves, but the OPEN SHOP for all other vocations. Unionism is but striving to make an apprenticeship in a trade mean to the mechanic what the sheep-skin means to the preacher, the lawyer, or the doctor. But, while the proletariat has a right to be proud of the big things done for labor by the great master proletariats, he must not, in truthfulness, overlook the fact that he is indebted in a large measure to many of the fine, thinking minds of the non-laboring class, who have made possible, in more than one way, labor's present achievements. And in this writing I want to deal largely with a few of the many great minds of the non-working class who have contributed to the English Toilers' material pro-

The Toiler in England.

gress—with those whom labor safely calls “THE FRIENDS OF LABOR.”

Things have changed. There was a time when the mechanic could boastfully say, “Letters are not for me, but for the schooled man;” when the adage of Solomon, “He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow,” was taken at par; but now the humblest workman prefers the sorrows of a free man to the joys of a slave. And so far is intelligence filling the ranks of the laboring class, and so numerous are becoming its educated members, that the old cacophonous, rough-necked labor-shouter, with his raucous voice, is without his audience; for intelligence and education and inquiry and reading and analysis have induced and produced modern systematic planning and thought and methods of work and business in all union matters—all so foreign to the old tavern or saloon style of union business and discussion.

Never before had the workmen learned, as they have now, to follow Ruskin—who was one of the great thinkers who gave his thoughts toward helping to free the toiling classes—when he said, “Truth cannot be discerned unaided by study. VISION, OBSERVATION alone is not sufficient.” So, you see, that while the worker had the power of observation, nevertheless he at all times needed the aid of those who had had the opportunity of study and college, especially so long as he himself had not yet had the privilege to be schooled. Therefore, the proletariat is indebted to the great minds who used their schooling to widen his observation and vision.

Well may we liken that class of educated men to a cook who prepared victuals in an appetizing manner for the workers—whose appetite and craving for learning knew no bounds. On the other hand, these learned gentlemen must also be indebted to the omnivorous worker who, like Mr. Newlywed, out of sheer love for Mrs. Newlywed, put his

Chapter XVII.

stomach to the test and was willing to eat anything she prepared, though some of it made him sick (but it gave Mrs. Newlywed the chance to experiment, and experience later made her a good cook).

The workman may also be likened to the recipient of charity. These so-called philanthropists would have no opportunity for their so-called ostentatious philanthropy, if there were no beggars to take their alms; and so these so-called learned men were given, by the English workers, great opportunities to theorize; but fortunately for the worker he was possessed of a strong stomach, able to combat his indigestion.

In recording the influence of education upon the English labor movement, I will have to quote briefly, because the limits of this article make copious quoting impossible, and further because, with Disraeli, I shun too much quoting because it becomes compilation.

To begin, long before sociology and economics and ologies of industrial conditions became subjects of interest to many,—when they were yet theories in the milky way, occupying the attention of but very few men, mostly those who were experimenting with them in the laboratory of abstractions—England was indeed fortunate in having two poets who stirred the imagination of the Englishman and made him look at and inquire into the rottenness of things as they were. The workman does not, as a rule, go to the poets for information and consultation. He goes directly to the economist and sociologist for words to express what he, by bitter experience, has already learned. But in those days the poet was a great oracle, and not to be able to quote the poet was intolerable sciolism. The two poets who were such mines of information were Shelley and Byron. Their morals somewhat shocked the Puritan minds of the scrupulous, as well as the breech-kneed-and-buckle-

The Toiler in England.

slippered hypocrites, but their songs awakened much thought and freed the human soul.

Byron was a republican who scathingly denounced aristocratic society, for though himself of that class, he sought a political democracy. Shelley was a radical who endeavored to stir labor out of its lethargy to complete realization of its full strength. Byron dealt principally with the tyrants of monarchies, while Shelley dealt with the tyrants of industry. Byron sought to make the upper-crust of society ashamed of itself and to sting it into receding from its iniquities. Shelley sought to make labor assert its full power and seize its rights. Listen to what Byron says:

"To me what is wealth? It may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown.
To me what is title? The phantom of power;
To me what is fashion? I seek but renown.

"Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul,
I still am unpracticed to varnish the truth;
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?"

"I speak not of men's creeds—but of things allow'd,
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd."

And compare that with Shelley:

"Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?" . . .

"Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?" . . .

Chapter XVII.

"The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears,
The arms ye forge, another bears.

"Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,—let no imposter heap;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms,—in your defense to bear."

The few foregoing stanzas at random X-ray the minds of the two great poets. It cannot be gainsaid that the future philosophers and economists in their early classical training found inspiration in the works of these poets, who set them thinking and writing in prose the thoughts that have since been to the fore in the attention of the world. Then, such outbursts of rhetoric were tolerated, because they were the words of poets and geniuses. Now they are everywhere considered by those in search of the truth and the remedy for it. England has indeed been fortunate in that in the early forties of the last century, when Germany was persecuting its revolutionary sons, it was a haven of refuge for them; for our great Carl Schurz first learned his English in London, and it was in London that Karl Marx and Frederick Engels conceived and wrote their master works, that since have gained Marx millions of disciples, for his *The Capital*, the creed of a great number of workers of today, is now the topic of study and attention in every school.

Further, Marxism finds its inspiration in the works of Darwin, for until evolution became an accepted doctrine in the development of mankind, the notion of the creation of things prevented men from seeing that progress is slow and evolutionary. Men, until that time, thought that all things had to be conquered by force, by revolution; that all things were done and undone by an outside force. Even

The Toiler in England.

today, with the grim war in Europe, we find that men think they can set at naught the great evolutionary forces that ceaselessly will work and bring about results, irrespective and in spite of their war, internecine strife, and hell. War and strife and revolution are but impediments to the progress of mankind, and progress in spite of them marches on. War is death but to individuals and perhaps to a species of rulers, but not to life, not to the government of mankind.

And the workers of England must be truly indebted to Karl Marx, for all the modern labor leaders of England, all the modern writers, and friends of the working men in England have read Karl Marx. True, many have disagreed with him, many have scouted his notions. But one cannot intelligently take up the subject of modern industrial conditions unless he has read Marx. He is the beginning of either approbation or disputation. Karl Marx did not intend that his words should be holy writ, nor did he intend that a difference of opinion with him should make any worker a candidate for purgatory and brimstone. He simply set loose a great chain of thoughts for guidance, and Karl Marx cannot be held responsible for the fanaticism of some of his later readers and followers. He did not intend himself to be apotheosized. Fortunate, too, for the English worker, you might almost say, that contemporaneous with Karl Marx's works, came forward the great, brilliant writings of Herbert Spencer, who preached the very opposite of Karl Marx. Herbert Spencer was the greatest expounder of individualistic thought of the modern world. He was for a long time the more popular author, and overshadowed Marx. While his theories have of late in many instances been discarded and necessarily relegated to historical oblivion, yet he is still held in great esteem by many great minds.

Herbert Spencer and his school, and Karl Marx and his

Chapter XVII.

school had this effect upon the English: they set up two contending schools, two contesting intellectual forces, which excited debate. Debate was what began to invite the worker to listen to either side and thereafter to choose. Whenever a certain proposition is taken for granted, those who have already given it thought pass it out of their minds, and those who have not given it thought merely follow or oppose blindly those who have; but, when a proposition is attacked, it creates two schools; then it does not permit those who have given it thought to lay it aside, for they must reinforce their thoughts with new arguments, with additional efforts; and those who have not yet given it thought, by discussion become interested and they, too, are set to thinking. And, therefore, we see again that nowhere in the entire world for so long a period, say over fifty years, not even in Germany, has the worker had the advantages that he has had in England, of so many master minds thrusting their thoughts against existing conditions, until those conditions began to yield to that mental onslaught, obtaining for the worker benefits in hours of work, in conditions of employment, in wages, and schooling, and so forth, to his overwhelming advantage.

It was such minds as those of Karl Marx and Herbert Spencer that set Dickens, the great novelist, to preaching reform in the form of romance, and which actually brought about reform in schools, shops, and prisons. *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, and *Little Dorrit* have popularized that which the philosophic thoughts of philosophic minds brought forward, but with which they could not reach the populace.

And then there came, also, a Henry George, whose philosophy found greater fruition in England than it did upon American soil—not so much because of what he said, as the way he said it. All the thousand and one little reforms could never have been brought about, had it not been for

The Toiler in England.

those minds which, with the aid of master proletariats, were willing to try them, and impressed England with the necessity of so doing.

Of course, you realize that I cannot even begin to mention all the great minds that have co-operated in the many things that labor is rightfully thankful for; and the class to which belong Thomas Huxley, John Stuart Mill, and others from whom labor gained benefits indirectly, I must entirely overlook. I cannot even refer to some of the philosophies of that Englishman who was almost a German, Thomas Carlyle, who occasionally touched on labor. I merely mention them to open to you the prospect of a vast field of reading and research.

I want to speak, however, of one or two men who, I believe, have been of incalculable good to the English labor movement. Out of the great number of educated men, out of the great mass of thinkers, out of the great volume of writings, there sprung up what is known in England as the Fabian Society, a society started as a literary circle—and which was the butt of popular sneering. But in spite of all the ridicule, it has meant much to the English labor movement, because about that time the English labor movement was surfeited with theorists, and every worker who read was so saturated with theories and isms that it required just such a movement as a Fabian Society, whose members frankly styled themselves opportunists, to point out to the labor movement where lay its avenues of sane consideration. That is to say, the Fabians sought to and did take, out of the great big mass of theories, a few concrete thoughts, trying to bring about results along practical lines, regardless of the opposition of any theorists. They were practical men; they were educated men who used their education for considerable altruistic purposes, who did not hesitate to get a given result through any legitimate source. A political party to them was but an expediency, not a

Chapter XVII.

creed with racial and religious limitations. They did not hesitate to gain the friendship of anyone, whether political, industrial, or religious—if the legitimate thing they sought to have accomplished could thereby be accomplished. Therefore, the English labor movement, with its great Independent Labor Party—inside whose portals it brought together the workmen of whatever political denomination and shade to fight for industrial advantages to be immediately obtained—is due to the minds that controlled the Fabian Society and who have quite succeeded in keeping anarchism and its vague exhortations out of the English Labor movement.

William Morris, the great William Morris, inculcated Fabianism with this:

“Intelligence enough to conceive, courage enough to will, power enough to compel. If our ideas of a new society are anything more than a dream, these three qualities must emancipate the too effective majority of the working people and then, I say, the thing will be done.”

What wonderful expression, with the usual Morris style of simplicity, for, out of the great big number of isms, socialism, radicalism, individualism, communism, philosophic anarchism, and the hundred other isms, it needed just such a movement to clear the atmosphere and to bring to the attention of the worker that dreaming alone was without its results—continuation of existing conditions—but that to interpret some of the dreams, to put some of the dreams into action meant the toilers’ emancipation. These Fabians were true evolutionists, they were true students of Darwin, because they realized that all dreams could not be brought about at once. Such a conception was but the product of an unassimilated imagination. The world and the things in it are not created, but born of evolution. The total sum of matter and energy, physical

The Toiler in England.

and, I believe, human, is ever unchangeable, though its manner and form are varying.

And speaking of the Fabian movement, I believe that the Fabian movement would have been impossible, at least uneventful, without its Bernard Shaw. Jealous newspaper critics, cheap pencil-pushers, think that they write something smart when they poke fun at Shaw, whom they neither understand nor appreciate. True, his writings may be morbidacious, and to the orthodox they may be satanic; but they have the PUNCH, and with them Bernard Shaw has done more for the labor movement in England,—not only by his writings which have laughed and snarled at the things as they are, but by his deeper philosophic efforts,—than people are willing to give him credit for. Bernard Shaw may be likened to Cervantes. Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, which laughed a dying chivalry out of the world; and Bernard Shaw is a modern Cervantes, for no one better than he knows how to rub salt in the wounds of a diseased capitalism.

Fabianism put forth, "For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did, most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes, you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain and fruitless."

Isn't that true, for doesn't the world move like the snake, on its belly? And it was the Fabian movement that accentuated the thought of John Stuart Mills, "The deepest root of the evils and iniquities which fill the industrial world is not competition, but the subjection of labor to capital, and the enormous share which the possessors of the instruments of production are able to take from the produce."

And it was they who noticed, in 1882, the need of an independent labor party. Among the many requirements, they insisted that the labor candidate should be run in all

Chapter XVII.

cases where there was a chance of winning the seat or of polling a large number of votes, so as to make the cause respected in the constituency, or where the Liberal and Conservative candidates were equally backward on labor questions; that the labor candidate should be a man of unquestionable honesty, of fair capacity. In cases where no labor candidate could be run, there must be no hesitation on the part of the workers in securing the success of the best candidate in the field; or if all candidates were bad, in at least securing the defeat of the worst.

Let me give here their own words:

"Labor candidates should be run in all cases where there is: (1) a chance of winning the seat; or (2) some reasonable likelihood of the labor poll proving large enough to make the labor cause respected in the constituency, in which case there should be no hesitation about splitting the vote; or (3) where the Liberal and Conservative candidates are equally backward on labor questions, and the result of the ordinary party contest is, therefore, quite indifferent to the working class.

"But all these three cases are subject to the conditions that the labor candidate should be a man of unquestionable honesty, so that the cause of labor may never be discredited by him, and a man of fair capacity, so that he may never make it ridiculous. A Conservative or Liberal candidate need not be a person of any particular ability. If he holds his tongue and obeys the party whip, he cannot damage himself or his side. But every labor member in the next parliament and every labor candidate on the platform at the election will have frequently to act on his own judgment, and any mistake he makes will be pounced upon as a proof of the inferiority of labor members in general.

"Always vote, Labor candidate or no Labor candidate. In cases where no Labor candidate can be run, there must be no hesitation on the part of the workers in secur-

The Toiler in England.

ing the success of the best candidate in the field, or, if the candidates are all bad, in at least securing the defeat of the worst."

The Fabian Society was composed entirely of socialists, but they were practical and escaped what most well-meaning but abstract thinking men do not escape, Anarchism. Well may some of the hide-bound socialists of our own country read Fabianism and apply it at election, when a strong, devout, true, union labor man is running for office, though he be not a socialist, and when failure to support him may bring victory to an avowed enemy of labor. And the strange thing about Fabianism is that it was as war-like in its origin as many of the other isms; that it had its quota of schisms in its early development; and that as a result of a schism in its society in its early stages, it finally saw that its efforts had to be confined to a peaceful regeneration of the race.

As Shaw puts it, "The Fabian Society is for helping to bring about the socialism of the industrial resources of the country. The Fabian Society is distinct from the Social Democratic Federation, which is for the enlisting of the whole proletariat of the country in its own ranks and itself socializing the national industries."

Shaw, John Burns, Tom Mann, and a horde of others had to free themselves from theoretical Social Democratic influence the moment they gained sufficient political experience, in order to be of any good to the movement itself, as well as to labor.

And further, as Shaw puts it, "Increasing education, political enfranchisement, and economic knowledge have engendered amongst the working people, healthy discontent."

Let us recognize here, that the discontent of education, as against the discontent of the revolutionary spirit, was a discontent that could be formulated into organization, and that organization had to be if the worker was to succeed.

Chapter XVII.

Next to Shaw, perhaps the greatest, modern, living mind is Wells, the novelist. As the workman gets more education, he requires and cares less for the sugar-coated or romance-styled information and prefers the thing in its naked, true form. The sociologist and political-economist are gaining more favor with him. Fabianism, too, set in motion two minds in the interests of labor, the like of which have not yet been equaled in the world, as Professor Zueblin puts it, "for a combination of minds, the greatest in the literature of the day." I refer to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who, by methodical, laborious, patient means have collated all that is to be collated in the English labor movement, and have done more by their works, *The History of Trade Unionism* and *Industrial Democracy*, to make both employer and employe see the true history and true evolution of the labor movement and appreciate its many accomplishments and failures, its virtues and shortcomings, than all the other great minds that ever directed their attention to the cause of labor. The Webbs are socialists, and yet they made this criticism of socialism: that many socialists expected the devil of individualism must be driven out by a short, sharp encounter, instead of by watching and waiting and diligently preparing for a warfare which must necessarily be harassing and protracted.

It was left for Mrs. Sidney Webb, a woman, to make the most effective argument for labor unions; for it was she who said, "Everyone knows that the Lancashire woman weaver, whose hours of labor and conditions of work are rigidly fixed by law (brought about by unionism), enjoys for this reason more personal liberty than the unregulated laundry woman of Nottingham, and that trade-unionism sacrifices the imaginary personal liberty of the individual workman. A workman in an open shop who can be fired by his boss at any time has an imaginary personal

The Toiler in England.

liberty as against the union man in a closed shop, who has the protection and backing of his fellow workers."

And it was also she who said, "Before we can have trade-union regulation, we must build up strong trade-unions."

Let me set you thinking more about Fabianism. Now Fabianism believes in compromise, for the Fabian says, "Having learned from experience that the socialists cannot have their own way in everything any more than any other people, we recognize that, in a democratic community, compromise is a necessary condition of political progress."

So we find that in a great labor movement there must be compromise, just as the making of the constitution of this country was a great compromise. You cannot have all people agree with you, and you cannot always disagree with them. You cannot be like the stubborn Scotchman on the jury, who reported to the judge when the jury could not agree, in speaking of the jurors, that they were ELEVEN OF THE MOST STUBBORN MEN HE EVER SAW. Compromise in a great event is almost always an element of success. The Fabian Society strenuously maintains its freedom of thought and speech with regard to the errors of socialist authors, economists, leaders, and parties no less than to those of its opponents. For instance, it insists on the necessity of maintaining as critical an attitude towards Marx and La Salle, as they themselves maintained towards their predecessors, Saint Simon and Robert Owen; and the Fabian Society is opposed to such words as BOURGEOISIE and MIDDLE CLASS as terms of reproach, for they contain the large proportion of the socialists of the world. The Fabian Society does not put socialism forward as a panacea for the ills of human society, but only for those produced by defective organization of industry, and by a radically bad distribution of wealth. So here we have socialism, without political ambition for its own members, yet always under

Chapter XVII.

the auspices of the Independent Labor Party, stumping for and voting union men into office for the constant good of the working people. Here we have a body of manicured gentlemen, clawhammer-dressed diners, parlor philosophers, free from the average needs of man, men above the real level, yet who by their astuteness and sound-headedness are way above these proletariat visionaries, whose impatience is the ever unconscious stumbling-block in the way of a united effort in behalf of labor.

Perhaps these visionary proletariats are like the starving patent-unearther, who is so obsessed with his own creation that he centers the whole world's attention, without any understanding of the world's feeling, only to be ruthlessly awakened and have his thoughts kicked into the rubbish heap by a wide-awake business man, who, with trained eye says, "It's all right, but we can't use it. The trade won't have it." Wonderful, therefore, indeed, is this influence of the Fabians—a group of educated, scholarly men who earnestly in the interests of humanity have saved labor from the radicalism of visionaries, have put it in the highway of the rational radicalism of doing things. Count, count the many accomplishments of labor since the Independent Labor Party has been in existence! You can all be good, rational radicals and at the same time steer clear of philosophic radicalism, which is mostly the product of confusing writers (which is like the case of many who understand a problem in geometry but have no conception of applied mechanics—because they have no adaptation for it). In other words, you DO NOT and you CANNOT read human nature and treat all life's problems like so many paper problems and all men like puppets. You can all be good, rational radicals, without being, at the same time, igniferous radicals who believe that the only way to their promised hope is to deluge all the present,—while they, by

The Toiler in England.

some Noah stunt, shall be the species who are to be saved to propagate a new world.

I do not intend by this talk to have you adopt any political theory, but remember I merely show you how in England we find great men, though radical, yet rational, and their rational radicalism of potency to the labor movement.

It is needless for me to say that the permeating of English labor with the thoughts of such great minds has proved a vast power, and its great number of representatives in Parliament, holding in many instances the balance of power, fully demonstrates the real Englishman's characteristic. He is assiduous, and he is practical in his assiduousness, and because of his being assiduous and practical in his assiduousness, we may say that the worker of England is indeed free. I have in previous articles demonstrated his assiduousness. Now let me for one instant speak of his practicability, and I am done with *The Toiler in England*, not because I have no more to say,—and indeed I would like to continue—but because I must not tire you.

The initiative and referendum are a part of every democratic institution. Until we have the initiative and until we have the referendum in their fullness, we cannot consider ourselves a simon pure democracy. A representative form of democracy that gives the people no redress against representatives during their term of office, by recall, or does not give the constituency the right to initiate, or the right to have referred to it the work of their representatives, is not a true democracy.

Labor Unions are great democracies; all unions have practiced the initiative and referendum. But many of the English labor unions found, to their sorrow, that the unbridled initiative and referendum retarded their efforts and their work, for they were kept busy, particularly with the referendum, all the time. You cannot compare a union to a government, where all the people of the government take

Chapter XVII.

part in the given initiative or referendum, for the union is but a small portion of the government. When the government initiates or refers anything, the whole government and all its people must abide by it; but the initiative and referendum, so far as a labor union is concerned, affect only the particular union, and that union must stand competition with the outside world, without power to enforce its measures over the limited number of members who are willing to stay in the union. When a nation enforces its initiative or referendum, there is no alternative but to obey. Its police and soldiers and judges and prisons are there to enforce them. There is no competition with the government.

But a labor union is a small industrial institution, with limitations in this competitive system which prevent it at all times from being a fully free agency. Imagine if while Russia was attacking Germany, Germany should refer to its entire people the question of whether or not it should defend itself against such offence. What would happen to Germany in the meanwhile? That is just exactly what the referendum, carried to its limit, has done to labor unions, in the cases of necessity, where the executive had no authority to act without the referendum. While the referendum was being taken, the enemy gained its ground. And as the Webbs put it:

"It is through the psychology of its assumptions that we discover how significantly the cleavages of opinion and action in the trade union world correspond with those in the larger world outside.

"The molders of England in one year took no fewer than nineteen votes on details of benefit administration and then discovered the disadvantages of a free resort to the referendum, which soon became obvious throughout the entire trade union world, and it became necessary to abandon the initiative; and finally that brought about the abandonment of the referendum as regards the making or al-

The Toiler in England.

teration of rules, and, after the iron molders had behind them half a century of practical experience in the referendum, it led not to its extension, but to an ever stricter limitation of its application."

The reason for it is that the referendum has the capital drawback of not providing the executive with any policy; and until today in the English labor movement the initiative and referendum have been given up or gradually limited to a few special questions on particular emergencies. The Miners' Association found that it even incited complaint from the employers because of its interior weakness, that with the overruling of the executive and the ballot vote reversing the decision of the council, they never knew when they had arrived at a settlement, nor how long that settlement would be enforced on a recalcitrant local.

I am a believer in the initiative and referendum and also in the recall, but I am too strong a union man to lay any stress on any theory when it interferes with the practical working of the union.

As Professor Marshall put it: "The employer is a combination in himself with whom the individual wage worker is seriously at a disadvantage."

The referendum cannot be had while the employer and employe are engaged in competition, particularly when the employe is engaged in competition with other employes. And I frankly admit that until recent years, or until I visited England, I opposed any limitations upon the referendum and initiative in the labor movement. But now, that I have seen what these have done in England, and now that I have been confronted by practical laboring men, honest in their efforts, who have shown me the impediment these were to the labor movement, I am obliged either to yield or to become dishonest with myself.

And here let me relate how stubborn I was in my position, holding fast to my theory, and illustrate as well the

Chapter XVII.

biblical saying: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." Two years back, Mr. Valentine, President of the Iron Molders' Union, for over an hour labored with me by citing examples tending to prove the fallacy of an unbridled referendum in a labor movement. I argued as strenuously as a man does when he has a thing that he hates to let go, against an avalanche of facts. When a man has a fact to present, he presents it and stops there. But when he hugs a theory, he usually loves it as he does his mother-in-law before he marries her daughter. I am now ashamed to think that Valentine could not make me see what I have since seen and learned, and now I am as ready to pass up my theory of an unbridled referendum as the average son-in-law is to pass up his mother-in-law to St. Peter. A tear is dropped for appearance's sake, and perhaps for joy—and perhaps, too, for sorrow. Anyhow, to bury anything is difficult parting—besides all funerals are more or less expensive, and the funeral trust makes the high cost of dying a good reason for the desire to live.

In other words, the Englishman takes his labor union as a business and tries to run it upon a business basis, and like the merchant, who, when he finds a certain expediency is not a good business producer, discards it, so the English laborer sets aside any notion he may have about fundamentals in unions, when it interferes with his union success. True, while a union is a great democracy, it is not a pure democracy, when it is engaged in business with the master. Business does not permit experimenting and delay, particularly when the competitor is there to take advantage of the same, and at the expense of profit.

My respect for the English labor movement and for its labor leaders, and the knowledge that I have of the results they obtained for the laboring people have led me to believe—and I have since been entrenched in my belief by having

The Toiler in England.

read as well as by having witnessed—that a labor organization should be very cautious and careful in seeing that its various officers elected are most capable and honest men, and that it should then endow them with a policy during their administration of office, and finally give them a reasonably free hand in it.

Emerson says: "A man is as lazy as he dares to be." And an English union is as radical as it dares to be—but no more. It is radical, but it is careful not to let radicalism interfere with its prime incentives: higher wages and better working conditions.

I will bring this whole thing to an abrupt ending—or else I shall never leave the shores of England—and I shall do so with the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, from his treatise on *Business Service vs. Private Expenditure*:

"To increase our power and influence and effective momentum in the world" is the English worker's ambition.

And Sir Oliver further says:

"If we had corporate ownership of land, some day, it feels to me almost like part of the meaning of the great prayer, 'Thy kingdom come'." Truly in deference to the assiduousness of the English laboring man, "His kingdom come" is rapidly on the way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TOILER IN SCOTLAND.*

BURTON HOLMES, the traveloguer, in speaking of Scotland, and especially of the parts touched upon by Sir Walter Scott, said that Scott was a great advertiser. And it is true. Scotland's physical beauty does not hold up to the reputation that Scott's poetry and prose descriptions give it. Of course, we can forgive Scott for praising his country's beauty; but I have often wondered what he might have done if he had seen a patch of Cork County, Ireland, or taken a climb on the Matterhorn, Switzerland, or a gaze at our Rockies—for Scott certainly knew how to praise. One who has read Scott, and then traveled through Scotland generally feels a sense of disappointment. But whatever praise he may have indulged in when speaking of Scotland's physical beauty, he cannot be accused of over-praising, and I scarcely think it possible to over-praise, the sterling qualities of the Scotch people and their chief characteristics. A part and parcel of Great Britain,—like Ireland and Wales, subjugated and conquered,—like Ireland, without Home Rule or any independence of nationality. Yet it does not take long to observe that nominally England rules Scotland, but virtually it is the other way.

Scotland has had her Wallace, her Bruce, her James II, her Knox, her Queen Mary, and a few lesser satellites. Whatever dreams and legends the patriot may unfold of Scotland's independence and strength in days gone by, when the heroes and heroines dead were living,—really, as a matter of fact, Scotland is enjoying today, and has, for some time, such independence and freedom in its union with Eng-

* January, 1915.

The Toiler in Scotland.

land as never before. Well may Scotland be likened to the clever mistress of the household, the wife of the lord of his domain. She runs his all without his being conscious of the fact that she is doing it. In society it is considered great wifely diplomacy; and the husband that can boast of such a wife is, indeed, the subject of much envy. But right here let us not overlook the fact that Scotland does not sleep in her contentment. By jove! she is fully awake to her position, and the amber fire is not all dead, for Scotland has an insatiated yearning for Home Rule—strong, yet not as obsessing and as objective as Ireland's. But Scotland will have Home Rule some day, though her longing for Home Rule is not like that of Ireland. It is somewhat like woman suffrage, when one contrasts the desire of the mannish old maid suffragist with that of the happy matron suffragist. The former wants it because she is ready to wipe mankind off the earth and make the earth a woman's world, while the latter, perfectly satisfied with her husband and home conditions, seeks it because her conscience dictates to her that, as in love and in home, so in politics and in state, she ought to be the equal of her husband. The one is an independence born of wild antagonism, the other an independence born of cultivated companionship.

Now, is it not an enviable situation, almost ideal, for a fighting nation, with fields whose heather is still red with the blood of thousands of its heroes who fought in the days gone by in defense of their country, presumptively to abandon its antagonism toward its once avowedly hated enemy, England, and now to ally and associate with it in amity and conciliation far beyond what its fondest hopes ever dared to realize—a consummation devoutly to be wished?

Of course, you with whom I have had the pleasure of talking about other lands and their workers, know what I am driving at. At least I think you do. I don't play cards

Chapter XVIII.

with a friend many nights before I learn on which side of his hand he keeps his trumps and what is his main style of play. The pleasure and fun is in reading his invisible mind. So, if you have watched me, you know that I am driving home a psychological observation of the laboring people of Scotland—a delineation of the chief characteristics of a people of the highlands and lowlands of Scotland. And what is that observation that I have made? What are my calculations? What are my deductions? Let us figure them out, for this is a problem worth while and interesting. It will also give you an idea of how some of my observations have been made and formed,—not because my observations are of any great value, but because it may be of some value to you to know how I work out my observations, and then to try to fathom my inner thoughts; so that when I try or if I ever try to put something across or slip one over on you, you will know how to catch me.

Just as the other day a brother attorney (all attorneys are brothers, for do they not divide the spoils in court?) said to me: "Brother Rubin, you don't understand me," while he and I were arguing a question before the court.

"Yes, I do," I replied; "I read you psychologically, perfectly," and he knew that I did understand him, and he knew that I knew what he was driving at, for he knew that I knew his move, and he knew that I knew the little trap he was trying to spring for me, and that I wouldn't let him work it; and then he quit trying to put one over on me, for he knew that I was on to him and in advance of the trapping movement against me which he had planned.

Now, pardon me, if I have run a little from what I intend to follow up; but just see how it has set you thinking. A thinking mind is always an active mind, and I can talk to a wide-awake man and hope to convert him to my own views, although he may at the start be diametrically opposed to me. We always talk to one with the hope of converting

The Toiler in Scotland.

him, but what is the use of talking to a man who is asleep? The snoring is only annoying and distracts one from listening to you, for the fun of hearing a fellow snore, even in church, is better than paying attention or listening to a sermon. The minister can tell that someone is sleeping, not by seeing the one who is asleep but by the turning of the heads of others in that vicinity.

Now, the Scotch are great metaphysicians, and when it comes to speculative philosophy, they are as keen as they make them anywhere; and to do up a Scotchman is a great trick. To tell the truth, I like the Scotch anywhere, in business and in social intercourse. I like them as clients and as associates, but I always try to keep shy of a Scotchman on a jury. First, the Scotchman has the knack of listening to you with great courtesy and attention and then, when he is in the jury room, away from your spell, he has the faculty of throwing out of the window all that you ever told him and making his own laws and facts for the case. Second, the Scotchman is stubborn, and it is a Scotchman who can hang a jury forever. If any one ever heard of a Scotchman giving in, I should like to see him; for it was a Scotchman who told the judge that the other eleven men on the jury were the most stubborn men he had ever met. And then he has that fixed smile that gives you assurance nowhere and at no time, and you are unable to tell from looking at him whether he is ready to hang or to acquit your client. One trained can always tell when a jury returns from its deliberations to the jury box, by its looks, what the verdict is going to be; but I'll be hanged if I could ever tell by observing a Scotchman. He will laugh at your jokes, if he wants to. He can control himself to the point of *de resistance* against your emotional appeals, and, if he feels like it, he will render a Scotch verdict. That is, he is partially for you and partially against you.

Chapter XVIII.

Now, if you doubt me in the slightest, the next time a jury trial is going on in your village court-house, go there as a spectator and watch and observe. Watch the lawyers work the jury. The Irishman is there in the jury box always on the *qui vive* for a joke. His face is a moving picture, for it is constantly changing throughout the trial. The Englishman is stolid and sober from beginning to end. The German knits his brow as he tries to solve a problem in evidence in the matter-of-fact fashion of two-and-two-make-four. The Hebrew is nervous and ambitious to reach conclusions. The Yankee is shrewd and calculative—David Harumizing all that is being done and said by the lawyers. The Scandinavian is phlegmatic, but his eyes follow you about. The Slav is energetic, and indicates that he never tires for more. The Scotchman is restful and respectful, but his face is as placid as alabaster and as immobile as a statue.

Now, let us go on and see why the Scotchman is seemingly content with England's apparent absorption of his country. It is not the contentment of the forlorn, sleeping slave. On the contrary, he is like the spider ever spinning on. It is not the slovenness of the unambitious. He is most ambitious and frugal. He knows how to climb, and he gets there; and he knows how to make a dollar, and he knows how to save it. It is not indifference, for if it were, he would not today have the ruling hold on England that he has. It is not abandonment to luck. He is a tireless worker; "the human beaver" well may he be called. It is not callousness, for while he keeps a steady eye, he has a strong, beating heart. It is not slowness, for while he may get a slow start, he is there with you at the finish,—he never sleeps on the way. It is not pessimism, for, if it were, he would long ago have eaten himself up with his own hatred,—and the Scotchman is always a fair

The Toiler in Scotland.

optimist. He may not always tell you that, but he is willing to wait for the next sunshine.

What is it then that makes the Scotchman what he is? I shall tell you. He has the characteristic of abiding. He knows how to and he does wait. If he can't build a bridge or get a boat to cross a stream, he will wait and wait until the river freezes over. That is what it is. It is that abiding quality, that WATCHFUL WAITING policy that abides its time, without resort to clock or calendar, until the turn comes. It is indeed a most winning game. Watchful waiting is sure to bring the other fellow around, provided you, yourself, do not get tired of waiting. To be a watchful waiter, to have that abiding temperament, means that one must weather the storm and tempest, and must withstand constant disappointment—in the language of the pug, “be able to take punishment, and, when the right time comes, wallop the opponent in the solar plexus.” That is why Scotland rules England, for the Englishman is so content with the apparent Scotch contentment, in their union of England and Scotland, and the Englishman is so busy with his commercial expansion policy and the subduing of those who are not content, that the Englishman with magnanimity permits the Scotchman to have everything that he wants.

The Englishman ever desires to be the present power. He will do anything and everything so long as he can be supreme today. England will ally herself with any power for today's advantage, though it is plain that ten years hence her present allies will turn out to be her worst enemies,—but she cares not. She seems to think, and with some success, judging by the past, that she will solve all such problems when she reaches them. So England, while today merchant ruler of the world, is letting Scotland conquer her internally. And, because the Scotchman appears to the Englishman to be content, the Scot, as I have said, will get Home Rule; and it will come to him

Chapter XVIII.

in peace, and with England only too glad to hand it to him on a silver platter. All, all because the Scotchman knows how to abide, to wait! Thus, a great part of England's constructive educational force are of Scottish origin. The Englishman is the tradesman. He sells the merchandise; he looks after the trade. While the Irishman is busy fanning the revolutionary flame, the Scotchman abides, sends his youth to the English and Scotch universities. The professors, lawyers, judges, doctors, statesmen, and officials and many of the labor leaders of Great Britain are of Scotch origin, and it is almost safe to say that the Scotch are the Britains.

Now, this is all well and good. I have given you a mental survey of the Scotchman's chief characteristic. But let us consider him in connection with some of his labor problems. In spite of Scotland being small and possessed of much non-vegetative soil and of limited manufacturing districts, yet it has had its full quota of labor problems. To begin with, the Scottish worker is poor. Poverty is of a most harrowing kind, but it is the sturdy Scotchman who knows how to hold out against it in spite of all odds. He has held and still holds on. Today he has a fair grasp of his economic situation and condition, and he knows that the future will loom up bright for him. He is conscious that poverty associates with it, in close companionship, drink and drunkenness; and that the liquor traffic in Scotland, especially in the larger cities, where all liquor sellers are classed as liquor merchants and do so advertise themselves, is thickest in the squalid working districts. The fact that the Scotch worker is sobering up and shaking off the curse that partially chains and gives him to his present state of want and misery, indeed speaks volumes for him.

I have said a great many nice things about the Scotch, not for the purpose of flattering them, but with the idea of

The Toiler in Scotland.

telling what I believe to be the truth, and I hope no Scotchman who may chance to read my words will take offense, when I say that the drunkenness in Scotland is terrible. I am glad to know that a large number of the workers are casting off their drunken spell. The labor unions are doing a great work in sobering up the Scotch worker, and if labor unions were to do naught else, they would still accomplish a piece of work for which the Scotch worker should be ever grateful. Scotch whiskey may be all right as an occasional visitor, but as a steady diet, like all other intoxicants, it is physical and moral ruin. The same condition as to drink prevails there now as did in the Scandinavian countries before the government took hold of the liquor problem. Perhaps, next to the Russian peasant, the Scotch worker is the greatest whiskey consuming individual in Europe.

I need not here set forth the economic cause of drunkenness, because I think the cause is very clear to every student of economics. But the fact is that the Scotch labor leaders and the Scotch labor organizations are doing heroic work to rid the Scotch worker of his drinking habit. Few nations can survive such a plague. The Scotchman still is strong and sturdy, and, while he goes at his reforms more slowly than some of his neighbors, yet you may rest assured that what he does undertake, he will accomplish,—for have I not already told you of his abiding qualities so excellent?

One other thing that perhaps is a great drawback to Scotland is the fact that Scotland loses the youth of its South and North by emigration, chiefly to the United States, Canada, and England. The loss is great to Scotland, but a gain to the Scotchman's adopted country, for, wherever he goes, he makes himself useful.

The Scotch labor organizations have Home Rule and are independent of English labor organizations. While the history of their struggles and advancements parallels

Chapter XVIII.

that of England, yet, in many instances and ways, it is distinct and separate. Why I deem it distinct, individual, and separate from the English labor movement, I shall tell you.

Of course, you know that when James became King of England, as a result of England's and Scotland's union, he went to London to reign, and he took with him half of the population of Scotland. This accounts for Scottish blood running through the veins of the best of England. And wherever you see England's success, you will find the Scotchman has been put to the fore. Now, I shall give you the names of some of the labor leaders prominent in the labor world who are either wholly or in part Scotch:

William Allen, the great Allen, the originator of NEW UNIONISM, who was responsible for the putting of things applicable to labor into methodical forms—the placing of unions and their business on a methodical business basis; John Kane and, of course, Alexander MacDonald—oh, that great MacDonald!—the first two to enter Parliament as representatives of the working class; and then we have George Newton, the secretary of the Glasgow Trades Committee, the man who preached conciliation and the rubbing of shoulders with the employer for the purpose of conciliation; William Crawford, the leader of the Durham Miners; John Burnett, who succeeded Allen after his death; and, of course, that inimitable John Burns; and now the great and grand old man of the British Labor Movement, Keir Hardie, the shining star in labor's galaxy of fame!

One can hardly conceive of the British labor movement without these master minds, who have played their important parts and played them well. MacDonald had a university training, but the education he received in the higher schools did not spoil that soul of his, which he poured out in the interest of the workers. But we are not here to speak of and eulogize men, except as they are

The Toiler in Scotland.

inseparably related to and are part of the great labor movement. Every one of the men that I have mentioned was possessed of—and every one of these men now living is possessed of—that abiding quality. Take Keir Hardie, old as he is, who hangs on ever fighting. He takes punishments almost impossible, beyond human endurance, but he can strike back; and when Keir Hardie strikes a blow, there is nothing left of the other fellow. All the men named are examples of those who have given their best talents to the cause of labor. There isn't a man that I have mentioned, who could not have gone out in the commercial world and have gathered and gleaned profits sufficient and ample to have made him independent and rich and content—if contentment means to be physically satiated, if contentment means to live for the immediate present, if contentment means that as long as you live in a palace, the multitude may live in huts and hovels.

Don't think that I am generous in my praise, just because I happen to be dictating this article during the holiday season. That would not be quite fair to me, for I try to fill my bosom with the Christmas spirit all the year around. I tell what I know, and the Scotchman is not the subject of my rhetorical bounty. I merely speak right out.

The Scotchman is a happy individual and in that regard he may be distinguished from the unhappy Irishman. Although there is a Highland and a Lowland in Scotland, although there is a North and a South in Scotland, and although there are Catholics and non-Catholics in Scotland, they have not that unhappy, that terrible warfare between the kin of one race, the sons of one people, the bearers of one flag, fighting and hating each other because of religious differences, such as exist between the North and the South of Ireland. Religion never entered into the question, for or against unionism in the Scotch labor movement.

Among the first British labor organizations to put

Chapter XVIII.

unionism on a ritualistic basis was the Free Colliers of Scotland—index to another of the Scotch characteristics. They are great conformists. Among the leading friendly societies, an organization which helped to spread the doctrine of friendly societies taking care of migrating workers, calling on the sick, and burying their dead under union auspices, was the Glasgow Coopers. One of the most militant organizations in Britain is the Glasgow Weavers, which spends large sums of money to fight for labor in the courts and in Parliament.

It used to be quite the thing for English employers, whenever there was a strike, to import blacklegs from Scotland, mainly from Edinburgh and Glasgow. An increased offer of money to men, the great number of them recruited from the idle and drunk in ale houses, the payment of fare, and the hope of a free meal were easy attractions to many of the Scotch blacklegs to go to English strike districts. The Scotch organizations have done considerable work, both by educational methods and by co-operation with England's labor movement, in stopping the Scotchman from being a scab. And today England has given up getting the Scotchman to act as a blackleg—as they call it there, or as a scab, as we call it here,—for the Scotchman, soon after entering upon the scab era, does not hesitate, when he discovers in his sober moments, that he is not doing right, to shake off his Judas garb and chasten his traitorous soul; and once the Scotchman makes up his mind to quit scabbing, no amount of persuasion or any sort of inducement can take him back.

The Scotch workers have had their share of law persecutions. The Scotch judges were the worst in construing the laws of conspiracy and sedition, and they mercilessly imprisoned many of the Scotch workers.

That the Scotch began far back to form labor organizations may be gathered from the fact, that way back in 1833,

The Toiler in Scotland.

there was "scarcely a branch of trade existing in Scotland that was not then in a state of union."

The leading case in the trade union history of Great Britain was the famous trial of five Glasgow cotton operatives for conspiracy, intimidation, and the murder of a fellow worker. They were accused, somewhat like our iron workers, of initiating a reign of terror, and some of their leading members were found guilty of intimidation, some of actual violence, and some of murder. They were sentenced to seven years' transportation. Awaiting trial, they received very harsh treatment. Their case reads like one of Tolstoi's novels of Russian jails and Siberia. It was this case that brought about a government inquiry into courts and labor trials. It was also this case that revived the sentiment of solidarity in the trade-union world of Britain, which about that time had gone to the bad. All British trade unions contributed to the defense of this trial; and from that time on may be traced the close affiliation between the Scotch and English labor organizations, notwithstanding their Home Rule policy in trade matters.

Among the first labor organizations to take up a subject other than the question of higher wages and shorter hours, "but for mutual instruction and moral, physical and intellectual improvement," was the Scottish Union of Operative Masons; they got up some of the most academic debates in which the members took part. These were intellectual treats, and developed some pretty good debaters. For example, one of the debates was on the question, "Is the present improved condition of machinery beneficial to the working classes or is it hurtful?"

Here is an illustration of the great characteristic of abiding. In 1879, in the city of Glasgow, banks failed, in which were lost the moneys of the principal Scotch trade unions. Almost all the labor organizations of Scotland were ruined, a blow from which very few unions could have

Chapter XVIII.

revived. Yet, with that Scotch philosophy and with that abiding quality, and with little fuss, and without much expression of grief or of indignation, they went at it in the same way as a spider does after the broom of the good housekeeper knocks down its web. It begins all over again to spin another, and when that is knocked down, proceeds to spin another—on and on; and so did the Scotch labor unions begin right over again, and while the loss was great, it lives now merely in the history of the Scotch labor movement, for its labor organizations are today as strong as ever.

The Scotch worker, wherever there is an opportunity to become educated, is inclined to become a union man.

"Scotland with four million population, has 147,000 trade unionists, nearly all aggregating in the narrow industrial belt between the Clyde and the Forth—two-thirds of the total indicated belonging to Glasgow and the laboring industrial centers. Ireland, with three-fourths of a million population more, counts but forty thousand, nine-tenths of whom belong to Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick."

Every worker who finds himself working in a Scotch town will tell you that the Scotch union is little better than a friendly society. However, he also complains that the Scotchman, in his desire for an increase in wages, does not always resist dangerous innovations, such as competitive piece work or habitual overtime; and on the other hand, the Scotchman complains that the English trade union is extravagant in its expenditures. It was the Scotch members of the United Society of Boilermakers which prevented a secession, aiming at a national society. It was the Glasgow Shipwrights' Union that gave rise to the Associated Shipwrights' Society. The British Steel Smelters' Association found its beginning in Glasgow. But in many other trades, the sturdy Scotchman is still opposed to international amalgamation, for, as we have seen in this war, in which some

The Toiler in Scotland.

of our international socialists must have met with disappointment, international conscience always gives way to national conscience. The racial feeling is still such—and I feel it will continue for a long time yet to come—as to make it dearer and closer than an international conscience.

You can't change the blood so quickly. You scratch the skin of a Cossack, and, no matter how much schooling he may have had, you find him a Tartar. And so, while the Scotch and English may unite, yet their racial difference is strong, very strong. For example, the English national unions of carpenters, bootmakers, plumbers, and bricklayers have never succeeded in getting their Scotch fellow workman to give up his separate Scottish society; and the rivalry between the Scotch and English tailors equals some of our own jurisdictional squabbles. On the other hand, the compositors, stonemasons, and iron-founders, both in Scotland and England, are of the same age, and they retain Home Rule. They, however, have settled down in a relationship which amounts to a formidable federation—but it is federation and formidable! Race difference is the only cause for their separation in unionism.

The Webbs put it that it is the Scotch pertinacity that has conquered England. For you will always find that, where the Scotchman cannot get the English workers' consent to move their headquarters to a Scotch city, the Scotchman will go to England (like the old saying of Mohammed going to the mountain). As the Webbs say, borrowing a phrase from Goldsmith, "The Scotch have stooped to conquer." But I say, it is rising to conquer, for have not the Scotch conquered the English? And to conquer is to rise.

You, who have read my articles on England, will remember how ancient labor union meetings were the scene of much drinking and feasting. But the old Glasgow Rope Makers' Friendly Society made the election of a new president a matter of much ceremony and repast, for the elec-

Chapter XVIII.

tion culminated in a procession of rope spinners, headed by the inevitable Scotch piper. They would proceed to the president's home, where the ceremony would terminate in a feast which usually lasted until the wee hours of the morning. And, because I am fearful of venturing out alone during hours when an ordinary individual ought to be in bed, I will stop here my account of those ancient and happy ceremonies, lest you think me an amateur at such descriptions.

In 1887 a demand arose for a strong and active national organization of miners. The miners' organization, with a membership of about 200,000, is composed of separate unions, each retaining complete autonomy of its own affairs; and so strong were the racial differences, not only between the Scotch and English, but between the Welsh and Scotch and English, that it was given up, because the Scotch feared that anything that went towards splicing the racial lines and Home Rule would cause secession of the Scotch Miners' Union.

The unions of Scotland are like unions in all other lands, with the possible exception that they accentuate with more force that the object of unions is to prevent the worker from accepting employment, under stress of starvation, on terms which would not be to the best interests of labor unions.

The Scotchman is not much on woman's suffrage, and is slow in admitting women to the workshop and to his organizations, and he still remembers that the great compositors' strike in Edinburgh in 1872 and 1873 was defeated, and its union reduced to impecunity by the importation of female blacklegs, who have since completely revolutionized the trade of that city.

No one hates a scab more than a Scotch union man.

"A scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and though both may be useful to one party in trouble-

The Toiler in Scotland.

some times, when peace returns, they are detested alike by all; so, when help is wanted, a scab is the last to contribute assistance, and the first to grasp a benefit he never labored to procure; he cares only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of a day; and for momentary and worthless approbation would betray friends, family, and country. In short, he is a traitor on a small scale: he first sells the journeymen and is himself afterwards sold in his turn by his master, until at last he is despised by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age, and to posterity."

The Scotch workers, like the workers of all other countries, are endeavoring to raise the standard of the necessities of life, and the standard of the necessities often becomes a matter of custom; but, as an illustration of how, in the lower walks of life, the Scotchman still thinks himself superior to the Scotch woman,—custom has rendered the wearing of leather shoes a necessity of life, even among the lowest order of men, but not among the same order of women—who may walk about barefooted!

You often hear the remark that the Scotch people are clannish, but that is not a trait peculiar to one people. It is true of all races, particularly where the people are few and the country small. The Scotch are clannish no more than other people.

Now, I want to touch on one or two labor matters that arose while I was present in Scotland. During my stay there was a national meeting of the Scotch Colliers, Firemen and Shot Fillers' Union, at which there was present an element that wished to separate from the Miners' Union, some of them insisting upon separate organizations and claiming that the Miners' Union agents were discriminating against them. Thus, you see that labor can seldom be free from jurisdictional squabbles.

While I was there, there was a strike settlement that

Chapter XVIII.

affected fifteen hundred miners. The strike lasted two weeks, and the fight was over the question: "Should the miners permit more than six men to ride up and down in a cage?" You see how important that is. All labor fights cannot be based on wages alone. The health and life of a worker are of more importance than wages, because they are all he has to give, and if his life is endangered, his ability to work is shortened, and, in that way you have made a deep cut in his wages. If one man works ten hours a day at say twenty-five cents an hour, and another, say eight hours at twenty cents an hour—I am using these round figures for the purpose of illustration—the latter is better off than the former, for the simple reason that the eight-hour man will last longer at his job, will have conserved more work energy, and will have more years to work. Once in the grave, there are no wages, except that somewhere there may be the wages of sin.

When that strike was settled, the Scotch Iron Molders decided by an overwhelming majority to strike for an increase of a farthing an hour. Also at that time the Scotch Bookbinders were having a dispute as to how much female labor should be allowed in their craft, and were voting a strike.

Under the insurance act, which pays the worker sick insurance and benefits, it was claimed that a large number of workmen were shamming, and a committee was appointed to investigate. And, as the Scotchman claimed, it was rather a compliment that Scotland had been excluded from the investigation, as no Scotchman had been accused of shamming. On the other hand, it was claimed that it merely tended to prove that Scotland had a better standard of health than England, and that there should be a maintenance of Scotch administration in such matters.

Of course, maligning and shamming are not peculiar to any one race. If one race practices it more than another,

The Toiler in Scotland.

it is because one race has been subjected to conditions that compel it to do so more than another. It is not virtue for the well-fed man to pass by a baker-shop and not steal a loaf of bread. He is not hungry. And so, to condemn the working class, because of one or more maligners, is an outrageous insult. The worker, if anything, shams less than the merchant. If once in a while some worker does sham, what of it? Do you thus slander the whole working world?

When you consider the number that are hurt and made sick, and the cruelty of some of the corporation doctors that seek to make a record for the corporation, in chasing their invalid patients out of bed and returning them to work in the interest of saving insurance, it makes you feel that all such physicians should be in the employ and pay of the government, and that all insurance should be a government function. Then no person would be interested in saving a dividend by driving a sick man back to work. My personal experience has been that for every case where a workman tried to sham (and when he does that, he does it so foolishly, so pusillanimously that he is easily detected), a dozen manufacturers have maligned in their defenses against the workers.

Also, I was fortunate in being in Scotland while a great agitation was going on for better sanitary conditions, better housing conditions, and for amending the poor-laws. About that time, the Scotch papers devoted considerable space to that subject. The proposed change from the old poor-laws to the new, and the insurance affecting the same, brought some criticism from that class of individuals who are fearful that any change for the better may cause a slight increase in their taxes. At that time a report came down from the Glasgow Chief Sanitary Inspector, Peter Fyfe, in which he claimed that the solution of the housing question, so far as it affected the tenement houses, lay in the election of a public policy on the wise purchase of old

Chapter XVIII.

property, with a view to internal reconstruction on modern lines. The death rate and the nuisance of reporting, due to overcrowding, would thus be abolished.

Now, this brings me to the thought, that old dilapidated shacks and tenement houses are maintained either by landlords who themselves are property burdened and too poor to rise out of their dilemma, or else by another class of landlords who seek to milk the cow dry, getting all, regardless of consequences. The only sane solution lies in the exercise of EMINENT DOMAIN—in buying the owners out. Then the municipality can either tear the buildings down and build new ones in their places, or else sell the land for other uses.

England solved its slave problem by purchasing their freedom. We solved ours by fighting the war between the North and South. Which was the cheaper? Which is the cheaper in handling the housing problem, to destroy them at the city's expense, or to breed disease and care for the sick?

While I was there, one of the leading labor officials of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, John Howden, who had been a member of the Glasgow Trades Council, and for a time its chairman, and also president of the Scotch Trade Union Congress, and who also had served in the capacity of president of the Glasgow Commission on the Housing of the Poor, died; and many were the eulogies spread over his bier by both workers and others.

Also at that time T. J. MacNamara, M. P., was agitating that the new insurance act should be so construed as to allow the casual laborer to continue eligible, should the occasion arise, to receive the benefit of national insurance.

It will be interesting to note that while I was in Glasgow, the International Transport Workers' Federation was in session. Charles Lindley, of Stockholm, presided, and Herr J. Doring, of Germany, made a speech for the amal-

The Toiler in Scotland.

gamation of the transport workers of the world. At that convention were representatives from every nation of Europe, meeting in fraternal love; and now,—tho' brothers—they are divided, fighting against and shooting down and killing each other, not because of hatred, for I believe that the workers of Europe, regardless of country, love each other as much as ever, but because the powers that be, have directed them to fight.

Of course, my article would not be complete if I did not say a word about Harry Lauder. The Scotchman there does not popularize Harry Lauder nearly so much as we do here. They do not fancy him going on the stage and parading the weaknesses of the Scotch people for the purpose of getting, incidentally, a laugh, but primarily, box receipts. This may be said of all people. They always enjoy a comedian when he cracks jokes at the expense of other people. Somehow or other they never like to have the joke turned on themselves.

Now, so far as Scotland is concerned, my task is done. Bobby Burns said: "Some books are lies frae end to end." I hope no one will accuse me of having said anything that wasn't so. I know I was sober while there, and I haven't touched any Scotch whiskey while talking this article. I cannot refrain from quoting Bobby Burns' couplet:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"—

which was and is true. If ever a people worked to change that thought of Burns to make it read:

"Man's humanity to man
Makes countless thousands happy,"—

labor organizations of the world and of Scotland have been and still are doing it. Here is where it takes the great abiding quality to change things from

Chapter XVIII.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

to

"Man's humanity to man
Makes countless thousands happy,"—

for in the evolution of things it requires much waiting, patient waiting. The abiding quality brings with it WATCHFUL WAITING, and makes that abiding quality so imminently necessary towards the realization of that brotherhood of which we dream--and which some day will come to be. And in conclusion I am happy to say that the Scotchman loves his Bonny Scotland, and he loves his Bonny Lassie, but the Scotch worker also loves his Bonny Labor Union.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TOILER IN IRELAND.*

MY Irish friend who was so impatient to have me tell about Ireland, and forgot about all the other lands after he had read my first article on Germany, has at last been rewarded for his patience. But if he or any other Irishman, or any other reader for that matter, thinks that I am going to poke fun and spring a few Irish bulls and spread a little blarney in this talk, he is indeed sadly mistaken. I say "sadly," because Ireland was the saddest place I visited in all Europe. I had a few laughing moments while there, to be sure, for to be with the Irish always opens an opportunity, no matter how sad the occasion, for a little sunshine of laughter to cross the countenance—just enough to dry a tear—and then sorrow clouds you and tears rain once more.

I am not an Irishman. No one ever accused me of being one. I carry proof with me always. Here and there my pug nose almost got me into an Irish fracas. The nearest relationship I ever attained to an Irishman was the partaking once in a while of an Irish stew—I mean the edible kind—but who is there in the shape of a man, with a human heart and a living soul, who can look upon such human sufferings and remain callous and retain indifference? I thank heaven that I am not tearless, and I am not ashamed to admit, though I have read scores upon scores of books and have seen countless theatrical performances, that I can cry with their suffering book-and-stage characters with the same readiness that a baby girl does over her broken doll. "Laughter," says Ingersoll, "marks the boundary line between man and beast;" and I add, "Tears chasten the soul and urge humankind to rise up to godly deeds."

* March, 1915.

Chapter XIX.

First, I want to settle a dispute. I want to fight it out. I am provoked with almost every author I have ever read. Pages and volumes have I waded through in description of various lands and countries, and nowhere have I come across any real description of Ireland. I got to thinking that Ireland was barren of all nature's beauty, and that the praise that came from actors of the Joe Murphy and Chauncey Olcott type was mere actors' words, manufactured to tickle the Irish palate for the purpose of extracting the coin. All Thackeray ever said of Ireland was "to go and see it." No poet, no novelist of note or standing ever took the trouble to describe the many Irish beauty spots, and I am at outs with them because, save in Switzerland, nowhere in all Europe is there such beautiful country. You know, very few who are not Irish or of Irish extraction ever go to Ireland at all, and the Irish in Ireland, and for that matter everywhere else, are too busy with Home Rule for Ireland to stop and write about Irish beauty. As few other people ever go there, how is one to know that Ireland has so many beautiful places? Hence, to rid myself of the fight in me, I am going to drop just a sentence or two about the beauty of Irish sod, and then, on with the major consideration of my talk!

Of course, the Giant's Causeway is an advertised attraction. It is a freak of geology. The columns of projecting saline crystals look like so many wives of Lot (only Lot had but one wife—it was Solomon who had a thousand), who had "rubbered" and turned into salt. While the country is most beautiful, Irish cities have nothing to cause one to go into ecstasy, not even famous Dublin—a city filled with streets and shacks that are eye-sores.

And, therefore, we hasten to the county of Cork and its lakes of Killarney, where the waters are the bluest and the grass the greenest that the eye of man ever saw. Glengariffe and Kenmare and the thousand other spots in that entire

The Toiler in Ireland.

country should be the life work of a real poet—of brush or pen. A whole autumn day, from sunrise to sunset, brought out every changing shade of beauty possessed by that most wonderful locality. But, of course, the beautiful and restful spots are monopolized by various estates—which means that they are the private places of the few, the English aristocracy. The other inhabitants in the vicinity are but menials who live from hand to mouth. And never was this so vividly brought home to me as when, on the same day that some gentleman's automobile had killed a peasant child near Muckross, or the middle lake, little groups were found gossiping and gabbing, and their greatest concern was not for the unfortunate child whose life had been extinguished by the sudden onslaught of the automobile, or for the poor mourning parents, but that the car was driven by such a "foine gintlemin!"

Aye, and before I clear the deck for action, I suppose that you want to know about Blarney Castle. I was there, you bet, but I brought back none of the blarney, because all the blarney had been kissed out of the reverend old stone before I had gotten there.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." How fortunate, for it is the only human injunction against a worldwide suicide of nations and people! To see a sallow-faced, puny-lunged, ill-nourished individual emerging from the most vermin-ridden hovel—abject, struggling to hang on, to go and live on in the face of all the heavy odds, lends encouragement both to him who oppresses (for oppression of humanity measures to the last limit the sufferer's endurance) and to him who strives for a better life, yet lives to see its accomplishment and fulfillment.

Races die and people die,—but not by mere physical extermination. They die when the hope that beats within them has been driven out. You may maim, torture, and kill,—yet so long as the candle of hope still burns, and the flame

Chapter XIX.

is still the light at the human window that shows the way to the wayward and the forlorn, the nation will never become extinct. Oppress those who are physically strong, but racially and nationally weak, and you soon will have them hopelessly defeated. Oppress those who are physically weak but nationally and racially strong, and the oppression is "the meat upon which they do feed" and makes them strong.

Ireland, for centuries, has lived in hope. She still lives in hope—hope, the beacon light of every Irish patriot—the goal that has deluded the people into a great belief that when it is realized, and it soon will be (I mean, of course, Home Rule for Ireland), the Irish Messiah will have arrived. Those who live in Ireland, and the Irish who live elsewhere, wait for it, dream of it, and fight for it. But they who are not and cannot be deluded by the fact that Home Rule is anything more than a mere change in an important political phase, without much influence upon the economic Ireland, are heretics and suffer much condemnation. You are a heretic if you are for Home Rule in the north, and a heretic if you are against Home Rule in the south of Ireland.

But when a nation and a people have become so obsessed with Home Rule that they will not and cannot see anything else in conjunction with it, the only way to make them see and get the other thing is to hurry and give them Home Rule. I am now and ever have been for Irish Home Rule and for all other Home Rule by whom and wherever it may be wished. But, to me, more wonderful than the fighting for Home Rule, which is almost won, and is only procrastinated by this present war, is that eternal hope for which the Irish are noted, the hope that has never dimmed but has grown ever stronger and brighter in the Irish heart. It is, indeed, much to be desired. Whether the thing that is fought for will ultimately be the panacea for the country's ills will

The Toiler in Ireland.

then be seen,—but a people that will ever fight for a cause until it is won, is a strong people. As the fight grows strong, hope rises; and hope is the soul of life.

Ireland is a land filled with martyrs to its cause of causes, Home Rule. Robert Emmett is but a type, a brilliant type of hundreds of other heroes who have suffered for it.

Now you may think it strange for me to talk about a matter which is so popular with the Irish and so cognizant otherwise, but I hope that you will soon see the relation it all bears to the labor problem in Ireland; for I may as well tell you now as later that Ireland has no organized labor movement of which it may boast very much. It has few unions of any recognized strength, and its suffering laborers refuse to have any labor questions—and want none until Ireland has obtained Home Rule. You can't, therefore, intelligently discuss what little there is in Ireland of the labor problem without referring, time and again, to Home Rule.

Believe me, I wish that Ireland had had Home Rule long ago, so that its people and its toilers could get away from it and get to tackling the real problem which is so imminently hovering over them. You may get somewhat of an idea of that insatiable desire, that unquenched hope for Home Rule, from a suggestion which I now venture. If a true Irishman were to have his choice between economic independence for himself and his fellow man, but Ireland to be without Home Rule, or Home Rule and the continuance of the economic dependence that impoverishes Ireland now to the very lowest degree, with all its poverty, tatters, barefootedness, and beggars, he would without a second's hesitation choose the latter.

What has this Home Rule desire and hope done for Ireland? It has filled the major part of its people with hope—the great hope; and in that hope it has, paradoxically, as it may seem, hopelessly divided a people into two opposing

Chapter XIX.

religious camps: the North and the South,—the Catholic and the Protestant,—the Shamrock and the Orange. A people of one Celtic race, inhabitants of one small island, surrounded by the turbulent waters of one Atlantic Ocean, which the mightiest ship enters upon with caution and fear, is filled with the horror of those religious differences that have so long kept Ireland in trouble and turmoil—seething, boiling, frothing, at pistol points. Hatred is ever green,—as green as Ireland's grass. And what is that hatred all about? And why should a people a few counties apart hate each other and fight each other? There are no serious church canons involved, no questions of rite or religious ethics to be considered. They celebrate the same holidays and the same feasts in the same way. They all offer prayer to the same God, the same Trinity, the same Cross; but, alas, the greater number are so blind, and the few who can see receive such a disrespectful audience that they do not perceive that back of this wide religious division is the money power that seeks to make itself secure in the exploitation of a people economically, socially, and industrially—a power that uses Home Rule as a mere pretext for a fight. It knows best that Home Rule will not affect the economic situation, and, as long as the Irish fight for Home Rule, they will not have time to think and fight for their economic emancipation. The same exploiting money power knows also that Home Rule is the nation's desire, and that all people who claim the slightest pretext to nationalism will join it. Hence, there is only one way: to keep Home Rule an issue; one way, to divide the people, to feed them on religious prejudices and bigotry.

Prejudices begotten by Beelzebub! Alas, alas, what a sad commentary on the human race! Religious prejudices, created only for the benefit of those who seek profit thereby, have turned the Brotherhood of Man into the Enmity of Men. Oh that workmen working side by side under the

The Toiler in Ireland.

same boss, beginning with the same call of the whistle and closing with the same sound of the gong, sweating the same sweat, bleeding the same blood, suffering in common, should eternally divide themselves on issues that are no issues, but mere differences in ceremonials, and hate and ever fight each other!

We see now a whole Europe trying to kill each other off. Why? Ask the monarchs! And so it is in Ireland. It now has a North and South (with a racial bitterness and hatred far worse than the old North and South of our country) fighting each other for and against Home Rule; and when you ask a sane-appearing northern Irishman why he is opposed to Home Rule, he will advance a prattle of religious bigotry and nonsensical, insane fear that the Pope of Rome will move his papal seat to Ireland. It makes you sick, and you feel first like punching his head off, and then regretfully giving up the thought that man will ever rise to the place of his true worth.

In Belfast I spoke to dozens of men, and so did I elsewhere, but I could never pick up a conversation in Ireland without there gathering around me a crowd—for by the cut of my coat they guessed that I was an American, and they were hungry for American news and alleged American wisdom. In Belfast I spoke to dozens who all complained bitterly of the hard times, of being out of work, of the approach of winter without savings to help them over the winter months, but, when I broached the subject of Home Rule as a means of ending this unnecessary difference between their North and South, and spoke for the unification of all Ireland and for the best efforts of labor unions, I was avalanched by utterances from the very ones who had complained of being out of work and without means!—that never would they yield to Home Rule. They would fight and die for Ulster! The Pope must never capture Ireland! I tried to argue against such foolish ideas, but all in vain. I thought of our

Chapter XIX.

own workmen here in our own country around election times, marching and shouting for and against tariff—and other issues.

Oh, sons of toil! How you disappoint and wound the hearts of those who strive to make you see that which you ought to see, but which you so stubbornly refuse to learn to see. Take me as you will. Chastise me, criticise me, file complaints against me with your editor for permitting my writings to be printed, but pray how can any sane man stand apart and fight his fellow-man and refuse to join in the mutual happiness on account of a difference in the manner of worship? You may call me a blasphemer though I am not,—but you cannot deny in me the strong love for humanity, the hope for a world of workmen in Peace, Love, and Harmony. And so Irish hate Irish. Of course, in the north of Ireland, almost all and, in the south of Ireland, the majority of the mercantile institutions are in the hands of non-Catholics. Particularly the banks are in the hands of foreign capitalists, mostly English, and employment is refused to Catholic boys and men, because that is the only way in which the struggle over Home Rule can be kept alive.

The chauffeur who took me all through Cork County was a wonderful type of the Irish young-man—twenty-eight years of age, of little schooling, of few opportunities, but well read. He and I got into a conversation, for I had the seat next to him. I was amazed at his knowledge of mathematics, and at his familiarity with the dramas, and with Huxley and Spencer and Shaw and Haeckel, and the other philosophers. He had acquired that by study and reading, all by himself, at night after each hard day's work. And when I asked him why he stuck to chauffeur-ing and did not go into some line of business that would not require him to drive and wash cars, he replied that he had been denied several remunerative positions, although he had been ac-

The Toiler in Ireland.

knowledgeable capable, because he was a Catholic and a Home Ruler, and the capitalists did not propose to encourage bright Catholic or Home Rule lads.

And then he told me O'Connell stories by the dozens, and recited paragraph after paragraph of his favorite orations.

I was so taken up with him that I said: "Young man, I know I am violating the American Anti-Alien-Importation Law, but come with me and work for me. You can drive my car, and I will offer you opportunities suitable to your intelligence and talents."

It was then that he slowed up his car, took out from his pocket a handkerchief and wiped away a big, briny tear that had just trickled down his cheek.

"Thank you," he replied, "but my old mother would die broken-hearted if I left her."

And so it is with thousands of youths who have been thwarted in their ambitions, because of dear, loving old mothers whom they could not leave behind. God bless the mothers!

When we went in to have lunch, I took him with me to the table. When we clasped hands in farewell, we were friends, and he appreciated, I know, that there were a great many people not of his faith or race who had a broader view of life, and that we were his real brothers. He was indeed an intelligent fellow, and I had a treat listening to his criticisms of Shaw and Synge.

I never knew of a cursory friendship made so swiftly and a parting so regretfully, save with the carriage driver at Carlsbad who took me about. He was president of his union in that city, and with him I had a few delightful hours. Tourists miss so much who fail to get in touch with these workmen. Most tourists are not intelligent enough for companionship with many European servants,

Chapter XIX.

who are possessed of a greater intelligence and of a learning far beyond that of those who employ them as guides.

Now, to contrast the foregoing, I want to relate a little incident that took place at the Giant's Causeway. When we got near the spot we were to visit, Irish boatmen began competing for our patronage. And such competition! One was reminded of an old-time Clark Street, Chicago, second-hand pulling-in match. They called each other names, and told us of dangers that would befall us, if we went with their competitors. Finally we chose a pair of rather daring-looking Irishmen to take us about, though we were a little shy of confidence, owing to these fear-inciting remarks. They hurried us into a row-boat and rowed us out into the Atlantic, whence they intended that we should get a sea view of the Causeway. When they had us out a distance from the land, I noticed fear on the face of my wife and the flush of excitement on the face of our boy, for the greater the fear my wife entertained, the greater was our son's eagerness for more danger. Out on the tossing billows they sought to take advantage of their opportunity. They were clever, too. They were there to get money and to sell us amulets, and so forth, at fabulous prices—amulets that had manufactured legends to go with them; and they were anxious to drive the bargain out on the ocean; and, of course, it took just as much caution on my part to postpone a refusal until I got back to shore. They took us for Irishmen, and, in order to find out what our religion was and what our views were on the various Irish questions, one Irishman cunningly ventured the statement that he was a Catholic and a Home Ruler and that his partner was anti-Catholic and an anti-Home Ruler, but, notwithstanding all that, they were partners in business. (They were both strong non-Catholics, I later found out.) So, not to be behind them, I told them that I was a Catholic and a Home Ruler and that my wife was not, and when they

The Toiler in Ireland.

asked for my name, I told them that it was Rubin—that it used to be McRubin, but that one of my ancestors had dropped the Mc.

“Good for him,” said one.

“Bad ’cess to him,” said the other.

And then one of them presented me with a book containing a thousand testimonials or more by various American tourists, to which I added one.

As I now recall, I wrote something like this :

“I have traveled far and near,
I have kissed the Blarney, precious dear,
Parnell, O’Connell, and Emmett have swayed me with Irish tongue,
Olcott and McCormack have charmed me with Irish song;
But for Irish blarney, tongue, and song, I vow,
You sure have got them all bated a mile, I know.”

Now this gives you a fair idea of how Home Rule has been used as an issue to divide an otherwise most loving and hospitable people.

While I was in Belfast, things were hot with agitation against Home Rule. I was also fortunate in being in Dublin at the time of the great Transport and General Workers’ Trade Union strike—the so-called street car strike in which Larkin played such a great figure, and where broken Irish heads were the strike’s harvest. I met Larkin together with a few of his associates just after he had gotten out on bail on some charge. I went up to the hall, which was on a second floor and with a series of rooms opening off from a dark, dingy hall. The hall was filled with a lot of men over whom I stumbled and who, as I have since learned, were detectives and spies. I introduced myself and at first could get no audience until I came across James Connelly, once editor of the *Irish Harp*, an American Irish socialist paper, since defunct—and then my credentials were accepted.

I was introduced to Larkin and the rest, and the talk was free thereafter. This Transport and General Workers’

Chapter XIX.

Union strike was a typical I. W. W. strike, and it could not be otherwise, for Ireland is very poorly organized, there being less than one trade-unionist to every hundred people. Irish souls, filled with the thought and love of Home Rule, make organization along lines of real disciplinary organization, absolutely impossible.

I talked with hundreds of men who were not engaged in the strike, and they were absolutely ignorant of the cause and wholly out of sympathy with it and the strikers, and yet every one of them was a wage earner and for Home Rule. But some of them had their eyes opened, for Murphy, the manager of the street-car company, was a leading politician patriot for Home Rule; when the strike came he turned upon the strikers, and they saw that between a Home Rule politician and a union man there were few things in common.

Larkin is a typical, brawny, brainy chap, with the power and gift of making his fellows see their unfavorable conditions. Unfortunate, however, for Larkin and his cause, are the organization and methods used and those intended to stir up and arouse, regardless of the surviving effects. Mind me, I am not speaking against Larkin and the strike, for Larkin is a capable man, and I believed him honest and the strike most just, but I am protesting that his organization is but a semi-organization. If you have followed at all the methods of the I. W. W. and their strikes, you have a parallel situation. True, this Dublin strike must have awakened in some the hope for a different and better organization. Let us hope that they will some day imitate their English and Scotch brothers in that regard. A real labor union, not of the I. W. W. type, would have conducted a strike, not an unorganized insurrection. Do you get the difference? You do, if you have read what I have said in other articles or even if you have done some thinking. It is now too late for me to explain once more I. W.

The Toiler in Ireland.

W.'ism or industrialism. I will not suffer you to listen to repetition.

I learned a thing in that strike which in some degree modulated my former bitterness towards labor injunctions. You know what I think and what I have already said about these labor injunctions. I think that I have used language as strong as it is possible to print and remain respectable, but in Ireland, during the strike, I came across something far more atrocious, damnable, and infamous in its effect than any labor injunction, issued by the most labor-hating judge in this country, ever tried to be: an Irish proclamation. A proclamation was issued by a divisional magistrate of the city of Dublin, prohibiting in advance the meeting which Larkin announced he and his sympathizers would hold on a street corner on a given Sunday. The reason for this proclamation was that it was believed that the object of the meeting was seditious, and that the meeting and assemblage would cause "TERROR TO AND DISSENSION BETWEEN HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS" and would be an unlawful assemblage; and notice was given that if any attempt were made to hold the meeting in defiance of the proclamation, it would be prevented, and all persons taking part in it would be proceeded against.

Now an ex parte labor injunction is bad enough. Whenever there is a strike, the capitalist, through his servilely retained attorney, sneaks in through the back door of the court's chamber and procures an injunction which prohibits everything that it is possible to prohibit. But this proclamation has got the injunction skinned all ways. It stopped an assemblage on the ground that it was seditious and might cause His Majesty's subjects to be divided in their opinions. There is nothing that can beat that, but I haven't the time to deliver myself of adjectives suitable to a proper description of my thoughts upon such a proclamation. It has all injunctions out-injunctioned. It

Chapter XIX.

out-Cossacks Cossacks. It is the curse of curses—the padlock upon human freedom—the executioner without a trial—the judgment without a hearing—the witness without evidence.

The Dublin police are mostly strong, strapping Irishmen, most servile to the Crown—taken from other parts of Ireland, out of harmony, out of sympathy with the people of the city where they are placed on duty; they swing their batons swiftly, cruelly, and mercilessly. England has devised a system whereby it does not select its people from their home city, especially in Ireland. Usually the police are former soldiers who have seen King's service, and no Irishman is so mean as the Irishman who will turn against his own people. Every Irish melodrama has its Irish traitor. They are usually little skulking fellows, but these Irish police are real bullies.

Well, the proclamation was issued, and I was in Dublin when Larkin said he would defy the proclamation, and when he issued a real defiance, and gave out that the people would assemble, and that they would see whether the government owned them body and soul. The workmen were asked to stand together and not to pay rent while the tramway strike was on, and told that they would hold the government responsible for any loss of life. Larkin uttered words, like those of our own Patrick Henry: that he would be there to show his contempt for the king and for the magistrate who issued the proclamation. And, in the presence of a most awe-struck multitude, he burned a copy of the proclamation, and said he wanted nobody to come to the meeting on Sunday but men who were resolved to fight. He said, if life were lost, the government would have to take the responsibility, that he would ask the Lord Mayor of Dublin to issue a counter proclamation, making the working men free men of the city, and if that were refused that they would issue a proclamation themselves.

The Toiler in Ireland.

And then he asked the people before him to hold up their hands, which they did; and they repeated after him the promise to pay no rent until all the tramway men had obtained the conditions of employment they demanded. He even went so far as to say that for every man that was killed, two of the other side would fall; and even went further still and said that when Lloyd George was in Dublin, he had protected Lloyd George during the troubles, and now that Lloyd George was expected to come to Dublin to talk about Home Rule, he, Larkin, would be out to see that he got the same treatment that the government was giving to the strikers in Dublin. He even went so far as to tell the men to get on tramways and not to pay their fares, and he went on to say that there were clothes and food in the shops in plenty, and that coal was on the banks, and that any man who would permit himself to starve under such conditions was a fool. He asked the people to boycott a football game because some of the players were scabs.

There was much excitement. Keir Hardie was asked to come and speak to the Irish workers. Some of the men insisted that I should stay and talk to them on Sunday, because the Irish would rather listen to an American than to an Englishman, and said I should be given a respectful hearing. To tell the truth, for the time I was fired with the zeal and spirit of a revolutionist. In such times, under such conditions, even the best of us become enthusiastic and blind, and are willing to do that which sober and more reflecting judgment would veto. I was ready—but I took the idea to my wife, and with womanly instinct she overruled me. So on we went to Cork. Don't think me henpecked, for I am not. It took a long argument and a quarrel. Well, I ought not tell my family secrets, but that is the only way I can show myself not henpecked.

Every man who reads knows what happened on that

Chapter XIX.

memorable Sunday. The police charged upon the harmless, unoffending men, women, and children. It was a most terrible assault, and many workers were arrested and jailed; there were not hospitals enough to go around. Larkin was arrested for sedition, but fortunately for him, the unwarranted assault upon this helpless, defenseless gathering was too much, and some of the people in Ireland and some in England—even those who were not pro-labor—turned against the attack and the proclamation, and the sentiment became so strong that the charges against Larkin petered out. Of course, there were attacks upon cars, and there were some attempted attacks upon a few places connected with the company, but, as usual, such tactics failed.

Aside from the merits or demerits of the strike, it was condemned by all as the most outrageous thing that ever took place in Dublin. As usual, a lot of bystanders were dragged in on a charge of being participants in the riot, and some were remanded and some were punished—and, as I have said before, it was a typical I. W. W. strike: it opened with a sensation, it effected nothing in the end, except the little good that came from a ruthless awakening of a few workers and the possible addition of a few new leaders to the movement.

At the time this affair took place in Dublin, there was a Congress of the English Trade Unions in Manchester, England, and, in consequence, a resolution was adopted which ran as follows:

“Resolved, that this Congress condemn in the most emphatic manner the government and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for their action in prohibiting the holding of public meetings in Dublin and for the brutal manner in which the citizens of that city were treated by the police, which resulted in the loss of two lives and the injury of several hundred people; and further that it call upon the

The Toiler in Ireland.

Lord Lieutenant to at once establish the right of public meetings and to institute a very rigid inquiry into the conduct of the police."

And while that Congress expressed itself with dislike toward Larkin and Connelly, yet you may gather from these words—a speech made by a Mr. Sexton, when he compared Larkin with Carson,—that a union man may always count upon another union man as his friend, regardless of race or religion: "I have not come here to say a word against any man, but the black of Larkin and Connelly is white as compared with that of Sir Edward Carson and those members of the House of Lords who are backing him up." (Loud cheers.)

There is no difficulty in ascertaining that the English labor union man is for Ireland and Home Rule and the Irish union worker.

I here show you a facsimile of an application for membership:

APPLICATION FORM FOR MEMBERSHIP.

To the Irish Transport and General Workers' Trades Union.

Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

General Secretary:

JIM LARKIN.

Date.....

Name

Address

.....

Age.....

Occupation..... Employer.....

Entrance Fee enclosed.....

Chapter XIX.

It is just as it appears before you, excepting that the ink on the original is red. Now, what do you notice about that which is out of the ordinary? I will show you. First, see the name "Jim Larkin"—how informally he considers himself. The title of office is sufficient for a formidable James Larkin,—yet he calls himself "Jim Larkin"; second, you will notice that it is advertised as Irish paper, indicative of provincial commercialism; third, they have no union printers' label in Ireland—nor for that matter, anywhere else in Europe—and so you see the words printed "Trade Union Labour."

The Irishman is a most hopeful individual, and it is the characteristic of hope—so predominant in him—that has kept him alive. Surely, when we behold Irish poverty and misery and misrule, and a people hopeful and cheerful under the most trying conditions, why should we be less hopeful? And why should we be discouraged, for may we not, out of that hope, cull the hope that with Ireland's Home Rule won, the Irish worker will awaken and begin to see the necessity for organizing himself into labor crafts after the fashion of England and Scotland?

Bernard Shaw is as good an Irishman as Ireland has. Bernard Shaw is non-Catholic, and yet he is for Home Rule. No one more cleverly than he derides those Irishmen who are opposed to Home Rule. Read his play, *Johnny Bull's Other Island*, and see how he characterizes in his own way the great progress of the Englishman and the little progress of the Irishman. He shows the Irishman, clever, bright, and active, the Englishman, dull and plodding; the Irishman is the hare and the Englishman the tortoise; the Irishman hopeful, the Englishman assiduous. Yet in the end, this plodding Englishman, who permits everyone to laugh at him because he is assiduous, beats the clever Irishman—who does nothing but hope—not only out of his place in Parliament, but also out of his Irish sweetheart. It is

The Toiler in Ireland.

a clever play. It is clever not only because of Shaw's lines, but clever because it shows in Shavian style that hope alone is but a phantom, that hope alone is but a myth, that hope to rise and succeed must be set upon some substantial foundation. To live in hope is indeed splendid, but to live in mere hope without working to realize that hope, is but an empty dream, a bubble to be pricked. Shaw and Synge picture Irish characters as no others have ever before done, and they lay before the people, Ireland and her conditions as they have never before been presented. A good Irish type is portrayed by Synge in his *Rising of the Moon*. There he shows how an Irish patriot overpowers an Irish constable and induces him to swerve from the path of duty by an Irish song that appeals to his emotions. In that too, there is a lesson: that, back of the emotions, there must be stability of purpose. Of course, the Irish have been constant in their hope. They have fought and bled for Home Rule, and if only the Irish laborer will fight as hard for his economic emancipation as he has for Home Rule, Irish labor organizations ought, indeed, soon to win a huge success.

You find few socialists among the Irish. Engels disliked the Irish, and the Irish disliked him. But among these tramway strikers, from Larkin and Connelly down, the majority of the men are revolutionary socialists and syndicalists. Keep in mind the labor socialist as distinct from the social democrat—one is of the anarchistic, and the other of the evolutionary type. Engels disliked the Irish, because way back in 1842, the Irish were somewhat behind the rest of the people of the British Isles and they were exploited to scab. Engels said it was the Irish who introduced patches and barefeet into England.

"The Irish are restless, yet indolent, clever and indiscreet, stormy, impatient, improvident, quick to resent and give

Chapter XIX.

insult, gifted with genius prodigally, sparing with judgment."

But I think Engels was not wholly unprejudiced. If it were true years back, certainly the Irish are not now the blacklegs of England. Their love for fight soon makes them valuable aides to their fellow workers in their struggles with their employers.

Of the Irish unions that are regular in their formation and in the conduct of their business, little can be said that has not already been said of the Scotch labor unions, except that they are numerically weak.

I call to mind at the present time a little personal incident in Queenstown, Ireland, the port from which I sailed for America. Dozens of women were on the streets selling Irish trinkets and pipes and souvenirs. I came across, among the crowds, a young woman selling Irish trinkets. I became interested in her case and learned that she was supporting a child of six years of age, and that her husband had deserted her and left for America. The poor, helpless woman asked me to locate him. I was touched by her story, and I promised aid. She gave me his address. The last she had heard from him was some three or four years before, and during all that time she had never received a single penny of support. I promised her that I would help her, and the promise was worth the effort I afterwards made, for I saw the Irish hope grow brilliant in the glistening of her eye, and the Irish blessing and a real Irish shamrock, which she gave me, went with it.

They told other sad stories, for I soon found that there were many, many similar cases in Ireland, the man leaving for America, deserting his Irish wife and children to their own struggling. But, of course, what is true of the Irish, in that regard, is equally true of other countries and people. The human brute who neglects his wife and family is found everywhere, and it is unfair to single out any one

The Toiler in Ireland.

country; but, of course, no poor can appeal to you so much as the poor who speak your language, particularly the poor of the Irish, whose richly gifted speaking voice, soft, sweet, and musical, mixed with that rich Irish brogue and that wonderful facial show of emotion, touches the very depths of one's own heart. There is one way to stop alien wife desertion. No married man should be allowed to land without his wife. It would also help to stop some of the many immoral consequences which follow in some of our foreign inhabited quarters.

Now, this is Ireland. I am sure I have proved disappointing to those who thought my Ireland would be the subject of a different discourse. Perhaps it is because the only time I found to dictate this was one night in January after a hard day's work. I may have been dull and slow, but I have been truthful. Yet, I feel confident that I have not disappointed those who wanted to hear of labor conditions in Ireland. I am an American, though I am international in my love for mankind. I love the Irish people no more and no less than other people. All people are my brothers, all countries receive my consideration. The happiness of the Irish is my happiness, their sorrows are my sorrows,—for how can one be really and fully happy so long as misery exists anywhere? “Hope springs eternal in the human breast,” and so long as the Irish retain that hope, there is hope for the Irish toiler. Quick of wit and intelligence, certainly no people should learn faster the labor and economic situation than the Irish. With Home Rule out of the way, they will see the real situation, and the hope of the emancipation of labor will be the realized hope of the Irish.

CHAPTER XX.

FINALE.

I WATCH you, Ireland, as the ship takes me from your shores, until I can see you no more. As I leave your shores, I see the Irish crowd—old and young men, women and children, filled with envy and hope—envying those that sail for America—hoping that they may soon follow. I hear the Irish “God bless you,” and see the Irish tears. The little woman waves her hand; her face tells me she looks to me for help. I feel myself a better friend to Ireland for having visited her and seen and mingled with her people on Irish soil. As I leave, I am filled with regret and with Tom Moore I hear the song:

“Oh, stay, oh, stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this tonight, that oh, 'tis pain,
To break its links so soon.”

I turn to the west—to America. I look forward toward “Home, Sweet Home.” I sail and sail; days pass; Plymouth Rock comes into sight. Cheers rise for America. Once more on American soil, the first to shake my hand is a molder who has been waiting to receive me at the dock. Thanks to Frey for his thoughtfulness. Happy, oh, happy am I to breathe once more the free American air and, likewise free factory soft coal smoke! Away! Oh base delusion! Ere I had walked a few steps from the wharf, I beheld, on the streets and in the shops, men, women, and children, American toilers with their labor sufferings. O God, O God! Better had I stayed here. But it is not of home troubles that I was asked to speak.

My travels in various lands of Europe are at an end.
So long! So long!

CHAPTER XXI.

EPILOGUE.

Dear Reader and Friend: I appear before the curtain to tarry a little longer with you and say a word that, if not in good synthetic English, is still a real part of the main theme. I thank you on behalf of myself and my company. Oh, what a mistake! It sounds like an actor's curtain speech,—but I do thank you for giving me the splendid opportunity to practice on you and try out my hand as an author. I shall linger a little while longer, to present a few more articles, general observations on Europe as a whole; but, as I have said, my main theme is done. Now, honor bright, have you gained anything? Just one little bit? Do you remember just one tiny bit of what I have told you so repeatedly in the last year and more? If you have remembered and if you have gained something, then I feel that I have been of some service to you. At no time have I willingly offered offense, but I did speak bluntly and frankly, and I told the truth as I learned it. Did it hurt any one? If so, I cannot help it. I won't even ask pardon, for I did it all in the interests of truth. Your editor here and there swung the axe and cut out what seemed to him an obnoxious sentence; and, now that it is all over, I shall tell you a little secret of mine. I threatened to go out on a strike several times and write no more because of his censorship, but your editor said he would issue an injunction, for I had agreed not to stop until I had gone through Ireland; and as I am afraid of injunctions, I served my term out to the finish. (Applause and laughter.)

It is always good form to close with pleasantries. One feels so sure of his position. But I sincerely hope that the pleasure has not been all mine. There is nothing that I

Chapter XXI.

would stop at to help the cause of labor honestly and honorably, editor or no editor, who, by the way, is a better editor than a proof reader. I am astonished and shocked that a molder who left school when but a boy, and graduated from the College of the Ramrod and the University of the Sand Pile, should occasionally have failed to punctuate correctly, or have committed some other serious grammatical crime. What are we coming to when our college men insist on committing such blunders?

AND NOW TO BRING ALL THIS TO AN END,
LET ME SAY: SO LONG AS YOU WILL PERMIT,
SO LONG AS YOU WANT ME, WHETHER IN
COURT, ON THE ROSTRUM, OR IN PRINT, YES,
EVEN IN A FIGHT, COUNT ME ALWAYS AT YOUR
SERVICE.

[EXIT.]

(Asbestos Curtain.)

CHAPTER XXII.

WOMEN WHO DO NOT TOIL IN EUROPE.*

I AM opening a vast field for discussion. I am not so sure that I am not open to much criticism. By criticism, I mean just, honest, fair criticism, not the flippant kind that comes from mere cursory glances. The world travels along beaten paths. The ruts are deep cut. It is hard for one to get out of them safely, and, especially when one is traveling rapidly, a sudden attempt to turn out may break a wheel or cause a spill. Either is dangerous to life, limb, and property. I add property, for property is perhaps the chief barrier to a sudden change of things.

We have learned to risk life and limb with considerable equanimity and great indifference (look at this war, all for a little commercial prestige and a slice or two of territory),—but property rights, vested rights, grow roots so deep, firm, and secure, that anything that tends to uproot them excites great commotion and consternation, and even begets war. Besides, property rights have a constitutional or monarchical guarantee everywhere, in every land, and an attempt to uproot them is iconoclasm, *lèse-majesté*, or contempt of the first and worst order. There are so many who think that ever since the Biblical fall of man, the whole world has been and now is wickedly bad, and so many who think that it is growing worse, and a few who see in it the sunrise of a better day.

Sin is evil, and sin is to be condemned and is to be purged: by many, with brimstone; by many others, with penance or contrition; by still others, with prison; and by some, with a sort of medical treatment, either in the form of surgery, pills, or suggestions. It is not for us to discuss

* July, 1915.

Chapter XXII.

which is right or best, nor is it for us to discuss the origin of all this thought, this conception, this creation—what is evil, what is this wickedness and sin upon this mundane sphere?

I shall not attempt to discuss evil in any of its phases: first, it is a very difficult, most complex problem and needs a greater back-ground than I am permitted to give in this talk of mine.

Second, it might involve a debate which might, by some, be deemed as treading on their religious toes,—which should always be avoided in talking to a cosmopolitan audience.

Third, it is not included in the text and hence would be beside the mark.

Fourth, after all, the genesis, the conception, the origin, the whys and wherefores, the causes and effects of evil are highly speculative, and to enter into such a debate would be to lose one's self in a wilderness of metaphysics, out of which not even Moses could lead one away safely—for even Moses failed to prevent mutiny.

H. G. Wells, the noted English novelist,—or rather author, as I should call him, for he does more than mere romancing,—whom I consider perhaps the greatest writer of fiction since Hugo and Balzac, says, in his great book, *The Passionate Friends*:

“I want to give you as clearly as I can some impression of the mental states that followed this passion and this collapse. It seems to me one of the most extraordinary aspects of all that literature of speculative attack which is called psychology, that there is no name and no description at all of most of the mental states that make up life. Psychology, like sociology, is still largely in the scholastic stage; it is ignorant and intellectual, a happy refuge for the lazy industry of pedants; instead of experience and accurate descriptions and analysis it begins with the rash assumption of elements and starts out upon ridiculous

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

syntheses. Who with a sick soul would dream of going to a psychologist?"

So, you see, speculation brings us nowhere in this talk. It brings nothing to those we talk about. Therefore, I am directed to the task of merely laying before you a few nasty, unpleasant facts, drawing from them an economical inference or two, and calling quits. I said "quits." Well, that is hard. It is difficult to talk without thinking or opinionating. Judges can't do it. But the average citizen who is drawn on a jury is told that he must not form any opinion until he has heard all, and, judging by some verdicts, especially in labor cases, the workman on such juries either never gets to thinking at all or, like a forsaken fool, he "thought" wrong in the beginning, and lied to stay on the jury so he could, as a juror, in the name of the law do the *et tu Brutus* stunt to the worker on trial for trying to uplift his fellow-worker. Witnesses in court are allowed only to state facts, and must leave it to the lawyers to argify, and to the jurors to infer, and to the judges to deduct. The sentenced man says the judge does not deduct but adds. Such rules of evidence are antiquated. They often keep out the best part of the story, and often leave from the consideration of the case the cause that moved the witness to give certain bearing facts.

There is nothing like having the full story of the processes of the mind in reaching conclusions. You can often tell by what a man thinks whether the facts that he states are believable or not. An answer of "Yes" or "No" or the telling of a mere naked fact may, and often does, conceal the soul—the motive of the person uttering it. Let any one talk to his heart's content, and he will express a sentiment for or against a certain proposition that is very material in ascertaining where the truth lies. In other words, the more informal one is in telling a story, the nearer to the truth will the listener come; so, when I say "quit,"

Chapter XXII.

I mean I will quit speculating for the time being. I will not speculate nor psychologize, but I do not want to quit thinking nor quit interpreting my own ideas as to the matter at hand.

The text is, *The Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe*. Shock number one: I am not going to talk about the wives and the daughters of those who are environed in luxury and idleness and who are not obliged to work, for they include the royalty, the semi-royalty, the pseudo-royalty, and those of the wealthier class, the pampered and their hangers-on—and I know very little about them except by observation and necessary logical deductions. I have had very little contact with them. I know about them, as you must, only that they are where they are, not by any divine visitation; they are begotten of the same flesh as other flesh, blood as other blood, except that the more royal the blood, the less pure and the more likely diseased it is. They tell the story, that to have them where they are, thousands upon thousands, yea, millions upon millions have been condemned to slavery, to war, and to death. They tell of an inequality of conditions that no God has ever designed—that no God ever wished. They are where they are because of a past or present inequality of physical, financial, or economic strength that gained for them this life of idleness and ease. (I do not use the word “happiness,” for to me that does not constitute “happiness.”) And they have sent on to this earth a plague of greater curse than any that ever visited Egypt.

We all love to be on the top of the ladder; but did you ever stop to think that unless the ladder is on sure ground it is apt to topple over? We marvel at the feats of a juggler, or those of the man who balances on the top of a ladder whose base is the insecure foundation of a tight rope or slack wire. I behold the whole plethoric, predatory crowd resting on the top rung of the ladder, and I listen to

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

the world's applause. If they only looked down and saw the rotten, infirm base upon which the whole social ladder rests!—the ladder, whose uppermost rung has been polished so as to give it the glitter of the élite and the idle, the rung, shallow and rotten within, and the base so filled with fallen men and women, eaten by poverty and venereal disease, and fallen so low, so utterly hopeless, that the withdrawing of a single support may cause the ladder to topple, fall, and precipitate all those on top on to earth, its misery and death! True, they that balance are very skillful. They know how to keep from falling, and, like their fellow actor who stays on the ground to watch against mistakes and falls of the performers above, so have this idle class planted the myriads of men, women, and children who work and work and work, and by their work are their watchers who prevent their fall. Here and there an actor will miss and fall and break his neck, but the show goes on,—another is supplied to take his place. So here and there a bankruptcy or an exposed scandal will cause one of these social balancers to fall and get hurt, but others rush to fill the place. The flame burns—the moths never learn.

Shock number two: I do not intend to talk of the women who are the wives and the daughters of those who are working men and who are fortunate enough not to be forced to work. That is not the subject here for discussion.

Shock number three,—the real shock: I am going to talk about the women of the streets and the gutters, of the idle women who are the cast-off mistresses and harlots of men, of those of whom all is known, but of whom nothing may be said in “decent” society save *sub rosa*. They are the cast-offs of the lust and shame of men, the women lepers, the habitues of the world's physical and moral cesspools. Oh, what a stenching subject! But do you remember in the play, *The Servant in the House*, how essential the scavenger is to society, for he is needed to

Chapter XXII.

remove the obnoxious gases, the stenching matters that hiddenly fill the sewer and sicken and drive away the people from an otherwise well-constructed place of worship? And so this stenching, rotten, venereal stuff must be considered and uncovered, or else the moral and physical noxiousness will asphyxiate the entire human race. It has made us sick; yet we go on living in utter ignorance of it all. How shameful! How pitiful! The social ladder rests upon all this rottenness. How long, how long will it stay balanced!

We deem ourselves so scientific, so modern, so hygienic, and so given up to sanitation. The plumbing in our homes, the plumbing in the workshops, we try to make sanitary. The poor, toiling creatures who give up their flesh and energy in exchange for wages are now the subject of philanthropists and law makers who are endeavoring to take away the darkness and disease by modern sanitation and the admission of air and sunshine into the former darkened and tubercular prison-cells and workshops. They realize that sunshine, fresh air, clean housing, and sanitary plumbing are essential to life. And yet, in the gutters of humankind, the physical and moral stench is so sickening, that to purge it is absolutely essential to real moral life. Yet nothing is done about it. Is it ignorance? Yes, on the part of those who are ignorant of all else. Is it ignorance on the part of the worker who is ignorant of his right and might of association, by which he can capture the whole works? By conquering the land, and the machinery of government and industry, and the system of finance, he can throw off this whole load of human misery. Yes!

But is it ignorance on the part of those who rule, of those who are over you and who control the destinies of your nation? No! They know better; but according to their scheme of things human, wreckage is essential; inequality of things, according to them, must ever be.

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

Equalization, reorganization are dangerous; suppression, oppression, over-supply, over-demand, over-consumption, under-consumption are to them natural things. If lack of work, if lack of sufficient earnings send once virtuous women to the block where they auction off their souls and bodies to the highest bidder, and if a change of things can be accomplished by redistribution or by a better readjustment of things, then why is it not patent to every worker that such a redistribution or readjustment of things is not only not wanted by those in control, but is seriously opposed by them, and why does not the worker get out of his hibernating ignorance?

Few men, few women are inherently bad. And what is "bad?" "Bad" is a relative term. The old notion of the devil being at the fount of all that is ill, is puerile and now even beyond the cavil of the most orthodox of faith-followers and brimstone haranguers. Then, is the letting out of passion, or the non-restraint of that with which nature has filled us all—some with more and some with less—bad? Or are only those who, either from want of opportunity—and I think opportunity is the greater factor—or who are fortunately endowed with the power to suppress and stifle desire, good?

Thus, you see again, it is too philosophical—and what poor consolation to the soul! But whatever differences of opinion we may have as to matrimony in the past, present, or future, or as to the objects of matrimony or divorce, and no matter if we disagree as to whether marriage is a contract or a sacrament, a bond or a bondage, whether it is a possession or a co-evil, whether it shall involve property rights or not, whether divorces should or should not be allowed, whether the woman who sells herself in marriage is not an adulteress, and so on with the many perplexing questions that accompany these problems and must, such grave and important social functions

Chapter XXII.

(especially when we call to mind the thousand and one other human frailties, such as jealousy, desire, covetousness, piquancy, and the like), we all agree that the harlot for hire is a social loss, an eye-sore, a social evil, a cancer, and a contagion. That this may not go astray in the minds of some—I am a great believer in matrimony, the legal binding of two in love, and let no one by inference or innuendo think for one moment that I preach the detestable doctrine of “free-love.” I abhor it. For “free-love” is only a subterfuge used by some to practice their vices under an euphonious title, but who are morally oblique to the serious consequences that must come to women and children. No matter how radical our views are, there is a certain amount of convention that we must adhere to. Decency requires it, if for no other reason. Matrimony is a convention that no man should overlook for the love of his woman companion and their children.

The two saddest things in the world are: first, the man hunting for a job, willing to work and not able to find it; second, the woman hunting for a male for sexual commerce for hire. Both are economic dependents, both undesirables, both vagrants in the eyes of the law; the one, the man without visible means of support; the other, the woman without legitimate means of subsistence. But here is the difference—the great divide: The man finds the job, and, if he goes to work, he restores himself in the esteem of his neighbors. He once more can hold himself erect. He perhaps has a wife or children or parents or kin to look to him and to praise him for having had the good luck to find work and again be able to support them. But what of the woman? The more she plies her trade the lower she falls, physically, morally, and socially, and once begun she cannot cast off her disgrace, for society will not let her. She is not given a chance. She must stay where she is, and physically she is a wreck beyond

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

salvage, although morally she might climb out of her present status, if society gave her but half a chance. Society, accursed society, and her economic dependence make her a woman of the street, the wife of the regiment. Why multiply appellations?

But to be honest even with unjust economic conditions, all were not started on that road by economic dependence. Some were quite above that. Some Lothario, some concupiscent wretch, some seducer, some traducer may have torn from her the veil—that seeming veil of respect—and, following this up with a reckless, forsaken, and seemingly hopeless thought or two, or a forced consideration, made out of her that detestable hireling of the street.

But let us not stop here. The thief who steals your purse, the burglar who enters your home, the murderer who assassinates you, are all in law not known until the deed is done. They do not, in advance, advertise their trade on the street. If they did, all property would be under lock and key, all life under immediate pistol protection. But these women with their plying are known to the police; and in almost all places these guardians of the law, these minions of protection, graft on them. Almost everywhere they are under police surveillance and protection, without a written, legal, or moral law in support thereof, except the license that comes to them from those who claim an unwritten permission by reason of their being a necessary evil. Necessary evil! No evil was ever necessary. In no scheme of proper living is evil necessary. To some, Heaven is but hope in comparison with Hell, but we need no Hell to make others good. Hell is no more necessary to a perfect religious state than tuberculosis and other germs are to a healthy body,—and “What is Heaven?” and “What is Hell?” are also debatable questions. Eskimos cannot conceive of our Hell, because they cannot think of a place hot

Chapter XXII.

enough to be uncomfortable, and so their Hell is colder than the Arctic. Hence, there is no need, in order to keep our women clean and pure, to have about them examples of the unclean and fallen. If so, why not have them right in our homes in order that the example may ever be present? See how dangerous is this illustration when it strikes home, and it does strike home. Whose sister, whose mother, then, shall be this horrible example—the weak, the economically dependent tossed-about?

What a mean advantage to take of one who is in need of food, clothing, and shelter! But the employer who will take advantage of his hungry employes to force down wages is perhaps the very one; at least he approves of society that forces women to this sex commercialism. Do you see how the two, wages and sin, travel near each other?

The very gods cringe before such business, yet we have it; and we see it multiply daily in all the hideousness of commercial competition, for in harlotry, as in any other business, competition is sharp and ruinous, and, in this, as in any other business, do we see tendencies towards monopoly. There is no place where the dollar will not reach. That is why we say, "Never put money in your mouth—it is full of germs." We go to church, and from church to home, and we pray, and there we end. Why go to church and drop a coin in the collection box or give alms to the beggar? Why go to church, pass by the street of shame, and pray an ineffectual prayer that the city may be rid of the pest? Why not, instead of giving alms to the beggar, give him a job or assure him a place off the street? Why not take the woman and give her work, and if she has become unfit for moral uplift, why not as a preventive create work for her and give her a job or keep her, so that she may not be a contagion for the fall of another woman? We all fall from mere exhaustion.

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

Hunger grips us all. I am talking about the class that already have fallen, who sell themselves promiscuously below the state of private liaison. Give them food, clothes, and comfort, and take them above the want line! You will behold the return of faces as sweet, eyes as beautiful, and souls as good as those in your own home. Try as you will from every standpoint, the harlot is the bird in the economic cage. It is this unfair economic situation, this no-wage or poor-wage depriving of opportunity that makes her the "detestable" and "forbidden" creature on earth. How pitiful! First we make them, and then, when we are through with them, we throw them down and detest them.

Now it is of these women in some of the European cities I visited that I speak. I went to most places accompanied by a policeman at my request, and to some of the places I even took my wife, for I wanted her, too, to see the underworld. I wanted her to look at the poor creatures, not as most women look, with ignorant and yet hateful eyes, but I wanted her to see them as they should be seen, and to feel for them, and to appreciate the real curse, and to undertake to share that great responsibility and help solve it, if it can be solved, and not take the usual run-away from it. I wanted her to feel for them, as Felix Adler once said when he saw a drunken man surrounded by a motley crowd laughing at the drunken man's staggering gyrations. Adler did not laugh at him, but he shed a tear and said, "He is my brother, only my brother in disgrace." So I want my wife to feel that they are her and my sisters, only her and my sisters in disgrace—a disgrace greater to us, because we have not made any real effort to remove or change conditions. I do not mean to undertake the society "social work," that seeks to rescue possibly one or two unfortunates and then to advertise the society women for doing it; but I mean to undertake the task that is directed

Chapter XXII.

against the whole fabric of society that is responsible for these horrible conditions.¹

Berlin, the capital and metropolis of Germany, a most beautiful city, perfectly kept and strictly policed, openly recognizes harlotry. No hypocrisy about it. The harlot for hire is there, and, according to German methods, she is there to be regulated. To her, many streets, many places are *verboten*, but who is there in Germany that has not some things *verboten* to him or her? Within the confines of her limited territory, as long as she obeys the police regulations, she plies her trade like any other licensed business. She must have her "business" card. She must, when soliciting, walk the street alone. She must regularly submit to medical examination. She must do business only within the zone prescribed for her. If she disobeys, she is arrested and punished; and those who have offended and desire to escape punishment, find themselves refugees of the underworld of Paris and Budapest and other non-German cities.

Venerealism prevails in the armies of all nations, but nowhere is it so rampant as in the army of the United States, for here they who consort, do it at their own risk without instructions, save after the disease has been contracted, and then only by way of moral admonition. This, however, is seldom followed by those venereally-diseased, for some of them have the reckless spirit of infecting others as a base means of revenge.

In Germany they are taught prevention, and means of prevention are plainly advertised in the sales windows of some shops.

Berlin has this evil, so to speak, well in hand, and regulated as well as might be expected, for nowhere could

¹ All my former articles have been dictated each at a single session. However, this was dictated prior to April 12, 1915. My wife died April 12, 1915. The balance of this article was dictated May 25, 1915.

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

the evil be regulated with any better discipline than in Germany, and particularly in Berlin.

The greater part of the German people, as well as that of the rest of the world, recognize a double standard of sex life. "Where do they come from?" "From where are they recruited?" These questions seem to be no one's concern. They must come, and they do come. Who and what starts them is not an important query with the authorities. What to do with them after they are there is simply the policeman's job. Even the socialists who recognize commercialized harlotry as a by-product of modern civilization, as the offal of our present economic conditions, do not concern themselves with the moral side of the problem, but accept it as the inevitable, and do not direct any reform that way. They are simply waiting for the throwing over of the present state for the future millennium system, and they expect that the business of harlotry will then, of itself, suddenly cease.

But how can you regulate harlotry? Certainly you can regulate slaughter-houses and tanneries. You can keep them pretty well boxed-up and stench-free, but a whiff of air, a breeze from a new direction sends the ill odor to your rebelling nostrils. So, regulate all you will this evil, but even with the Berlin police regulations, Berlin can't stop the ever growing army—the ever increasing number of disease-stricken women, who go about infecting others and spreading this disease, until it is raging and destroying at a great rate. In fact, in 1913 there were already societies in existence formed for the purpose of educating the youth. The necessity to control oneself and refrain from promiscuous coition was under way. Preparation towards the abolition of the Red Light districts is but the beginning; and it is hoped that the scientists of Germany will arrive at some conclusion other than the one that controls at

Chapter XXII.

present, for once the Germans conclude, they carry out their conclusions.

The commercialized harlot of Germany has less of the glitter about her than have any of her sisters in other lands; and the Red Light district, which is in the heart of Berlin, is well regulated and well kept, and any person is free from attack or robbery or injury. But we are not here to moralize; and, therefore, we leave Berlin with its thousands upon thousands of wretched women of the street who work their business night in and night out, without any solution of the problem, without any hope for those that have fallen into that business. Every street-walker spells some mother's broken heart, some shattered home, some forsaken fireside,—yet a government and municipality that go into everything to the very minutest details, as Germany and Berlin do, let this river of foul disease run its course through the very heart of the city, without any attempt to dry it at its source—just watch that the stench does not spread beyond its police-defined shores. But whoever desires to bathe in it is free to do so and carry with him disease elsewhere.

The percentage of venereal-diseased persons in Berlin is so great that it is almost beyond the human imagination. What it must be in other cities not so well kept and where statistics are not so well preserved is a matter of gravest consideration.

Who are those women of the street? Oh, that is the saddest tale to tell, but I might as well tell it now as later, for what is true in Berlin is true elsewhere. Outside of a very, very few women of the well-to-do class who have gone astray, they are all from the homes of the workers. Saddest of plights! You toilers who are made to pay for the sins of Adam by ever sweating for your daily bread, you, who run the risk of being maimed and killed in the workshops and in the battles of the world, you, who are exposed to all the dangers of disease, in addition, are made

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

to bear the hardest burden of all. The daughters of your loins are the women who satisfy the lust of the people of the earth—not for their own mere animal satisfaction, but for the job. Yes, the job! The job that brings them food, shelter, and clothing!

You, worker, who are now in the trenches of Europe, killing off your fellow worker because he happens to be of different tongue—the reason why, you know not or must not venture to express—are waiting for what? A changed industrial condition? No. After the war is over, if you are fortunate enough to escape and come back alive to your home and city, you will be exploited in the shops of business, and take your chances once again in the risks of work, and bring forth into this world more women for the use of the street.

Thus I leave Berlin. The solution there is the solution of all other cities. Ultimately it must find itself in a changed economic condition. Until that time, however, there ought to be an abolition of prostitution—as much as police can abolish. Everyone who thinks knows that early matrimony is the best remedy for this traffic, but low wages destroy the opportunity for early marriage. Low wages fill the divorce courts, for at the bottom of most divorce cases, in the closest analysis, is the inability to keep above want. If the solution be early marriage, and if early marriage because of poor wages be impossible, the youth will begin to think of the cause of his poor wages and of the cause of his marriage being postponed. If sexual intercourse could be held only in the state of marriage, then you could leave it to nature to find the cause for this postponement of marriage, and once the cause is found by the majority of the youths, harlotry will disappear.

Prostitution does not always mean commercialized prostitution, for you cannot have a nation absolutely free

Chapter XXII.

from corruption. But changed economic conditions will dispose of commercialized prostitution.

Vienna is a Teuton city like Berlin,—but what a difference! The streets, the sidewalks, and the buildings all indicate that the Austrian is not as good a housekeeper as the German. Vienna tries to imitate Berlin in the Red Light regulations, but it is only an imitation. Discipline is more lax, hence disease is more prevalent, less easily controlled; and the women, what a pity, may be seen walking up and down the streets all night long until break of dawn in search of business. They are promiscuous in their location and in their methods of doing business. If she be still “young” in the business, she often has an old woman, grandmotherly in appearance, selling flowers on the street, who innocently approaches you to sell you a flower; but once she draws near you, she makes known to you that she has some woman for sale, and, if the bargain be struck, she expects her commission, direct or by way of an increased price for flowers. The object of her commercialism is near at hand to answer her beck and call. I talked to the police about it, but they take it as a matter of course. Their answer is, “More women than work. What else should they do? Easy work.” Oh, yes, easy work! So is Hell easy, and they are the police that are there to safeguard the people, waiting merely for some infraction that an arrest may follow; and the soliciting of such business is not considered an infraction.

I stopped and talked with some of these women in the presence of the police. There were those from whom the light of hope had gone forever as from the condemned life-prisoner, without the slightest hope of reprieve. They work on until the end is brought about, either by some disease contracted that makes life short, or else by suicide—a resort to death taken by so many women of the street. What is considered old? The average life of a harlot is

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

less than eight years. (On the base-ball field, a man of twenty-five or thirty is a veteran.) Harlots are veterans at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. I met those who hoped for some far-off chance, for some miracle, in whom the drugs had not yet become the absolutely controlling master, who were willing to go to work at something else, but who had lost the initiative to pick up other work. A guiding hand might have set them in the right direction. They all tell almost the same story of the start and finish—nothing new in that—but many are found actually plying the street to support mothers or others of their kin dependent upon them. The same old story, told in the same old way, everywhere! I go to these cities merely that you may get the lesson well, and that you may learn to know that you who toil have all this to contend with—and the problem is not a social problem for higher-up or self-appointed philanthropists, but it is a problem for the worker to solve, that must be solved hand in hand with the wage and other problems.

Budapest, the capital of Hungary, is the Paris of the Magyars. When I reached Budapest and got through with labor matters, I went to the police headquarters, showed them my credentials, told them what I wanted to see, and there was placed at my disposal the chief detective of the city, whose duty it is to look after that kind of business.

From eight o'clock in the evening until three o'clock in the morning, we traversed the whole city everywhere, by taxi, by cab, and by foot. It is not my intention to relate any of the nastiness, which repeats itself in every city, but I shall describe the particular phase or two which stands out distinctively in each city.

It was Sunday night, and there was a public celebration in one of the principal parks. It reminded me of Coney Island. There the women under the very eyes of the police were permitted to go about and solicit their business,

Chapter XXII.

corrupt the youth, and mingle with those who claimed for themselves respectability. There were three or four vaudeville shows going on in different parts of the park. Many of the performers were Americans,—at least they sang and spoke in English. Of course, they were not understood by most of the people, but their methods of suggestive singing and dancing were such as to excite the plaudits of the audience. Only you who have been in the mining camps of our early western days can imagine the scene of the performers, after the performance, mingling with the audience for purposes only too apparent.

The saddest of all things was to see mothers with their daughters jointly soliciting business. They were pointed out to me by this detective, who seemed to know most of them, and who stopped them and inquired how business was. Off at one side, on the highways leading to this park, many couples were paired off, and, much to my astonishment, without any interference from the police. But such things are matters of no absolute standard consideration. They are relative. They do not spell final evil for any people.

Budapest is near the Orient, and a large number of Orientals are there. The hospitals of Budapest are filled with this class of men and women, and there seemed to be at that time no endeavor to change any of the conditions. Who they are, and what they are, I found to be the same as in Berlin and Vienna. It was not wickedness that prompted them to turn to that business, but necessity. Oh, yes, I know that thousands upon thousands of women, perhaps worse poverty-stricken than many of those who walk the streets, keep their souls and bodies pure and go to their graves paupers. But not all persons are equally constituted. The standard of necessity is different in different people. It is a question of temperament, but temperament is governed and controlled largely by necessity.

Rome is perhaps the cleanest city in Europe in that

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

regard. Commercialized vice is tolerated and recognized; women are not permitted to walk the streets and solicit, but must confine their business to places chosen for that purpose. One thing noticeable in Rome was that I never saw a woman after sunset on the streets alone. They were either with an escort or in company with other women. I never saw two young women alone. They were always accompanied by some older person. But, outside of this difference, Rome does not escape the fate of the other cities mentioned, and the people who are in that business are from the same class—the working people.

The cities of Switzerland, and Amsterdam, in Holland, pattern their vice regulations after the cities of Germany; and the Dutch, who beat their rugs and clean their homes three or four times a week to keep them germ-free, live in utter ignorance of this germ that takes hold of the body and diseases the people.

Brussels is a little Paris, and, therefore, what I say of Paris may be applied to Brussels.

When I applied to the Paris prefect of police to assign me a detective or two who could understand at least a word of English,—after telling him who I was, he, after considerable bowing and much formality, told me that Paris had no underworld—that Paris had no Red Light district. I said in English, which he did not understand, “I suppose you consider all of Paris a Red Light.” That was good sarcasm, but it wasn’t true. The greater part of Paris and its people are good and honest, but harlotry is looked upon almost as a legitimate occupation, and the harlot is everywhere. It is her business, and no one’s else. Finally, with the assistance of an official in the French Department of Labor, I was able to get better attention from the police,—but for a while it looked as though I could not get anybody to accompany me on my mission. About two hours afterward, two detectives appeared—one of them could talk a

Chapter XXII.

few syllables in English—who said they were sent from headquarters to be at my disposal. They took me through the slums of Paris, and it was a trip where we were ever on the alert for fear of expected danger.

The slums of Paris are the worst in the world. Not even Victor Hugo could describe as vividly as the eye sees. We went to places where hundreds of people slept on the streets (and those who are fortunate enough to beg a sou find shelter in some enclosure), and we saw them stretched on the floors in the subcellars like so many rats, asleep, and we had to step over them not to hurt them. Occasionally one would wake up, and we would drop him the lowest French coin, for before we entered those places we filled our pockets with cheap coins. But, as we must expect of a people that has thousands of such outcasts, crime is their only outlet. We went to places where the Apaches lived, and we saw the real Apache dancers. We looked on for a while and saw them dance and saw them whirl their partners in the air—saw them in their real form. We sat down. The detectives knew the history of almost every one. They were mostly pick-pockets and petty thieves, and every one, man and woman, had done a term. They knew the detectives, and they couldn't quite make out what we were there for. The dance went on, but we saw couple after couple disappear, and suddenly the dance hall was deserted. We discerned that they had concluded that we had some detective conspiracy up our sleeves. We left the hall, but returned in ten minutes, and there we saw the whole crowd again.

We again went to places where police were on guard, one of them known as the "death-place," where so many murders have been committed, and we saw hundreds of men and women, all cast-offs, standing about one of their number who was teaching them the latest smut-song. We were within a couple of minutes of a homicide. Then

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

we went to many cafes, where those women are better dressed, and where they come in and look for companions, the waiters ever ready to supply the men. And we went to places where perversion was practiced—open exhibition. Needless to say, the whole business is repulsive. Surely, he whose mind is not blinded by mere passion, or he who gives some thought for the needs of others, will see in the whole demi-world, where thousands upon thousands resort to the same business, that there is something rotten, that something is at fault. Many of them are Parisiennes, and many of them have been lured to Paris in search of work, and, instead of working, have gone into the business. Surely a nation, a people, must suffer and pay the penalty, for beneath the paint of these women, disease is written all over their bodies. How long such a thing can go on, and how long a nation will be permitted to go on, is beyond prophesy, but as long as the workers furnish the sinews for this corrupt society, so long will it continue.

We saw the usual fist fights over the possession of harlots, and in one place a fight between the habitués over a certain dog—such fights as you would expect among a half-sotted crowd. And on the streets the old women were selling newspapers at two and three o'clock in the morning, hoping that some who had imbibed too freely might become more liberal and pay better prices for their papers. We gave them alms and received their "*Merci!*"

One incident perhaps tells the story better than anything else. In one of the leading theaters—where these women are permitted to promenade and mingle openly in the crowd, and, during intermission, solicit companions for drink and for other commerce—one woman stepped up to us expecting an invitation. She was rather good looking—a blonde, but she was so highly painted as to advertise her business immediately. I said in English to the man who was with me, having grown tired of twisting my tongue and blowing

Chapter XXII.

my nostrils in French, "Isn't it a pity that she is so highly painted-up? She might pass off for some one respectable, if she hadn't put on so much paint." Immediately she replied in clear English, with a little Scotch accent, that she wasn't painted-up, but that she had a fever. After inquiry, she related that she was a married woman with two children, whose husband had deserted her. She even showed us their pictures. She had to make a living for her two children, and so she tried Paris. She showed proof of having sent money to her children in Scotland regularly.

In one of the theaters, I must have talked with at least eight or nine who spoke good English, who had formerly been either American or English and who had gone to Paris because they thought business was better there, especially during the tourist season—and everyone of them had a parent who was a worker. One English woman said that she had gotten tired of working twelve hours a day in the mills and swallowing lint. The doctor had said that she would have lung trouble if she stayed there longer, and that she had to get out and get fresh air. What was she to do? She took the easiest way. One woman who had been the keeper of a resort in New York, although she was French, had tried to get back the year before, but had been shipped back by the American authorities as undesirable. She was anxious to get back to New York, and, when I told her that I was a lawyer, with the trick she had learned in New York, she was ready to offer a retainer, and dug down into her stocking bank, ready for a partial payment, if I should in writing guarantee her that she could return to New York.

Of course, those things have their amusing as well as their repulsive sides; but the thing that I regret is that, though Paris and the French know that ninety-eight per cent of the thousands of women who crowd the streets and who must infect Paris dangerously with their disease, are there because of economic conditions that make for such

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

institutions, and, business notwithstanding, it is considered and recognized as a pest, no apparent effort is being made to check it. Surely, if a small-pox or a cholera epidemic were to hit Paris, the most stringent measures would be resorted to, to save the situation,—and yet they have there a condition far worse than small-pox or cholera or tuberculosis, which is permitted to go on. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see a woman the morning after, still in her evening clothes, apparently walking from the place where she was detained for business to her home. Is it any wonder that the birth-rate of France has grown lower constantly? Why increase the term of soldier service to make up for the shortage of men? Why permit it to go on? But it seems as though this were a problem confined to no one nation; it is a problem of all nations.

As I can see nothing more that is new here, I shall leave Paris for London.

London, the biggest city in the world, in 1913 found that it had this situation under control as never before. Street-walkers were still present in large numbers, but their business and their places had been curtailed, and London was awakening to the fact that the question must be handled far differently than theretofore. I was there right after the International Convention of Medical Men, at which the subject had been dealt with at great length by physicians, and at which the many dangers to the human race from Red Light promiscuity had been brought up. If you have followed this problem at all, you know that Stead, who went down with the Titanic, advocated the elimination of the Red Light districts of London and, in commemoration of him, London undertook the work of ridding itself of this street-walker pest in 1913. In London, as everywhere else, every street-walker was a "down-and-outer," and, to the worker, whatever the cause, a human parasite and a disease contagion.

Chapter XXII.

Thus, I have led you, readers, through the human sewers and slums and out-houses of some of the cities. I did it with but one purpose, and that was, not to bring home the fact that your city has perhaps the same problem, not with the idea of telling you anything new, for, sad as it may be, it isn't new,—but with the sole purpose of accentuating and emphasizing the fact that the greater number of these women are the daughters of those who toil, that they belong to the army of workers, and like the tramp, are the result of the wage system you now have.

If I should moralize, I should say, with Ingersoll, that if perchance you have a daughter or a sister who has fallen,—and who are the FALLEN is a great, great question—do not shut the door of your home against her, but take her in and fold her closer in your arms, as perhaps you may be at fault for the lack of watching, or the lack of teaching that might have pointed out the pit-falls. Woefully do we neglect teaching our daughters and our sons the most important life problem—sex and its relations. Take her back and hold out to her the hope of a new life, for the disgrace is not so much her own as mankind's, and you may yet make out of her a woman who, having experienced the bitter lesson, may become a leader of women, indeed, a savior of women.

Even Plato, in his *Republic*, so many centuries back, recognized that nations that are morally loose, that nations that go on without giving this phase of the sociological question any consideration, become weak; that the many nations that have died off are those that have permitted lust to corrupt their men and debauchery to absorb their life's interest; and that those nations that have lived the longest have been those that have practiced monogamy in its strictest form. One of the things that has saved the Jewish race through all the centuries of persecution and trouble is that, while they have been confined in their ghettos and denied intercourse with the outer world, they have for over three-

Women Who Do Not Toil in Europe.

thousand years practiced strict monogamy, and have always sought to save their women. The virtue of their women has, therefore, become proverbial.

Now, to bring this whole thing to a close, bear this one thought in mind, "that all this enters properly into the wage and labor problems." While it is true that, with the solving of the economic conditions, commercialized vice will abate—for, in a perfect state of society, commercialism itself will abate,—until then it is the function of unions and union men, in the interest of their own expediencies, for the raising of wages, and the bettering of conditions of employment, to add to the consideration of those expediencies the abolition, as far as possible, of commercialized vice.

What prison labor is to the wage side of the worker, commercialized vice is to the health and moral side of labor. Union men, here and everywhere, who hold the cudgel for a world of higher wages and shorter hours, should strike also for better protection of the daughters of toil from the ravages of lust and venerealism.

A nation's strength and virility depend upon the mental and physical powers of its workers; and, therefore, to better conserve the mental and physical strength, to secure for the worker, his wife, and children, and for humanity the things we hope will come with better wages and shorter hours, that nation must also save the toiler's daughter from the business of shame.

Wages, conditions of work, and commercialized vice rise and fall together. They are inseparable in their benefits and losses in the world's market. Humanity cries out against commercialized vice with clarion voice. Self-preservation demands that you fight against it. Strike against it as the worst enemy of labor. See that your union and you make relentless war upon it.

The harlot is to the home what the strike breaker is to the closed shop. Both are Hell's agents on earth, because

Chapter XXII.

they both stand for the open institution. Scabs and parasites they are. You can't kill them off. It is murder to kill even a scab or a harlot. The boss may kill them off gradually by giving them work injurious to life and demoralizing to the soul, but execution by industry or by the hangman's noose are legal ways. But you can win them over. See how strong a union man you can be! See how well you can win over the common enemy—the ignorant—to the security of your job and home and to that of their own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EUROPEAN TOILER IN WAR.*

I AM sorry I ever promised my readers that I should sometime write on the present European war,—but a promise is a promise. A promise is a moral contract and has to be fulfilled, or else one suffers the consequences that flow from its breach and all the moral damages naturally and proximately resulting therefrom.

I am, indeed, sorry I promised, because there is hardly anything that I might say that any one who has at all sought to enlighten himself on this war does not know as well as I do. The facts and observations are naturally second-hand, and gleaned from a distance. Try as hard as you and I may, we can see it all only through a colored glass; perhaps ours may be less colored than others, but it is colored nevertheless. It depends on who our ancestors were and where they came from, what papers we read, what positions we hold, what money interests we have, if any, in the outcome of this terrible, tragic war. We are American, two thousand and more miles away, separated by a vast body of turbulent waters,—and yet cablegrams, wireless messages, letters, the fiction of war correspondents, and the LIES of diplomats keep us in immediate touch with the situation there.

Notwithstanding the sober, patriotic, and well-meaning admonitions of President Woodrow Wilson to remain neutral, WE ARE NOT. You may say that you are, but you are not. It is laconic, yet emphatic, and I repeat it—you are not neutral, I care not who you be. The living mind of a thinking man or woman never stays neutral. It cannot, for it reads and observes and concludes. For this reason,

* August, 1915.

Chapter XXIII.

the source of information and the medium through which it travels are great factors in determining whether you are partial to a lesser or to a greater degree. In every household, in every saloon, in every club, THE WAR is the big theme of discussion. People will and do take sides; and arguments grow heated, too. Some are pro-German. Observe the section of the country in which they live and their social extraction, and you will have the reason. Some are pro-Allies. Now observe the section of the country where THEY live, THEIR social extraction, and THEIR commercial interests, and you will again have the reason.

The Kaiser prepared for war, and he prepared well, but he overlooked one thing in his preparation, and that was the subsidizing of the American press. He should have bought up at least twenty or more of our leading dailies. Then the German side of the war might have received a fairer share of consideration than it has received so far at the hands of the majority of the American press. Most of our newspaper owners and editors are of English descent and English affiliation, and, therefore, the Kaiser and his hosts are getting a good deal of the news about them Londonized before it reaches our shores. I might state that our American press is as unreliable as it can be when it comes to relating unadulterated news. The correspondent has his stuff blue-penciled until he gets so blue in the face that he can see nothing but blue.

Now, this is true not only of war news, but of all news. Personally, I have never yet seen any accurate newspaper account of any labor transaction with which I have been connected. Any union man knows that labor news is twisted and distorted and dissected and recast until we wonder that it is news at all. Luckily the vast army of laborers have learned to know that newspapers cannot fully be relied upon. We all know that the greater part of the news concerning labor outrages is colored; and we also

The European Toiler in War.

know that libels of labor are put in big, extra head-lines, while the truth—the retractions of the libels—appears in type so small and in positions so hidden that one can see it only with the aid of a microscope. Why is this? Because commercialism is the INTEREST back of it. The big financiers—the captains of industry—own and control the press. The daily papers are practically THEIR trades' papers. They are the real editors. Hence, their interests, their business, their wishes are cared for, not only first, but all the time.

Germany needs no ammunition from the outside, for the Kaiser has been storing it up for the last forty years. The Allies are in need of ammunition. Russia is going into oblivious defeat because of the shortage of ammunition. They have to get it from us—the neutral nation that is praying for peace and manufacturing bullets. You make them, you, Mr. Worker. Yes, you, forced to work for a living, are making bullets. But who gets the profits? Who ships them? The gentlemen of industry. It is a game of profits, and to justify their illicit profits, they are driven to their wits' end. They even go to the Bible for inspiration and justification (even the ante-bellum slave owners in the South went to the Bible for their inspiration and justification), and the newspapers volley forth their sentiments.

Now, though they have no monopoly on the Bible, they do monopolize and subsidize its interpretation. They do have the monopoly of the newspapers. For this reason, President Wilson is entitled to the greatest credit for following his own course in the face of this subsidized press. I tell you, it takes courage not to be dragged into a fight when you are taunted and twitted and vexed, and, when you are driven to the breaking point of exasperation, to still keep your anger in restraint and withstand fight. That is the height of courage. Self defense is the first law of nature. Self defense is not a sword, but a shield. Self defense does

Chapter XXIII.

not mean the striking of a blow upon any slight provocation, but when it becomes necessary to save one's self. That is the true law of self defense; and that is and should be the law of this nation.

And, pray, why fight with any European nation? The thing that puzzles me is that the laborer, the man who will be the first to be forced into it, is the one who howls loudest for war. That is why I regret having promised to write about this war, for look at it as I may, from any standpoint, the fields are strewn with dead, and the hospitals are filled with wounded toilers. True, generals and captains and lieutenants also are lost and injured in great numbers, but, as it happens, the average officer's family is better provided for than is that of the private. The private has his rations in war and his rations—according to his job—out of war, but the officer usually has his EXTRAS, which extend to the benefit of his dependents when he is disabled. The private is, as a rule, a toiler.

It is hard to picture the horrors wrought by the war; try as you may, your imagination falls short of reality. The mental eye sees—and yet it cannot accurately translate. It is not always the poet who can best sing of war. It is not always the rhetorician who can most eloquently recite of battles. It is not always the correspondent who can most accurately describe the details of war. It is not always the painter, though he can spread colors, who grasps the motive beneath the bleeding war. Most of them are as far away as SAFETY FIRST will permit. Even though they were in the midst of the conflict they would fail to understand. Many are in the very midst of things who yet fail to feel the soul that animates all. One must suffer and have suffered,—but that is not enough. He must have a soul still responsive to human miseries. He must have a mind that sees more than his own immediate suffering. And with that he must have an unconquerable desire to relieve

The European Toiler in War.

not only his own sufferings but those of his fellows. The slave suffers in silence, the prisoner resents, and the wounded writhes amid agonies. Unless in the slave there be the germ of the free man, in the prisoner, the desire of the better man, and in the wounded, the hope of the well man,—in each the will to obtain the thing most longed for to use for the benefit of his fellow-man,—they can neither feel nor tell how they feel toward their fellow-men.

Ask the men in the trenches; ask the toilers—the English, the German, the French, the Russian, the Italian, and the Austrian, who laid down their picks and shovels, who left their benches in the shop, who were working for the same set of bosses who now are fighting against each other (because the same set of royal bosses had a falling-out); ask them if they feel for the wounded and for those whom they have orders to shoot down. They all will tell you with tears in their eyes and grief in their hearts that they have no grievances against their enemy, that they love each other as brothers, and that they fight as they work—because they HAVE ORDERS. IT IS A CASE OF JOB.

In their ungrammatical tongue, they can tell, not by the flowers of speech, but with the soul of suffering, that the clasp of a hand, the glance of an eye, the expression of a face is more consoling than all the chosen words that rhetoric can lend. One is commanded by the government to fight and get killed fighting—or to get shot down for not fighting. The other is forced to work and live on starvation rations—or not work and starve. It is, indeed, strange that men will run into the very jaws of death, fighting recklessly for a cause that not only is not their own, but that is even against their own, and yet be so reluctant to fight for the cause that needs their fighting most.

It is, indeed, hard to tell of the horrors of war. Why tell of them? Do we not all know of them? Do we not all know of the horrors that go with other things? Yet we

Chapter XXIII.

keep on repeating and repeating, for most people are wilfully stupid. They either do not know what ails them and what the proper remedy is, or they are too frightened to take the remedy. Like bitter medicine, you have to force it down. It is the same with the sentiment that peace without war is man's proper state—you have to force it down. They are afraid—the great majority who have nothing to lose but their chains—afraid that they who have made and own and profit by the chains, will suffer a slump in the chain market, and that there will be a depreciation in the demand for chains.

The workmen of the world have no grievances against one another. To the average workman in Europe, outside of Russia, it does not make the slightest difference whether his boss pays his property tax or his income tax (of course the workman indirectly pays the taxes in all lands, although he is too stubborn and too stupid to learn this fact) to the Kaiser of Germany or to the King of England. It is all, figure it any way you like, a question of market, so far as production is concerned; and a question of control or organization, and lack of control or organization of the market of labor, so far as labor is concerned. The workers of all lands have learned that there is no patriotism in profit; that the German manufacturer stands just as ready to exploit the German laborer, whom he now lauds so highly as a hero, as does the English manufacturer to exploit the English toiler, whom he is now trying to coax into enlisting for war. The German capitalists, as well as the English capitalists, have been the deadliest enemies of labor. For centuries they together have crippled and maimed the workers by insanitary working places and unguarded machinery. For centuries they together have waged warfare against the worker; and it is only in very recent times that labor has become a factor—somewhat too strong, much to the chagrin of the capitalists of all lands.

The European Toiler in War.

It is beyond cavil that the war, at least in some countries, was intended and directed as a check against the growth of organized labor. Everyone knows that Russia was and still is full of internal strife, and that, though the war was not particularly desired, it was hoped that it would quell the many internal disputes; that, in Germany, socialism and unionism were making too many healthy strides toward curbing Kaiserism; and that the colonial possessions of England were not to the liking of the intelligent worker of England. I do not say that the war was started in just that way, but it had a strong bearing on the cause. At the bottom of this war—just as true as you live and breathe and are willing to think, whether you are pro-German or pro-Ally, whether you love or hate, admire or deprecate the royalty of one country or of the other—at the bottom of the whole war, this wholesale slaughter of the flower and youth, the brave and the intelligent of the European world, is commercialism. Yes, downright commercialism. It is a question of commercial supremacy between the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon, between the Germans and the English. An intrigue set at work the cause leading up to war. Now the war barons are reaping the harvest. To strike against making profit of the worker of one's own country by manufacturing ammunition to kill the worker of another country is a crime. The capitalistic papers say so,—and is not that enough?

Oh, yes, dear friend, I know that these are not the sentiments and facts that will find their way into the school-book, song, or history. I know that we shall want the coming generation to look upon the past as glorious, and upon the nations at war as the great nations, and upon the makers of war as the idols of the populace; but those to whom a naked truth, whether it count for or against one's country, is the true test of patriotic consideration, will not gulp it down. And the worker? Well, does he not

Chapter XXIII.

run equal chances—and greater for that matter—of being maimed and killed while working in his shop as in the field? Well, what then is the difference how he comes to his grave? What is the difference how he gets killed or murdered, so long as that is done? He will get a little compensation after injury in the workshop, and his wife and children may partake of the legal alms.

In the shop, to be killed or maimed is to be termed negligent. In war, however, it is patriotic, and the compensation is called a *PENSION*, though the wife and children are no better off with it. Whatever the name, it certainly is insufficient in providing for those who are the cast-offs of battle. I know that some will say, "Are not the sons of the aristocracy also getting wounded and killed in the war?" Yes, and doesn't a president of a railroad sometimes get killed while riding on his own railroad, and the owner of the mine get caught in an explosion while visiting his own mine?—But, with the one, presence is a voluntary affair, while with the worker, it is a necessity. To the sons of the aristocracy, the war is a gain, but not so to the worker. To the son of the aristocrat, it has given an honorable occupation—for the most honorable thing an aristocrat's son can do is to get killed in war, but, to the toiler, it is a misery, for the most necessary thing for him is to support his dependents. And he can't do it while at war.

Go to the front of Europe's war lines, take a vote of the soldiers, and it will be almost unanimous for immediate peace and disarmament. Go and take a vote among the officers, and they will vote for a continuance, for this is their training and their business, patriotically named their *CALLING*. To the officer, a medal of promotion stands for something in the social and material climb, but to the worker it can't even bring a job if his hands have, by war, lost their former cunning. Some day when the war is over, you and I will learn that the interests, the profit-

The European Toiler in War.

seeking individuals, and the diplomats lied and lied to create this war. Yes; why does Germany want colonial possessions and territorial expansion? Why does England want tributaries and colonial possessions? In order that they may have markets for their production? Whose production?—And yet, I dare say that invested in large business in Germany, there is much English capital, as in England there is much German capital. Certainly, it is true of France and Italy that the large industries are financed by English and German capital. Many of them are joint stockholders. There are Englishmen owning stock in some of Germany's ammunition factories, and Germans owning stock in English war shops.

What will it bring the worker? More work in one country and less in the other. That is exactly it. Then, in the country where the laborer is short of work by reason of a slack market, the labor market will fall, the country will begin to manufacture more cheaply, and its labor will migrate to the other country, where the market is not quite so slack,—until the country with more work becomes swamped with labor, and its labor market will fall to the level of the country originally short of work, and a new low standard of wages will be created. That is the game of industry. War is a game for the capitalist to discourage organization of labor and to keep it unorganized. So long as capital, no matter what language it speaks, or what country it subsidizes for its crops, is able to keep the workers divided against each other, profits will continue.

All nations are naturally inter-dependent. Climate and other conditions make each country fitted for certain things. But each country, under the stress of commercial competition and necessity, strives to grow, to manufacture products that are not suited to its natural efficiency, and to create artificial markets. If, on the other hand, every nation were to follow its natural inclinations—the inclina-

Chapter XXIII.

tions of its resources—and live at peace and in real brotherhood with its neighbors, without envy of the commercial development of other lands, we should never have the fluctuating markets we now have.

Europe is at war, and we have “hard times” because we cannot uninterruptedly import and export. After the war is over, we are promised “good times” because we will have an influx of immigration and a surplus of hungry labor—labor that has just passed out of the starvation state,—too anxious to work and yet not strong enough in organization to resist oppression. In the meanwhile we shall be manufacturing cheaply, while the countries resuscitating from war will have a shortage of labor and a dearth of resources. Our selling market will be high and our (business’, not workman’s) profits great.

In Germany, before the war broke out, the labor unions were assuming tremendous importance. That was also the case in England. In both countries a great political future and an industrial goal were before them. Is it any wonder that we often hear the well-grounded rumor that this war was started, and its labor leaders taken to the front to deplete the ranks of organized labor? But why does not organized labor stop this war? It cannot now. That is the true reply. The guns and other shooting paraphernalia are not yet in its hands. Organized labor has talked and now talks of a coming peace. Union men are growing in numbers. Some day they will be the leading party and after that, war will never be. History records too many instances where kings prepared war because taxation had become too burdensome or opposition to the government too strong. There are too many examples of war resorted to for the purpose of killing off the leaders of the opposition. For years afterwards, the popular opponent to the forces controlling government had to go to war, either by draft or enlistment, or else suffer a reversal

The European Toiler in War.

of popular endorsement. The going to war of these opponents to the government is one of the frailties of human nature. It is vanity which urges their patriotism. This the other side knows, and of it always takes the fullest advantage. When this war started, it was predicted that organized labor's control of Europe would be greatly retarded, and it is retarded.

It is horrible to contemplate the great loss—the personal loss—that nothing can replace or even remotely compensate for. But as time goes on, personal interest wears off, the immediate mourners pass away. Retrospection becomes purely historical, speculation philosophical. The personal equation is eliminated, as if we were experimenters in the laboratory. Our horizon widens, the light grows brighter, and the break of a much happier and more secure day for the worker appears, gilding the east.

The workers of the world stand for peace, but their demands lack force. Numerically they are overwhelming; in organization they are weak. The union men are in the minority. Assertiveness by a minority is only agitation. When a minority cries out against an existing evil, it causes it to quiver but not collapse. When the majority cries out, it is no longer agitation, but a command with force behind it to break down opposition.

Why does organized labor stand for peace? Because it knows that the worker bears the greatest brunt of war; and because past wars have enfeebled the people, not only physically, but in their desire to emancipate the worker.

Germany has had forty years of peace. Note her remarkable progress! During that same period, England has had several campaigns, notably the Boer War; and unionism in England is not quite so strong as in Germany. Similar reasons may be advanced for conditions in Italy, Russia, and France. Unionism was strongest in Germany until the war broke out, because its unions were the

Chapter XXIII.

strongest. It requires a certain degree of intelligence, a peculiar desire for organization, and an appreciation of co-operative civilization to be a true union man. These are wholly lacking in those who oppose unionism. Unionism means unselfishness and self-sacrifice, which the non-union man and the union-breaker usually lack. Such men as these are always necessary to lead the procession, to engender enthusiasm, to prompt a desire for better conditions—though at their own loss. This is true of war. Even in England, where service is voluntary as yet—leaving out of consideration the riff-raff, the abandoned, the homeless, the unemployed, and the vagrants—take only those who enlist out of pure love of country, those who take their chance of being wounded or killed, and compare them under similar circumstances with the stay-at-homes—the ones who profit thereby—and you have the same differentiation of character.

War is nothing more nor less than a strike, only on an international scale. The shop is closed. Scabs and strike breakers take the places of union men; strife takes place; a battle is pitched. Who is at fault? No matter. It is a fight for control. It is a fight, in the last analysis, for business. Whether the scab or the union man be killed, business is the cause. The employer is not doing strike breaking himself. He is in his office, safely entrenched from the bullets, clubs, and stones. He has hired thugs to fight it out for him with the union men. War exists between nations for business. The victor will get a little more land, a little more income by taxation, a little more material advancement, but woe and woe again to the worker, for he is the one that will suffer on both sides.

Organized labor desires peace, for in time of peace the workmen may be reasoned with. Then the worker is not blinded by passion for flag and country. He is not sidetracked. The bread problem becomes his real issue. The

The European Toiler in War.

politician side-tracks the worker at every election by feigned issues and false platforms; and war, like nothing else, side-tracks the worker from his real issue. In peace, the worker has time to see and think clearly. Where there are smoke and noise, one is unable to think. Thoughts always come best in the quiet. Peace is the best time for the worker to think of his advantages and disadvantages and give them heed. It also stands to reason that in times of prosperity there are more strikes than in times of oppression, because the worker is a little more independent, a little less hungry. His mind is clearer, he can see more distinctly, and he can more emphatically make his wants known.

You can humbug all the people some of the time. The son will walk into the very pitfalls of his father. The son, however, in the natural development of things, under modern schooling, will prove just a little wiser, and will get humbugged perhaps just a little less often than his father. By this method of calculation, I figure that this present war will not give organized labor the set-back that other wars have given it, for the very men that fight, with all their love of country, will soon come to realize that this war is but the making of kings—in which they take no part. The days of the kings are numbered. Peace and happiness, or rather happiness because of peace, will come out of the darkness much sooner than any one in the night of his mourning, in the deep misery of his sorrowing, in the blinding tears of his bereavement, can now see.

Things naturally are becoming monopolized. Everyone is beginning to observe that society is complex, that all things are interrelated—even people and nations—and that co-operation alone and not war can bring about the solution of the many problems of society. The big manufacturer who has a monopoly on certain things is always preaching the doctrine of competition, until someone comes around who begins to compete with him, and then he cries out for

Chapter XXIII.

co-operation. He knows, he sees co-operation, but self-interest prompts him to preach these old, abandoned doctrines of competition.

A pretty illustration is the present war between the street-car companies and the jitney-bus drivers. The street-car companies have obtained, in almost every city, exclusive franchises—monopolies to do their business,—yet every president of every street-car company when called upon to talk to school-boys at graduation time, and to men on the Fourth of July or George Washington's Birthday, always preached the doctrine of competition and the abolition of that foreign doctrine of co-operation. Why not? They had nothing to fear from competition. Their business could not be competed with. But inventive genius brought into being the automobile, and industrial greed and competition have cheapened the use of the automobile until it is no longer the pleasure wagon of the rich, but almost a general necessity.

Recently, in most cities where the residential district is not too far from the center of the city, thousands of men who were out of work seized upon the jitney business in competition with the street-car companies. When the profits of the street-car companies began to disappear, these same presidents cried out against competition. Now they are crying for help and appealing to the state authorities to so regulate the jitneys as to oust them as a competitive factor. Some have even cried out for the state to regulate both the street-car and the jitney, so as to make them both co-operative forces for the benefit of the same dear, good people whom they have, for so many years, neglected. Nations will soon say—and nations will say just as soon as their people will say—that they must not fight, that they will not fight, but that they will get together lest civilization fall.

We are now preaching the necessity for preparing for war. Some say preparation leads to war. It is true. But

The European Toiler in War.

for self-defense we must be as uncivilized as our strongest uncivilized combatant. War is uncivilization. To engage in killing off each other is not civilization, and so long as we have nations still contending for things as of old, so long must we be up and prepared.

The more we get to join the union, the less we have to fear those outside of the union; and the more we get into the compact of peace and disarmament, the less we have to fear those outside it. It is a fact that labor leaders have become divided over this question of war, but neither you nor I know exactly the cause nor the truth of it. Not until years have rolled by and some accurate chronicle of the present events has been recorded, shall we know whether or not there was a division between labor leaders, and what the division was about. But we do know that organized labor stands for peace and that every labor leader wants peace, and we do know that, notwithstanding that organized labor wants peace, in the front of all the battles, the best of organized labor are there, fighting. But, though they fight as the bravest of the brave, every good union man at heart is an anti-militarist. Militarism and unionism are opposites, for the one stands for the things that are now, while unionism stands for the things that are to be. One kills and destroys, the other builds and uplifts. The one makes the worker a servant subject, the other a free and independent citizen.

On June 18, 1913, I spoke at a convention of the German Metal Workers, at Breslau, Germany. At that convention there were delegates from almost every European country, and those from England and Germany and France fraternized. I have never been admitted to any nation's diplomatic inner-circle, and little did I dream that war would begin. Yet I gave this concluding paragraph, in which I talked of peace—the peace for workmen:

“When that time comes, when the workman shall have

Chapter XXIII.

learned the real worth of his labor, he shall cross the River Jordan to the other shore of REAL LIFE UPON THIS EARTH. Can't you hear the bugle call to duty? See the strong army, well drilled and marking time with precision and rhythm. The recruiting stations are overflowing with strong and sturdy men, anxious to join and serve the cause. 'Onward, onward,' is the new song of labor. How mightily they sing. Freedom sounds in every note. No saber is at the hilt, no bayonet glittering above the head. It is the Army of Peace. They bring the message of love. They are all brothers. See how warmly they greet one another! How affectionately they grasp each other by the hand! They march beneath the flag of justice, woven in the warp and woof of unsullied white, glowing crimson before the rising sun, reaching out proudly to the azure sky, the flag that shall never come down, that shall flaunt high by day beneath the warm sun, and by night when the eyes of myriad stars shall watch over it with a mother's care, and the soft, silvery rays of the laughing moon shall embrace and kiss it, whilst the lullaby of the serenader's tinkling lute shall fill night's slumber with dreams of happiness and joy. That is the Brotherhood of Man, conceived in Heaven—a Brotherhood of Man that shall come down from Heaven to Earth. Workmen, it is yours! Join the army!"

If newspaper accounts may be relied upon, then, during time of truce, the enemies fraternized in the spirit of peace of which I just spoke.

But we must be patient, for civilization has so far advanced, and the seed of organized labor has so firmly been planted, that no longer need we fear that this war will raise havoc with organized labor or with the people's love of democracy. Had this war taken place a century ago, the people's rights and the people's march toward progress might have been halted a century; with modern conditions, we do not look for a halt in the people's progress of more

The European Toiler in War.

than a quarter of a century. This war may have procrastinated the cutting off of kings and undemocratic institutions twenty-five years—but what is a quarter of a century in the great cycle of evolution? What is twenty-five years? But a moment in the geological and biological evolution. When you contemplate this war, contemplate the millions that are being sacrificed! How brutal,—yet how futile is the argument that one nation should not seek to starve another, or that one nation should not seek to employ submarines in certain ways. They talk as though war were child's play or perhaps a prize-fight, where one may hit but not below the belt, or a baseball game, where the ball does not count when it passes outside of the fair line. But this is war, and all is fair in war.

I do not believe in war, and I do not believe in qualified war. War is savagery, and fighting like the savage is not fighting according to the rules of The Hague, but according to the instinct of brute nature. So, too, it is with organized labor. When organized labor is engaged in striking for better industrial conditions and higher wages, it is useless to have courts say: "This you may or may not do; upon this street you may or may not stand; you may picket in two's and not in three's." These are sham rules, unnatural to life,—and the very things that make people fight them.

You have noticed that I did not talk about the psychology of war, because there is no psychology of war. Others may spin theories about taking human life by millions. I cannot. Kaiserism, King Georgeism, declining France, and barbarous Russia must soon go. Diplomatic intrigue must be banished. There may be national traits and characteristics that distinguish people,—but that is no reason for their fighting each other. There is a difference of speech,—but they all originally came from the same genealogic tree. There is no sane reason for their continuing this war.

Go to the cemetery where lies the fresh-made grave of

Chapter XXIII.

one whom you have loved dearly. Multiply this by a million and more, and you will begin to have some idea of what this war has cost the young manhood of Europe. Stoop over that grave, and lay upon it a sweet, fragrant flower, wet with the tears of overflowing sorrow. Multiply this by a million and more, and again you have before you, vividly as the imagination can possibly picture it, the sorrow, the mourning that has fallen upon the people of Europe. Only this is different: that, while your loved one sleeps in the cared-for grave, where you may go at will to pay tribute, those in Europe sleep in graves unmarked, unknown, and unkept, and you dare not venture a search, for battles are still fought where your loved ones fell.

Have you some one sick or injured? Is he at home under the watchful eye of a loving mother or wife, or in the hospital where he is surrounded by all the comforts that can be purchased or given? Have you heard the moan that came from the lips of the sufferer?—And have you felt your heart beat and your pulse increase for him? And have you brought him flowers and paid him visits—all in the hope of quieting his pain? Multiply that picture by five million and more, and you have the sufferings and the pain of the wounded soldiers of Europe's battles. Only this is different: that thousands upon thousands are burning up with fever and suffering torments because they lack individual attention, and going to their deaths unattended, without opportunity to say their last farewell.

Have you some one away from home, from whom every letter and every word is as welcome as life itself, and for whom you are anxiously waiting? You know it is only a question of time when he will come, and yet you grow impatient and feel as though he will never come back. Multiply that by twelve million and more, and you will feel what Europe now suffers. Only this is different: that there

The European Toiler in War.

they are tearfully praying by day and by night that the lives of their dear ones may be spared.

See the prison camp; watch the streets with their crippled; behold the empty homes, the vacant chairs; see the women and children standing in line for their rations; look into their hopeless eyes; behold the undried tears; and your heart-strings will break at the sight of this human wretchedness.

Oh, happy indeed will be he who is of the generations of the future, who will have youth and vigor to live in a new world where peace—not peace at the price of labor, but peace, the crowning achievement of labor's political and industrial victories—shall bring to him the luscious fruition of plenty, and to all who shall partake of labor, where men, women, and children shall all have equal opportunities in life, where men's talents shall be bent in the directions most glorious, and where the only royalty that shall prevail shall be the royalty of conscience.

Oh glorious future that shall look back upon this most saddened and darkened present; and oh, envied youth, who shall dwell in that glorious future, never lose the memory of the golden fact that organized labor, amid all the turmoil and horrors of all the savage wars and industrial struggles, always stood for the future that you now possess, that its hosts fought and bled to the end, and that thousands upon thousands died that your future might be the glorious one that you now enjoy.

Visit the graves of the soldiers and heroes of war, and pay tribute to their valor and bravery. Look upon their monuments with reverence, and hold their names sacred and their memories dear. But do not forget or overlook the unmarked graves and the abandoned cemeteries where sleep the soldiers and generals of industry, who did not die upon the battle fields of war. And as you contrast the soldiers and generals of war with the soldiers and leaders of

Chapter XXIII.

industry, bear this in mind: that the soldiers and generals of war have not always fought for your cause, but often against the very thing for which organized labor stood—the cause of peace, happiness, equality, and justice to the toiler; while organized labor, the warrior of industry, by day and by night, regardless of country and flag, was ever the gallant soldier, the greatest champion of the men, women, and children of toil.

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